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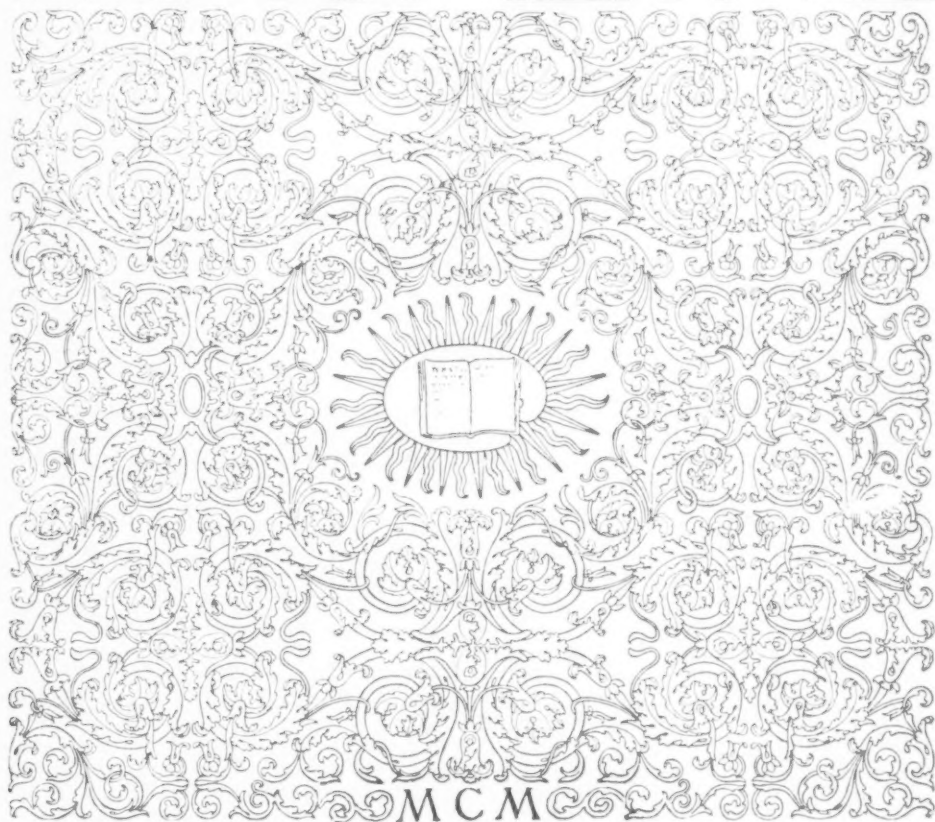
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W. Wordsworth*

WORDSWORTH AT SEVENTY-SEVEN.

DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, AFTER A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY WYON, MADE APRIL 21, 1847.

HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.



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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LX.

MAY, 1900.

No. 1.



THE NATIONAL ZOO AT WASHINGTON.

A STUDY OF ITS ANIMALS IN RELATION TO THEIR NATURAL ENVIRONMENT.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.¹

BY ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON,

Author of "Wild Animals I have Known," "The Biography of a Grizzly," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

IT is a common saying among keepers that, averaging one animal with another, a menagerie must be renewed every three years. Yet I know of one manager who kept most of his animals, those of Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, alive, healthy, and happy from the beginning of his time to the end, sixteen years later, when the establishment was broken up, and the animals were ordered to be shot in their cages. The great secret of his success, he tells me, was caring for their minds as well as for their bodies.

It is a well-known fact that Lions and many other animals in traveling circuses are healthier and live longer than those in ordinary menageries. At first one might think that the traveling animals get more fresh air and exercise than the others. Yet this is not the case, for the circus cage is always very small and cramped. While traveling it is usually shut up, and when showing it is in the tent, always a drafty, ill-ventilated,

foul-smelling place. The great advantage of the circus is the constant change of scene—the varied excitements that give the animals something to think about, and keep them from torpid habits and mental morbidness.

It has long been known that caged animals, especially the highly organized kinds, suffer from a variety of mental diseases. Mr. Ohnimus, the superintendent referred to, informs me that Camels and several other species commonly end their cage lives in lunacy. The Camels turned loose in Arizona some years ago were reduced at length to one old male. In course of time his solitary life affected his brain. According to local tradition, he went crazy, and used to attack every living creature near, until he was killed by a mounted cow-boy whom he had pursued with murderous intent.

Captive Bears are apt to fall into a sort of sullen despondency. Foxes and Cats often go crazy, and no matter how obviously mental the disease, it is usually set down to hydrophobia, and the unanswered question is, How did they get it? Dogs that are constantly chained up commonly become sullen and

¹ For the first paper on this subject see THE CENTURY for March.

dangerous. The higher Apes and Baboons rarely thrive in cages. Soon or late they become abnormally vicious, or else have a complete physical breakdown. All this is so human, and so emphasizes the great truth of evolution, that the wise keeper seizes on the cue, and in his management of his charges treats them like human beings of a lower development than himself.

Many a man shut up in a cell has saved his mind by inventing some trifling amusement. It is recorded that one set a daily watch on the movements of a spider. Another tried how many times he had to toss five pins before they fell in just the same way. Another tried to run ten miles each day in his narrow limits. Yet another busied himself inventing new arrangements for the two or three articles of furniture in his cell. Many have paced up and down each day for a number of hours. And whatever they did, all alike were seeking to put in time, to while away the awful tedium of their monotonous lives, to respond to the natural craving for exercise, and to save their minds and bodies from actually withering from disuse.

If instead of "human captives" we read "wild animals" in all this, we shall have a very fair portrait of what we may see every day in an ordinary menagerie. Why does

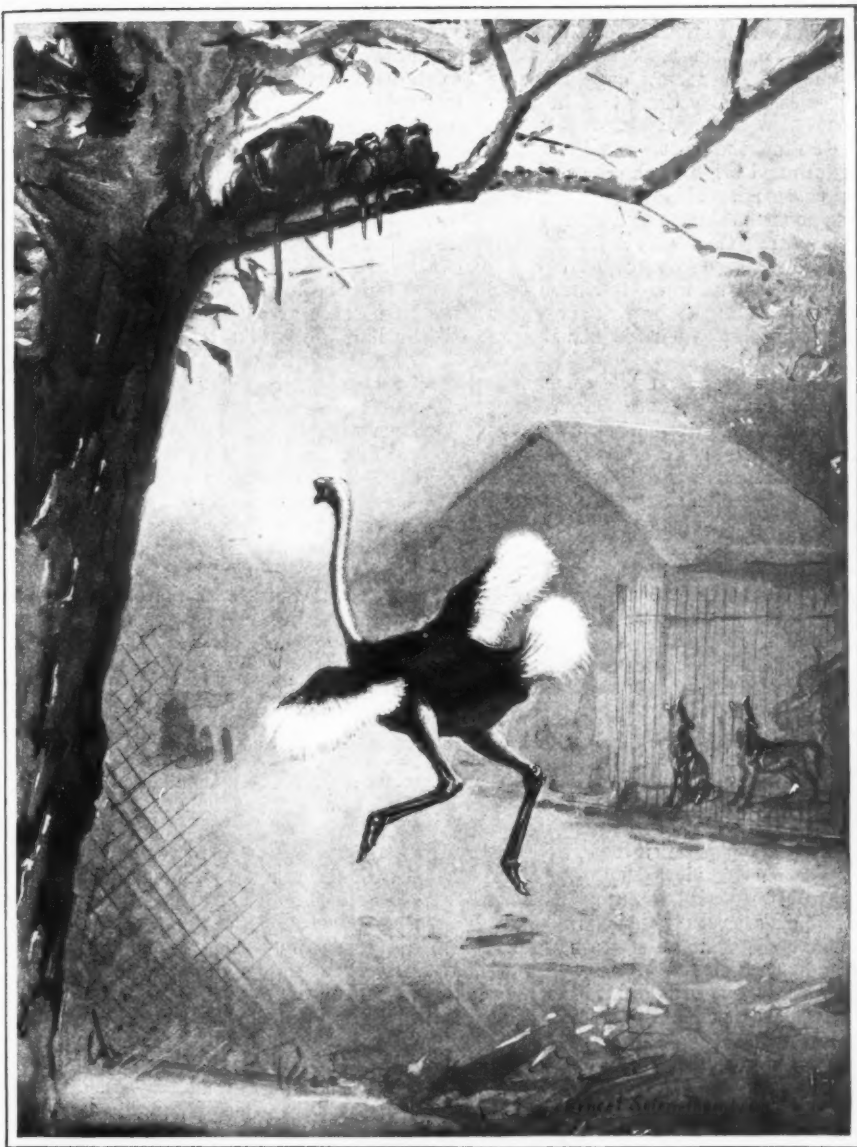
the Elephant swing to and fro forever from his chain picket? Why does he gather from the floor all the straw he can reach, throw it over his back and over the stable, to be regathered later? Why does the Squirrel enter and work for hours the aimless tread-wheel, and the Marten leap listlessly half a day from point to point—floor, perch, slat, box; floor, perch, slat, box—again and again, with monotonous sameness day after day? Why does the lone Ostrich waltz far more than does his wild kinsman that has many admiring spectators of his own kind, and why do the Fox and the Wolverine trot miles and miles of cage front every day? Why does the Bear roll and tumble for hours over the same old wooden ball as if it were a new-found chum, or, if no ball is supplied, swing back and forth on pivotal hind foot for hours each day? Why does the Rhinoceros keep on forever nosing at some projection that his horn can almost fasten under, till it gets more and more elusive through the smoothening of perpetual use? Why do Wolves and Monkeys put in hours and hours over humble duties that in their wild state were the work of a few minutes at most? To all, the answer is the same as to the similar query about the man prisoner. They are putting in time. They are responding to the natural craving for exercise. They are trying to pass the tedium of their hopeless lives; they are doing anything, everything, their poor brains can suggest to while away the weary drag of dull, eventless days. Their bellies are well cared for, or at least are always plentifully cared for, but how few keepers have learned that in each animal is a mentality, large or small, that ought to be considered!

Here is where Ohnimus scored. He tried to make their lives interesting. The excitement of the chase must necessarily be denied those animals whose nature prompts them that way, but one of his first and most successful moves was made in consideration of their special case. He divided the single meal of all flesh-eating animals in two; the same in quantity each day, but a light morning meal and a light afternoon meal. Thus he "gave them something more to think about." It made two breaks in the day's monotony, and in time it unquestionably bore good fruit.

Another variation was made by changing them into new cages. An animal soon learns a cage by heart; he knows every bar and bolt and every trifling roughness in wall or floor. He can walk to and fro without his



BUZZARD HAWK. (SEE PAGE 8.)



THE WALTZING OSTRICH.

eyes if need be. But putting him into a new cage is like opening to him a new life. Everything new and to be learned must naturally create new interests, and be of corresponding benefit, unless it has come too late.

There is a pathetic story of an old Tiger that had passed his life in a traveling-cage

until in a railway accident his car and his cage alike were overturned and broken open. The Tiger was unharmed, and he passed out through the broken grating, and for the first time since he left India as a cub he was free, standing untrammelled, with the whole world open to him. But all his splendid powers were gone or were dwarfed. He seemed ap-

palled by the new responsibilities. After a moment's hesitation he declined the freedom that had come too late, and crawled back again into his narrow cage, realizing that this was the only thing that he was fit for now.

One of the best expedients of all to enliven and brighten the lives of the caged animals is friendship with the keeper. There was no such thing as solitary confinement in Woodward's Gardens. Every prisoner there had at least one powerful friend who was always near and ready to attend to all his wants, including the craving for sympathetic companionship which few animals are entirely without.

But all these allayments are mere expedients. The real plan is to restore the natural conditions. We are slowly grasping the idea, taught by the greatest thinkers in all ages, that the animals have an inalienable, God-given right to the pursuit of happiness in their own way as long as they do not interfere with our happiness. And if we must for good reasons keep them in prison, we are bound to make their condition tolerable, not only for their sakes, but for our own, because all the benefit that we can get out of them in bondage is increased in proportion as we slacken their bonds within the limits of judicious restraint.

If a Chinaman after going through Sing Sing were to say, "I have heard much of the high mentality, the attainments, and the refinement of the white race, but these seem to me merely a lot of sullen, stupid brutes," it would about parallel the case of an ordinary menagerie viewed by an ordinary on-looker. If we wish to enjoy the beauty of the animals, or study their development and learn how it bears on our own, we must see them living their lives. This cannot be done in box-cages, is very difficult in the wilds, and is easily possible only in a zoölogical park.

Occupation and plenty of good food are not the only things needful to a well-rounded life. No matter how cared for, fed, and housed, the occupants of every well-known monkey-house were formerly afflicted with coughs, colds, and lung diseases, that made their abode like a hospital and carried off the inmates at plague rates, so that but few Monkeys saw their second season in confinement. All sorts of remedies were tried without avail; hothouses with natural accessories, continual medical treatment, and all, failed to lower the death-rate. At last it occurred to the monkey-keeper of a European

zoo that all this coddling would be very bad for a human being, so why not bad for Monkeys? He decided to treat them like fellow-creatures: he discarded the stuffy hothouses; he gave his Monkeys free access to the pure air and the sun, in a cage as large as he could get it, large enough to give room for exercise, and the result was that coughs and colds began to disappear. The death-rate rapidly fell; each month and year that passed gave fuller indorsement to the idea. In short, he had learned the art of monkey-keeping.

Each advance of knowledge has emphasized these great principles that the lower animals are so like ourselves that to keep them in health we must give some thought to their happiness, and in aiming at both we must accept the ordinary principles obtained from study of ourselves.

These are among the considerations that shaped the scheme of the National Zoo at Washington; or, more comprehensively put, the restoration of the natural conditions of each animal was the main thought in Mr. Langley's plan—a plan that, though not yet fully realized, has been more than justified by the results.

II.

In the center of the Park is the coon-tree. This very tree had undoubtedly been climbed many a time by the wild Coons, within a few years, before it was selected to be the center of a little Coon kingdom. It is now the abode of over thirty thrifty Coons, which live their lives here much as they once did in the woods, and there is no reason to suppose that they suffer in any way, since all their needs—food, shelter, companionship, and amusement—are cared for. They have indeed all the good things that their wild brethren have, excepting only that there is a limit to their liberty.

Usually they may be seen all day sunning themselves in the high crotches, and the sunnier the day the higher the crotch, so that they are a living barometer. When there is a prospect of continued fine weather the Coons climb up as far as they can safely go, and at a distance they look like fruit still hanging on the tree. But in doubtful weather they sit lower and nearer the trunk; there they look more like nests, and give the tree the appearance of a rookery; while, in a storm, all descend and huddle together in the great hollow trunk that lies on the ground below and at all times serves as the bedroom of the colony.

The scientific name of the Coon means



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

THE COON FAMILY.

"washer," and one of his popular names is "wash-bear," from the peculiar trick he has of carefully washing all his food. This interestingly Mosaic habit the Coons keep up in captivity, no matter how clean the morsel or how doubtful the water may be; and as their tactile paw is busied soaking the next piece

of provender, their eyes take in the surroundings as though they were not needed in the supposed purification of the food. These, of course, are habits learned in the woods. The Coon feeds along the edges of the creeks and ponds, picking up crawfish, frogs, and other mud-dwellers. Then having secured



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

"CRAWLED BACK AGAIN INTO HIS NARROW CAGE." (SEE PAGE 4.)

them, he is careful to clean them off in their native stream, so as not to eat mud with every course. And this being a matter he can very well leave to his very sensitive fingers, his eyes are judiciously employed in scanning the woods about, either for more game or to guard against being made game of himself by some powerful enemy.

Those who have seen the little ones when

they are old enough to be brought to the water by their mother and there receive their first lessons in frog-hunting describe them as doing everything just as she does, copying her in all things, dabbling their paws in the mud as their watchful eyes rove about scanning the neighboring woods.

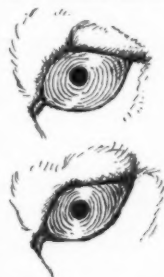
Another little cosmos, and even more picturesque than that for the Coons, is the one

planned for the Mountain Sheep, but still delayed for lack of means. Mr. Langley proposes to inclose a tract of several acres of rocky, hilly land, more or less covered with timber, and therein to establish a miniature of the Rocky Mountains, where the Bighorn Sheep and his neighbors, the Calling Hare and the Mountain Marmot, may live together and show us how they used to live at home.

There are many obscure problems of life-history and environment that might demonstrate themselves in an inclosure of this sort. To illustrate the complexity of such questions: the presence of the Pelicans on Pelican Island, Yellowstone Lake, is declared by authority to be essential to the life of the parasites that infest the trout of the same waters, since at one stage the parasite lives in the bird. This case is of a type that is common. No man can say now whether or not the general failure in other zoos to preserve the Mountain Sheep in confinement is due to the need for any one element of its native environment; but the way to find out is by restoring the proper surroundings, animate as well as inanimate, as far as possible. Experiments of this sort must increase our knowledge of the laws of life, and in time will solve the problem of successfully maintaining our Mountain Sheep in captivity.

For the Bears also is planned a roomy park with restored environment. Bears are restless, roving animals, much more so than Deer, or indeed than most of our large quadrupeds, and they suffer proportionately when shut up. Many carnivorous animals breed in captivity, but Bears are among those that do not, not more than two or three cases being on record. This is an evidence of the great pathological disturbance from caging in the ordinary way. The added feature of a geological disturbance in the small bear-pen near the south entrance resulted in a little ripple of excitement some years ago. A heavy rain-storm during the night washed down from the cliff into the unfinished pen such a pile of rocks and sand that a young Grizzly mounting on it was enabled to climb up and escape into the open. He hid himself in the thickest shrubbery of the Park, and for a day or two eluded recapture, to the consternation of numerous mothers whose children going to school had to pass near the Park. Each one, of course, could in imagination see her own particular offspring suffering the fate of the naughty children who scoffed at the bald-headed prophet. But those who saw the Grizzly during his brief spell of lib-

erty say that he was so overwhelmed by the novelty of his situation that he was quite the most timorous of all concerned in the affair.



DOG AND WOLF TYPE
OF EYE. (SEE
PAGE 10.)

The Buffalo was one of the American animals chiefly in view when the idea of the Park occurred to Mr. Langley. The present herd is a fine one, but the amount of ground available for them is not sufficient for ideal conditions.

I have heard it said that a little enmity in the life of a caged animal is better than absolute stagnation; but of course the enmity must be within limits. The Buffalo herd had so far reverted to the native state that the old bull ruled for several years, much as he would have done on the Plains. He was what the keeper called "not a bad boss"; that is, he was not malicious in his tyranny. One of the younger bulls made an attempt to resist him once, and had to be punished. The youngster never forgot or forgave this, and a year or so later, feeling himself growing in strength, he decided to risk it again. He advanced toward the leader, "John L.," and shook his head up and down two or three times, in the style recognized among Buffalo as a challenge. The big fellow was surprised, no doubt. He gave a warning shake, but the other would not take warning. Both charged. But, to the old bull's amazement, the young one did not go down. What he lacked in weight he more than made up in agility. Both went at it again, now desperately. After two or three of these terrific shocks the old one realized that he had not now his old-time strength and wind. As they pushed and parried, the young bull managed to get under the other, and with a tremendous heave actually pitched his huge body up into the air and dashed him down the hillside. Three times the old bull was thus thrown before he would yield, and then he sought to save his life by flight. But they were not now on the open Plains; the pen was limited, and the victor was of a most ferocious temper. The keepers did what they could, but stout ropes and fences interposed were no better than straws. The old bull's body was at last left on the ground with sixty-three gashes, and his son reigned in his stead. This is one of the melancholy sides of animal life—the weak to the wall, the aged downed by the young. It has hap-



RED-TAILED BUZZARD.

pened millions of times on the Plains, but perhaps was never before so exactly rendered for human eyes to see.

A more peaceful and pastoral side of life is to be seen among the water-fowl ponds. At one time the Park waters were a favorite resting-place of the Gulls and Ducks that passed over in the migrating season, a few of the Ducks remaining to breed. But the encroachment of the city frightened all away, until the establishment of the Park resulted in a new arrangement, whereby Gulls, Swans, Ducks, Geese, etc., instead of passing over in spring and fall merely, are induced to stay as permanent residents. Food, protection, and cover are provided for them, that they may live their lives before us; and in order that they may not forget their part of the supposed bargains, a deft slight operation is performed on the tip of one wing. It leaves no sign of mutilation, but it effectually induces them to remain permanently in the Park.

Among the birds of prey many old friends of the woods and plains are to be seen, though not taking to their cage lives as do the more cheerful water-fowl.

The familiar Red-tailed Buzzard is here, but his eye has ever kept the look of untamed savageness; he has no appearance of being even partly at home in his cage. None of his race has ever been known to accept submissively the prisoner's condition, so that the species does not breed in captivity, nor do

his relatives and fellow-captives, the Buzzard Hawk and the Serpent Eagle. Doubtless this is simply another case where it is necessary to restore the wild condition in order to know the perfect bird. Some day we may have a cage large enough to give them a chance really to use their wings, and then they may condescend to show us how their forebears built their nests and reared and trained their offspring for the chase.

The fine collection of Wolves, still in small quarters, gives a good opportunity of seeing how near they are to Dogs in their general habits and appearance.

Zoölogists have long discussed the origin of the Dog. Some consider it the descendant of a Wolf; others, of an extinct species; and some say that the Jackal is the wild stock it came from. There are many good arguments against the second theory. To-day it is believed that either the Wolf or the Jackal was the wild ancestor of the Dog. I am convinced that the Jackal is the stock parent, though a strain of Wolf blood has certainly been infused in some countries.

It long ago struck me that reversion is the best evidence in a discussion of this kind, and my own observations on Dogs that have reverted, or gone back to their ancestral form, point very uniformly to one conclusion.

The general color of a Wolf is grayish, with a black or dark tail-tip, rarely with light-colored spots, or "bees," over its eyes, and with a height at the shoulder of about twenty-six inches.

The general color of a Jackal is yellowish, with more or less white hair in the tip of



SERPENT EAGLE.



A BUFFALO DUEL IN THE ZOO.

its tail, and invariably with bees over its eyes; its height is about twenty inches at the shoulder.

All the largest breeds of Dogs show signs of over-development, such as faulty teeth, superfluous toes, frail constitutions, etc.

All Dogs that have any white about them have at least a few white hairs in the tip of the tail; and when allowed to mongrelize freely, that is, to revert, the Dog always becomes a small yellowish animal, with brown bees over its eyes, a white tail-tip,

and a height at the shoulder of about twenty inches; that is, it resumes the Jackal type.

Another argument, which I have not seen in print, is this: although the Wolf was abundant in Europe during the old stone age, the Dog was unknown till it appeared on the scene with the Neoliths, a race that came from the home of the Jackal.

My observations on the habits are evidence for the Jackal theory. Wolves rarely turn around before lying down; Dogs and Jackals usually do. Wolves rarely bark, while Jackals, as is well known, do frequently bark after the manner of Dogs.

While sketching among the Jackals in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, in 1895, I discovered an interesting bit of evidence on the question. Wolves' eyes are set obliquely, as in Fig. 2, on page 7, and Dogs' eyes are set straight, as in Fig. 1. This, of course, is well known. But of the nine Jackals then in the menagerie, two had their eyes set Wolf-fashion, and the remaining seven had them set like those of a Dog. Of course the fact that both styles are found in the same animal takes from its weight as proof, and yet great stress has been laid on this different angle of the eyes as an important difference between Dog and Wolf. What weight, then, this argument has is for the Jackal.

While making these notes among the animals of the Washington Zoo, I used to go at all hours to see them. Late one evening I sat down with some friends by the wolf-

cages, in the light of a full moon. I said, "Let us see whether they have forgotten the music of the West." I put up my hands to my mouth and howled the hunting-song of the pack. The first to respond was a Coyote from the Plains. He remembered the wild music that used to mean pickings for him. He put up his muzzle and "yap-yapped" and howled. Next an old Wolf from Colorado came running out, looked and listened earnestly, and raising her snout to the proper angle, she took up the wild strain. Then all the others came running out and joined in, each according to his voice, but all singing that wild Wolf hunting-song, howling and yelling, rolling and swelling, high and low, in the cadence of the hills.

They sang me their song of the West, the West,
They set all my feelings aglow;
They stirred up my heart with their artless art,
And their song of the long-ago.

Again and again they raised the cry, and sang in chorus till the whole moonlit wood around was ringing with the grim refrain—until the inhabitants in the near city must have thought all the beasts broken loose. But at length their clamor died away, and the Wolves returned, slunk back to their dens, silently, sadly I thought, as though they realized that they could indeed join in the hunting-song as of old, but their hunting-days were forever done.



IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.

PASS, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine hour
To sow in and reap. Is it thistle for flower?
'T is the seed is at fault, though Jove's hand stayed the shower.
Make way for thy comrade with double thy dower.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given thee grace
To begin with the best and their records efface,
Had thy sandals been winged. Step down from the race:
One swifter than thou art would run in thy place.

Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy chance.
Must a Pallas attend thee to ward off mischance?
Let fall thy vain weapon: a thousand advance
To rush on and conquer with thy broken lance.



AT CHATSWORTH, OWNED BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPHURE, BY PERMISSION OF CARL GLUCKSMANN NEW YORK.

RABBI WITH WHITE TURBAN. BY REMBRANDT.



Art in Modern Bridges.

by

MONTGOMERY SCHUYLER

Illustrated by Harry Fenn.

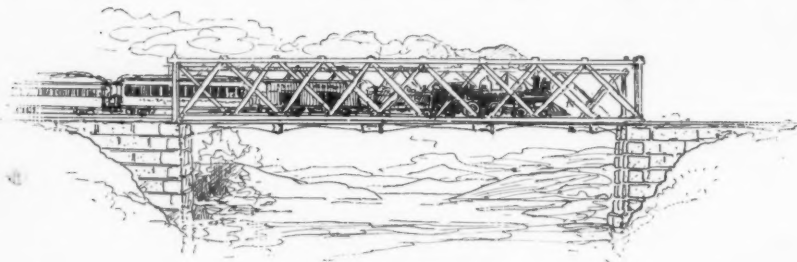
I.



OME twenty years ago a German commissioner, appointed by his government to inquire into the railway system of the United States, observed, in the course of his report, that "in America public works are executed without reference to art." The comment was the more severe in that it was evidently made with the object, not of disparagement, but only of elucidation. The observation of every American traveler in Europe complements the observation of this European traveler in America. Of those public works which by necessity or custom are confided to engineers rather than to architects, bridges are the most conspicuous, and it is in bridges that the "reference to art" is felt most gratefully by its presence in Europe, and most painfully by its absence in America.

Perhaps, after all, the real contrast is between the modern scientific bridges and the ancient bridges, which were built by rule of

thumb, and in which "reference to art" is not less effectual for being in part unconscious. Certainly the announcement of an unprecedented engineering feat in bridge-building on either side of the Atlantic is apt, to the experienced observer, to foretell a new architectural terror—*monstrum horrendum, informe*, in proportion as it is *ingens*. The bridges of the world which are acknowledged to be among the masterpieces of the world's architecture belong to the preengineering era. From the point of view of the modern engineer they are child's play. It was in 1852, according to an authority, that "the first successful attempt was made to analyze correctly the stresses in a framed structure, and to proportion the members to resist the given external force." This was one of the longest strides ever taken by man in the conquest of nature. The new system thus introduced has now been carried so far that, whereas the largest single span ever covered before the engineering era was three hundred and ninety feet, the projected North River Bridge, now awaiting for its construc-



A STRAIGHT TRUSS.

tion only the demonstration that it will pay, has a clear span of three thousand.

If America is more conspicuously behind Europe in bridge-building than in house-building the reason must be sought in the early and sudden development here of modern engineering, coming in turn from the early and modern development of railroad-building. A British authority has traced

But the railroad has reacted upon the design even of these humble and vernacular structures. It is only the old bridges, even in the oldest parts of the country, that can seem part of the landscape; that can be gratefully seen or fondly remembered; that can ever weather or molder into keeping with a passage of rural scenery. The trail of the railroad engineer is over all but these.



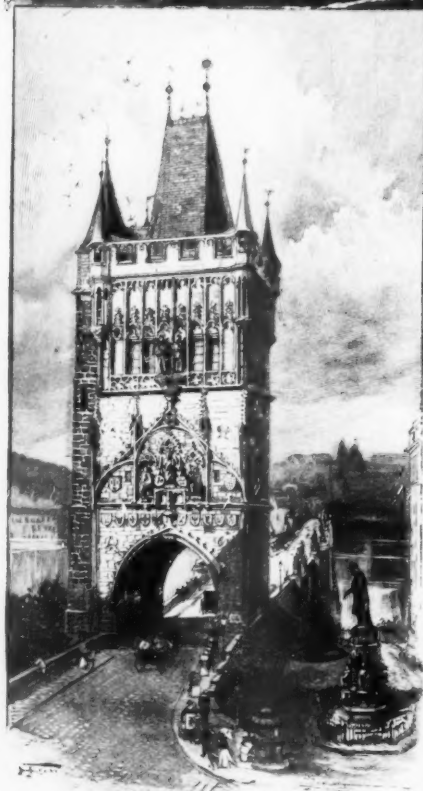
STEEL ARCH BRIDGE ACROSS THE NIAGARA RIVER. SPAN, 520 FEET. L. L. BUCK, ENGINEER.

most of the differences between European and American railroads to the fact that, whereas in Europe the railroads have gradually supplanted highways already long established, "in America the railway has been the pioneer road of the country." It is accordingly only in the longest-settled parts of the country, between the Atlantic and the mountains, that we have any examples to show of the indigenous highway bridges, the arches of stonework built by village masons, or even the trusses devised according to rule of thumb by village carpenters, which are made for their places, and fit into the landscape with an easy and familiar air.

Bridge-building companies deal out scientific constructions in assorted sizes to the local authorities, and substitute the attenuated angularity of their product for the homely and home-grown erections. If the engineering age had begun a century sooner, Emerson would have had to begin his famous hymn with a line upon which Whitman himself would scarcely have ventured:

By the steel truss that spanned the road.

In the newer parts of the country, the parts of which the railway was really the pioneer road, a picturesque highway bridge can scarcely be said, and can scarcely be



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.
KARL'S BRIDGE OVER THE MOLDAU AT PRAGUE.

imagined, to exist. Of what landscape can the straight iron truss be a harmonious part? What stream, except the Styx, can it appropriately span? One of its misfortunes is that

it can never gain anything from time. A stone arch comes to be mellowed out of its newness by parasitic vegetation, and a timber truss, if left alone, grows venerably gray. But to leave the iron truss alone is to abandon it to destruction. The frequent refreshment of paint is a condition of its existence.

Not but that there is a choice, here as everywhere, between the offerings of modern engineering. There is a series of chain bridges in the "southern tier" of New York, and within sight of the Erie Railroad, which are by no means ungrateful objects in the landscape, with the drooping curves of their cables, and their supporting towers incased in wooden erections which have been favored with a wise and salutary neglect in the article of paint. The family likeness among them is strong enough to suggest that they are the productions of a factory. But it is satisfactory to find that a form which commends itself to the inexpert as appropriate has also at some time been found to be the most available from a structural point of view, for the attractiveness of these structures is apparently quite unconscious. I do not mean to overpraise them, but since the age of engineering they and their like elsewhere are the nearest approaches that have been made in this country to the vernacular structures which they displaced. The fact that they are all of moderate span, and by no means *tours de force* from the engineering point of view, tends to assist this

impression. The famous old bridges are by no means tours de force. The multiplied supports and narrow openings and low roadway ally them with what the Autocrat has so happily called the "caterpillar bridges" of the Charles. From a modern point of view they are all timid. Karl's bridge at Prague, with its many arches, its huge, projecting ice-breakers, and the rich, quaint, unsymmetrically roofed tower at its portal, makes its appeal to the picturesque tourist, not to the scientific constructor. The eight arches that of old were needed to cross the Main at Frankfort, and that glass themselves so prettily in the lazy stream below, attest the lack of modern science in the ancient builder. The eighteen arches of the old London Bridge, or even the five arches of the new, over a stream of eight hundred feet or less, are far from being feats of engineering, though the middle arch of the latter is the third in span now standing. As for the bridges of old Paris, whereof the builders required five arches to cross a river of five hundred feet, the railway engineer would scoff at you if you suggested them to him for models. "Why, sir, the progress of science has been such that a cantaliver of a single span, at one tenth of the expense . . ." The only famous old bridge that would greatly interest him is the single granite arch of two hundred and fifty feet that was sprung over the Adda in the thirteenth cen-

tury, and destroyed in the fourteenth; for this remains a "record," and is likely to remain so, now that metal has superseded masonry for great spans. The nearest approach to it now extant is a recent and exemplary work of a modern engineer, if not a typical example of modern engineering, General Meigs's 220-foot arch over Cabin John Creek for the Washington city aqueduct.

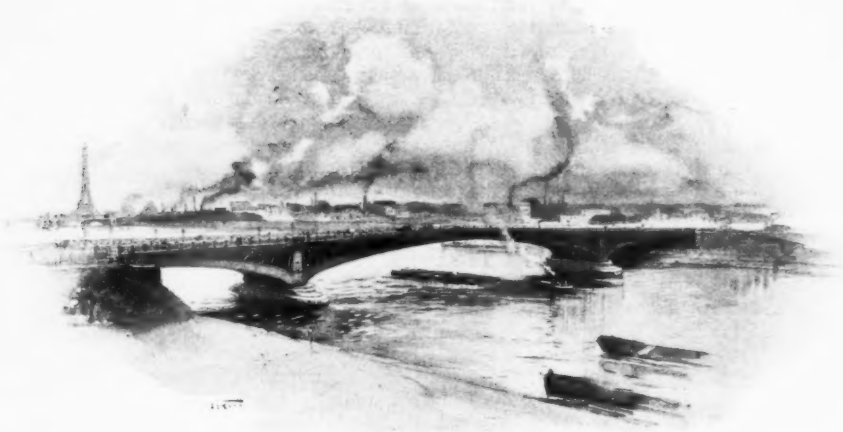
II.

BUT of course we cannot restrict our bridge-building to what can be done with masonry. If we could, the matter of designing public works with reference to art would be comparatively simple. A stone arch, simply and straightforwardly designed for its purpose, cannot be ugly. The same dispositions which insure, in fact, its stability and sufficiency assure the eye of those qualities. Here also there are differences, and here also the work of engineers is apt to miss the heightening of an intrinsic effect which comes from the architectural development of structural forms. The great arch of the Washington aqueduct would evidently be the better for the clearer elucidation which only an architectural training can enable a designer to supply. Nay, in the Brooklyn Bridge it is noteworthy that the drawbacks to the architectural success are in the treatment, not of the metal, but of the masonry. A consider-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER

WASHINGTON BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK CITY. STEEL ARCHES, EACH 510 FEET SPAN.
W. R. HUTTON, ENGINEER.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. TINKEY.

AN ARTISTIC CANTALIVER: THE MIRABEAU BRIDGE, PARIS. M. RÉSAL, ENGINEER.

able pecuniary sacrifice was made in order to construct the towers of solid stone, instead of a skeleton of metal, and to secure for them the effect of mass, which our inheritance of four thousand years leads us to associate with strength. Perhaps it would be unjust to say that the expense was wasted; but it remains true that, whereas the reticulation of metal which they sustain is an artistic success, the towers themselves are comparative failures. The solid filling of the spandrels obstructs the perception that the three great piers are the bones of the structure, and the interstitial walls merely a connection. The central pier, instead of being detached and emphasized, is almost effaced.

A still more grievous fault, common to the Brooklyn Bridge with many other chain bridges, is that the channels of the cables, instead of determining the design of the crowning member of the tower, are casually cut through it, as through an independent and preëxisting structure. The whole aspect of these towers is crude, rudimentary, and barbarous, compared with the exquisite refinement of the web that swings between them.

Another work, an admirable and exemplary work, perhaps the most conspicuously successful monument that American engineering has produced,—the Washington Bridge over the Harlem River in New York city,—yet suffers from the inferiority in treatment of the masonry to the metal. The shallow, unmolded arches of the approach,

doubtless adequate structurally, are less than adequate architecturally for want of the emphasis, of the exaggeration if you please, which is needed to certify their sufficiency, and which an architectural artist would have known how to supply. The bridge proper it would be difficult to overpraise. The completed work so perfectly and evidently fulfils its function and fills its place that the general scheme seems to the spectator a matter of course. Such a spectator may be recommended to trace in the monograph of the bridge prepared by its engineer, Mr. Hutton, the long series of tentative essays that were made before even the essential scheme was hit upon, and the long evolution into the design, now embodied in steel and granite, of the germinal idea of the competitor who secured symmetry by two equal arches, of which one was the "channel span."

The airy Kirchenfeld Bridge that spans the Aare at Bern, though as a work of engineering much less considerable than the New York structure, may very probably have served as its artistic prototype. In each the need is felt of a more powerful and conspicuous central feature to unite and dominate the two equal arches. Probably few sensitive spectators have passed under the Washington Bridge without considering into what an unequaled pedestal for a far-seen statue the central pier of the bridge could be developed, in a city in which every project for a new monument is attended by a

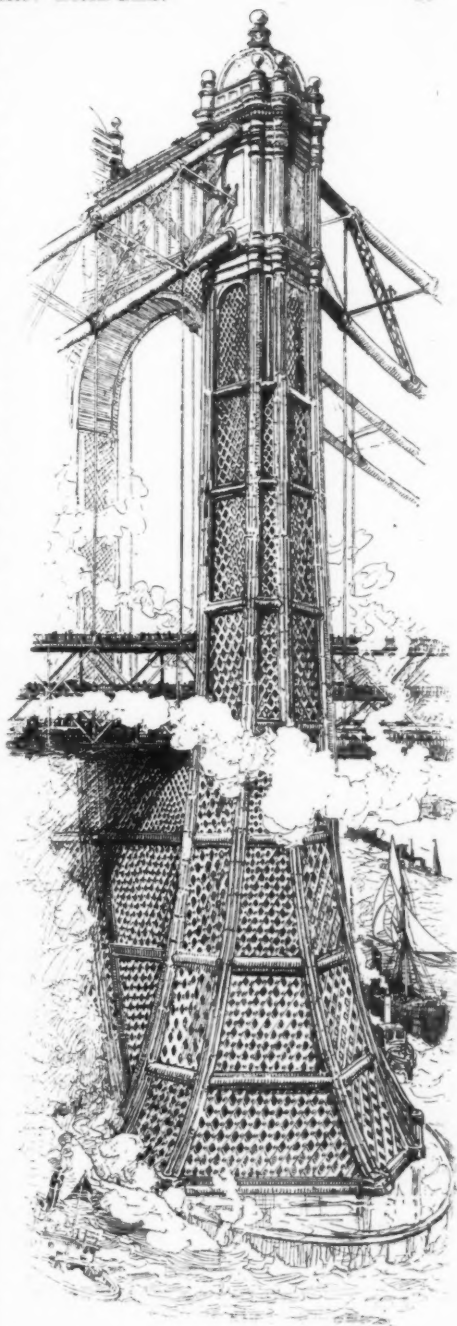


public wrangle over its site, and one of the competitive engineers recognized this opportunity in his design. Not the least praise that is due to the builders of the Washington Bridge is due to them for resisting a temptation which is found almost irresistible by engineers in general, and usually quite irresistible by American engineers in particular—the temptation to make an engineering record. The St. Louis Bridge was already completed when this was begun—completed with a clear span of five hundred and twenty feet. The temptation to stretch theirs out at least ten feet longer into “the biggest steel arch in the world” must have been very great. To have resisted the temptation and stopped ten feet short of “the record” is an evidence of the same restraint and moderation which, applied to the design, has made this architecturally so far the most successful of great American bridges. A modern metallic structure, “mathematically conceived,” may, we see, attain a result more than Roman in power and more than Roman in beauty.

There are two works constructed at the very beginning of modern engineering—indeed, before the beginning of the scientific design of framed structures in metal—which offer a most exemplary contrast. It was in 1819 that Telford began the erection, across the Menai Strait, of a suspension bridge of a span, till then undreamed of, of five hundred and seventy feet. This was a highway bridge, which still survives and does its daily work, remaining a beautiful object.

It was a quarter of a century later when Stephenson, summoned to erect a railroad bridge over the same estuary, and within a few hundred yards of the earlier structure, devised and executed the Britannia tubular bridge, in which the extreme of ugliness was attained at a single bound. The year 1845 was the infancy of engineering, and Stephenson's work remains a feat of engineering in the ingenuity of the devices by which he overcame the mechanical difficulties imposed by natural conditions and artificial limitations. The “stiffening truss,” by which modern engineering has facilitated the carrying of railroad-trains on suspension bridges, was unknown to him, and his solution of the problem was mechanically the best, very likely, that his time afforded. But he could have made nothing uglier if all the accumulated engineering experience of the interval had been at his command. No truss construction, however bizarre, not the cantaliver of Niagara or the “fish-belly” girders of

VOL. LX.—3.



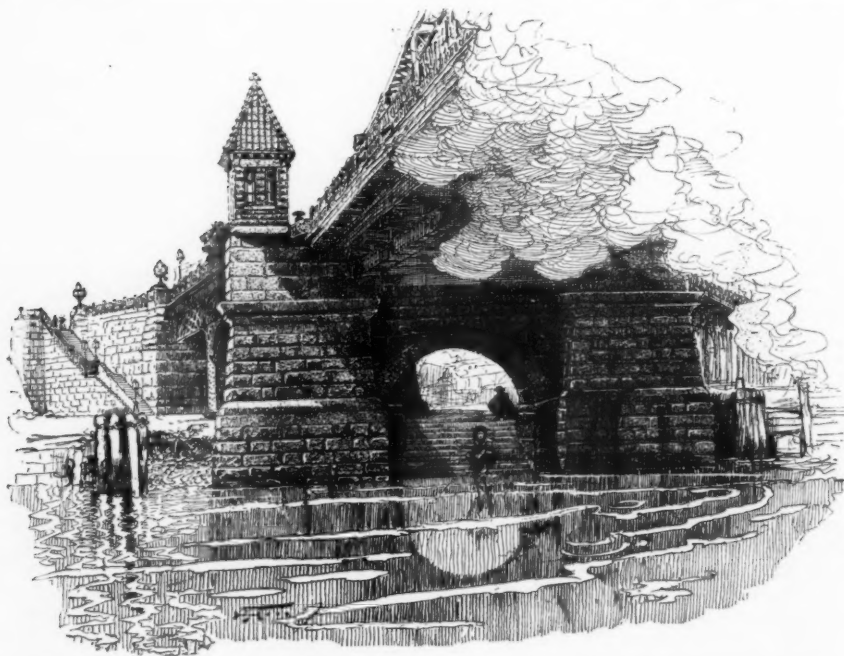
TOWER OF PROPOSED NORTH RIVER BRIDGE, NEW YORK CITY. HEIGHT OF TOWER, 625 FEET; SUSPENDED SPAN, 2850 FEET. GUSTAV LINDENTHAL, ENGINEER.

Hamburg, could approach the repellent baldness of this brute mass of a plate-girder four hundred and sixty feet long and thirty feet high. For a visibly articulated structure at least bears evidence of design, and the layman who cannot follow the demonstration made by its joints and members is yet able

to apprehend
A labor working to an end.

But the Britannia and the other railroad bridges of like structure and vacuous ex-

its artistic success. Respecting these works the dictum of Polonius is particularly sound—"Beautified" is a vile phrase." If the general form does not in itself appeal to the sense of beauty, it is quite futile for the engineer to attempt any subsequent beautification, either by his own efforts or by invoking the aid of architects. Such coöperation is feasible only in the accessories, including, it is true, the portals, which are more than details, are among the attractive features of the most admired



PIER AND SHELTER-TOWER OF THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE HARLEM RIVER, NEW YORK CITY. A. P. BOLLES, ENGINEER.

panse are absolutely inexpressive. This is an example that might be instructive if engineers were trained to regard the expression, or the expressibility, of the primary forms of their bridges as an element in the choice of constructions, instead of confining themselves to the points of stability and economy; if, as Mr Russell Sturgis has reminded the American Society of Civil Engineers, instead of concentrating their attention upon the question whether their works would stand, they would direct some of it to the question whether they were fit to stand. It is the primary form of a great work of engineering that determines

European bridges, and are seldom admirable in American bridges, for lack of architectural coöperation. The scientific designer of a work of engineering must be the artistic designer also, if it is to be a work of art. It is the choice of a construction that primarily determines the artistic result. So long as the consideration of economy is controlling, and is virtually exclusive in ordinary engineering practice, one must expect it to prevail when the engineers are left to themselves, even in works of which the conspicuousness makes their appearance an important condition in the problem of design. It may be questioned whether the

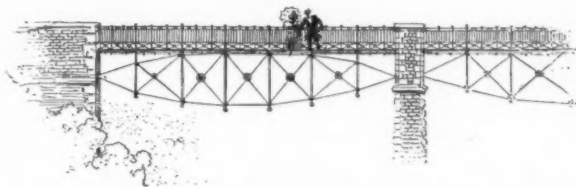
consideration of utility is so exclusive with the engineers as they pretend, whether mere fashions do not impose themselves in engineering as well as in architecture. There are engineers who maintain that the building of cantalivers has become a fad that has led to the erection of cantalivers in places in which they do not form the most appropriate construction. Certainly the ravine of Niagara seems to furnish the conditions of "deep gorges with rocky sides" which render an arch, according to the engineering authorities, "eminently proper and economical," and they have been recognized as doing so in the projection of the latest crossings of the gorge.

III.

"The arched bridge of stone, the catenary curves of the modern suspension bridges with their high towers, and some forms of bridges constructed with bowstring-girders," are designated by Mr. Henry Van Brunt, in a very interesting paper on the esthetics of bridges, as forms artistically eligible in contrast with "the straight bridge truss spanning from pier to pier, the cantaliver overhanging the perilous abyss, the pivoted draw-span, all constructed with cold geometrical precision." Mr. Van Brunt gives his impressions only and not his reasons; but it seems that an examination of the constructions he accepts and of those he rejects ought to shed some light upon the reasons of the eligibility of those and the ineligibility of these, and so upon the conditions of engineering esthetics.

It may be doubted whether the ordinary beholder who finds the form of the arch beautiful and the form of the cantaliver

ugly knows much more clearly how its work is done by the construction he admires than by the construction he resents. It is certain that he could come no nearer to "analyzing the stresses" in one case than in the other; but it is also true that by inheritance and



A "DOUBLE BOWSTRING," OR LENTICULAR TRUSS, BRIDGE OVER THE ISAR IN BAVARIA.

custom he is certified both that the arch does its work and how it does it, while the novelty irritates and puzzles him. Even more evident than the operation of an arch is the operation of a chain bridge. A catenary curve cannot "hang wrong," nor is there any suspension bridge that makes the effect of ugliness between the piers. It is in the towers and the approaches only that the engineer is apt to betray his architectural helplessness. On these things architectural counsel might profitably be taken. Such counsel was rejected in the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, but it was invoked in the New York approach with results that were worth the trouble, although they have been in a great part nullified by the recent reconstruction of the terminal, including the widening of the roadways, a work in which it is evident from afar that a railroad engineer has taken no counsel but his own. The same helplessness is shown in the first published drawings of the design for the newer East River Bridge, into the scheme of which it is too plain that only practical considerations have been



A "FINK TRUSS" BRIDGE ACROSS THE OHIO AT LOUISVILLE. ALBERT PINK, ENGINEER.



A BASCULE DRAWBRIDGE: THE TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON.

allowed to enter. In this the opportunity to show what noble objects two solid towers three hundred and thirty-five feet high, forming the portals of a great bridge, might become, with a development of their forms in which structure corresponded to function, was foregone, and a trussed skeleton of metal substituted, with straight sides, which are not even of an equal slope throughout, but nearly upright below the road-bed, and of a considerable inclination above. This gaunt anatomy makes much the same effect as would be made by a creature which wore its skeleton outside. The connection of the towers with the anchorages, which in the existing bridge is a curve, corresponding to the curve of the main cable and sustaining the roadway, is here a series of straight and rigid backstays, and the continuity of the stiffening truss is broken to the eye, and its purpose confused, by making a "through span" between the towers and a "deck span" outside.

In all these respects the engineer's design for the North River suspension bridge is in

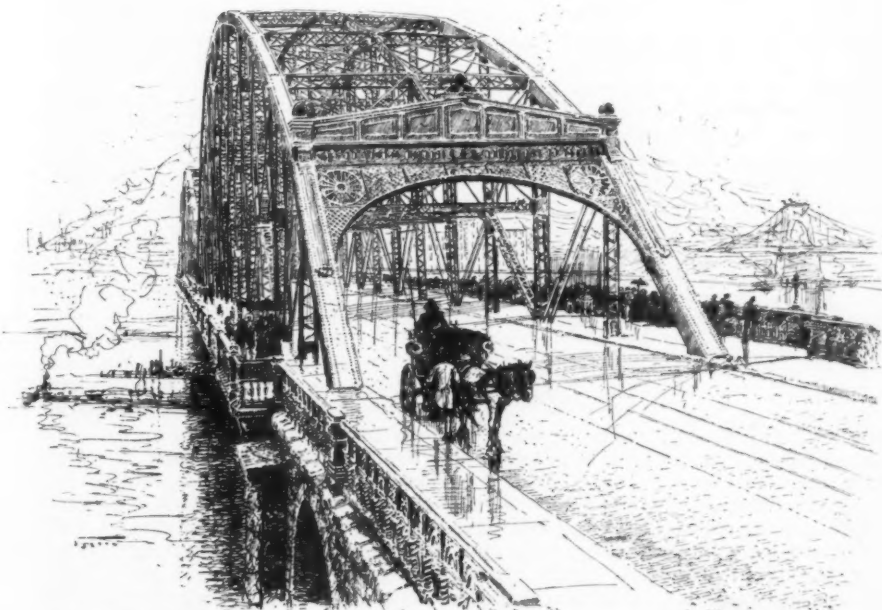
gratifying and exemplary contrast with the engineer's design for the new East River Bridge. It was doubtless out of the question that the towers of six hundred and twenty-five feet that were required to carry a span of three thousand should be of masonry. But the metal towers in this case are undeniably impressive and even monumental objects, with their structure of eight powerful ribs, sweeping outward and downward in a gentle concave curve to their spreading foundations, and with the web between them of a latticework that forms a decent drapery for the interior bracing, which, nevertheless, makes itself apprehended within, while the stiffening truss is apparently continuous, and the backstay again becomes a curve, swinging with grace as well as with power to the huge mass of the anchorage. Between the mere "bones" of a metal tower and such a development of it there has plainly gone on a process of artistic as well as of scientific evolution.

Undoubtedly the cantaliver seems at present to be among the constructions artisti-

cally hopeless. Certainly our own most famous examples—that across the Niagara and that across the Hudson at Poughkeepsie—seem, to most observers, to deface the landscapes in which they are respectively so conspicuous. It is the “suspended span” which complicates the construction into unintelligibility, and which has thus far put the stamp of ugliness upon every structure of which it forms, but does not appear to form, an organic part. And for this there is an evident reason. Let us substitute for the hard word “cantaliver” the easy word “bracket,” and conceive the construction as what in bridges it really is, a double bracket balanced upon its support. While it may thus both be and seem secure, the case is altered, as to the appearance if not in reality, as soon as a load is imposed upon the projecting points of two brackets and they hold it between them. Plainly they are holding it in the most awkward way, at arm’s-length, even at the length of the finger-tips, with the maximum of effort instead of the minimum which reassures the eye in a work of architecture as in a work of sculpture. The sense of effort, of strain, is incompatible with the sense of a load carried

with ease and thus with grace; is destructive, therefore, of the sense of repose which is the first of artistic qualities.

The cantalivers themselves of the Forth Bridge make an impression which is the result of a most forcible and even eloquent expression. It is the lack of clear expression of what they sustain, and how they sustain it, that gives the work as a whole the air of an uncouth puzzle. The faith that for every mechanical arrangement there is an appropriate and significant expression can survive the shock of the great cantaliver bridges only by the admission that here is a mechanical arrangement which, if it be expressible, has not yet found its expression. It is yet *feræ natura*. It is so merely by reason of the suspended span, for without this there are not wanting proofs that a cantaliver may be beautiful. The clearest proof that it may become a beautiful object by a thoroughly expressive treatment is to be found in the Pont Mirabeau, one of the latest bridges that span the Seine at Paris. No spectator could mistake the construction for anything but what it is. The suggestion of an arch in the general form of the central span is successfully controverted by the



A BOWSTRING-GIRDER BRIDGE ACROSS THE ALLEGHENY AT PITTSBURG. TWO SPANS, 440 FEET EACH.
THEODORE COOPER, ENGINEER.



PROPOSED MEMORIAL BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC AT WASHINGTON. CAPTAIN SYMONS,
U. S. A., ENGINEER. PAUL J. PELZ, ARCHITECT.

design. One cannot help seeing that the bridge consists merely of two double brackets balanced upon the low piers, and the expression of this mechanical arrangement is the design of the bridge. The one defect of expression is a defect also of beauty. It is that the bearings of the cantalivers, instead of visibly resting upon the piers with an evident freedom of movement, seem to be embedded in them, and there fixed. It is only from a point of view close to the surface of the river that the actual arrangement is made manifest. But the exquisite, though simple, modeling of these piers themselves, the design of the system of struts and braces in the spandrels, heightened by decoration, which is but the emphasis of their functions in the structure, the indications in the masking-plates of the construction of the roadway behind them, and the ornament of the railing—in all these things the scientific constructor and the artistic constructor have worked as one, and the result of their labor, or of his, is a beautiful cantaliver bridge, with that character of inevitableness which belongs alike to a true work of science and to a true work of art.

Mr. Van Brunt's contrast of "some forms of bridges constructed with bowstring-girders" with "the straight bridge truss spanning from pier to pier" is especially in point as bearing upon the contention that the beauty of a construction is its expressiveness. For the straight truss, with parallel

top and bottom chords, and intermediate members apparently of equal size, and apparently equally spaced throughout, is an expression scientifically as inexact as it is esthetically ugly. It ignores or dissembles the essential fact that, in order to be of equal strength throughout, such a span needs to be most strengthened at the point at which it is inherently weakest, that is to say, the point farthest from its support. In the bowstring-girder, whether plated or trussed, as in the lenticular, or double bowstring, as in the Fink truss, this need is recognized and visibly met. In the straight truss it is mechanically met by imperceptible, or at least unnoticeable, expedients of thickening or multiplying the members. The result is inexpressiveness in contrast with expression, formlessness with form, ugliness with beauty.

"The pivoted draw-span," as we commonly see it in the crossing of a navigable stream by a railway bridge, is, without doubt, a gaunt and unsightly object. Indeed, it presents a difficult problem to the artistic constructor, and in the hands of the inartistic constructor, for whom esthetic problems do not exist, we might expect it to produce the frightful results which we see. A movable bridge is necessarily a makeshift, an expedient for avoiding what, if the constructor were unhampered by considerations of expense, would be met by raising the structure so that neither its own traffic, nor the water-

borne traffic which passes beneath it, should be subject to interruption. The swing bridge has the further disadvantage, when of considerable extent, that the weight of the outlying arms is carried in the most awkward way, the tendency to sag, assisted by the great leverage, requiring to be counteracted by an elaborate construction which shall refer their weight to the central pivot, and which has no apparent meaning or purpose when the draw is closed and the bridge in repose. Perhaps the best that can be done with it is exemplified in the Central Railway Bridge over the Harlem in New York, a work which shows throughout a careful consideration of the esthetic problems involved, and in which the treatment of the masonry is especially rational and expressive. The introduction of the hooded shelters at the ends of the draw-span not only gives needed emphasis to the rest-piers, but serves to bound and define the drawbridge itself as a separate or separable feature.

But the pivoted draw-span is none the less an intractable structure, and it is gratifying that the older form of drawbridge, that by which the medieval moat was crossed, has been found to be, in certain respects, more practical. This, the bascule bridge, in which the movable span is hinged and turned upward to clear the channel, has been employed in purely utilitarian works where the swinging span, when open, took up more space than could be spared from the channel.

One of the most admired of modern drawbridges is the Tower Bridge in London, in which the water traffic is accommodated by the lifting of a pair of bascules, while an uninterrupted footway is provided overhead, accessible through lifts in the piers. This scheme offered opportunities for expression which have not been made the most of, although the cost of the structure is many times that of a purely utilitarian bridge of metal. The towers, which serve the double purpose of pier and elevator shaft, are treated as five-story buildings. They are, moreover, like our own sky-scrapers, mere veneers of masonry upon a construction of steel which carries them. Mr. H. H. Statham has justly criticized the work upon this ground, and upon the ground that the masonry screen of the towers seems to carry the suspension chains, which are, in fact, attached to the girders that form the footway; and he has made his criticism constructive by a sketch which exhibits the actual construction and converts the towers into

masses of masonry visibly adequate to their function.

Another bascule bridge, which as yet exists only on paper, is worthy of note as the only extensive bridge in this country which has been monumentally conceived. This is the proposed Grant Memorial Bridge across the Potomac at Washington. In this the engineer, Captain Symons, had the architectural coöperation of Mr. Paul J. Pelz, the principal designer of the Library of Congress, and the result of their joint labors justifies the combination. The draw-span of one hundred and sixty feet is signalized by all the devices at the command of the architect as the central and dominating feature of the structure, although in extent it is inferior to the span of two hundred and forty feet on each side of it. But the flanking piers of the draw-span are the ultimate abutments of the arcades, and when the draw is open are evidently so. In a work of mere engineering their actual sufficiency would alone be considered, but in a work of monumental architecture this sufficiency must be put visibly beyond question. No doubt the huge and solid masses that are shaped into the central towers are, from the engineer's point of view, exaggerated; but this very exaggeration constitutes what Mr. Van Brunt happily calls the "decorative emphasis" of a construction, which the training of an architect enables him to apply, and with which the training of an engineer inculcates upon him to dispense. It may be questioned whether the subordinate turrets of this design might not advantageously be still further subordinated; but it will not be questioned that the general conception is very noble, and that the completed work would be one of the chief ornaments of the capital.

It is especially to be noted in this work that there is no discordancy between masonry and metal, although the decorative emphasis is given in the one case by accumulation, and in the other by attenuation and articulation. That graphical demonstration which constitutes the expression of a framed structure in metal, by reducing it to an abstraction of its structural lines, seems to be incompatible with the more massive material. The new metallic architecture is precisely that "substitution of the line for the mass as the element of decoration" which Mr. Ruskin deplored in Gothic architecture, and to which he attributed its decline. And yet, in fact, in the most complete and most typical examples of Gothic groined vaulting,



COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE EXISTING EAST RIVER AND PROPOSED NORTH RIVER BRIDGES.

the modern engineering method was anticipated, and stonework was really anatomized, as the modern engineer anatomizes steel.

IV.

THIS examination seems to indicate that the eligibility of a construction, from the artistic point of view, depends upon its expressibility, and the impressiveness of the completed work upon its expressiveness. There are, of course, many questions arising in every engineering work,—countless questions of detail and of degree,—the answers to which make or mar its ultimate success, that are, in fact, appeals to artistic sensibility and tact, the tact that comes of artistic training. The mere desire for expression no more involves the power of expression in this art than in any other. In order to express a construction intelligibly, much more in order to express it with power and with grace, a course of special training is requisite which, as we see all about us, is not involved in the education of an engineer. For this training no systematic or comprehensive provision is made in our technical schools. "They manage these things better in France," where a professor of architecture is attached to the national department of engineering, with results that may be judged by a comparison of the Pont Mirabeau with the best of our own works in the same kind. They manage them better in Germany, which, no doubt, has its share of ugly bridges, but in which the ugliness of the ugly bridges is more or less masked, and the beauty of the beautiful bridges enhanced, by the evidences they bear, in their accessories, of architectural training or of architectural coöperation.

But undoubtedly the desire for beauty, the desire for expression, is the root and starting-point of the matter. Until this is felt no progress is possible. And as among American engineers there are many who pay no attention to how their work looks, it might be expected, since "man's philosophy is the supplement of his practice," that there

should be some to maintain that it does not matter how it looks. One such has declared in public that a bridge, being merely a "tool of transportation," is to be judged, like any other tool, by its efficiency, without reference to its appearance, "without reference to art." To a stalwart scientific vandal of this temper, a Gradgrind-Attila, discussions of the esthetics of engineering naturally seem frivolous and vexatious. He might be expected to find a stern joy in shocking the weaklings who trouble themselves about such trifles, and when he had executed some especially revolting work, to paint it a triumphal red, and exult over the insulted landscape or the disfigured city like a conquering savage. But the practice of the profession has been to treat its esthetics not so much with animosity as with contempt. "Unless the artistic appearance of a structure is imposed as a necessary feature," says one authority, "it is rarely, if ever, considered by contractors." And even when it is imposed, we have seen that there is nothing in the training of an American engineer, as an engineer, that enables him to supply it.

The American engineer who desires that his work may appear appropriate to its place and expressive of its purpose can find little help from his books, and none at all from his schools, but must rely upon his own unaided and unprecedented efforts. With some engineers exhibiting a wilful, and most engineers a careless, indifference to the appearance of their work, the public may be pardoned for imagining the whole profession to be made up of scientific vandals, grossly unjust to individual engineers as inquiry will show such a generalization to be. The public knows that the Rialto or the Ponte della Trinità is as much a "tool of transportation" as the ugliest device of the contemporary bridge-builder, but it is also aware that the ancient builder, in addition to the purpose of providing a tool of "transportation," cherished the purpose of embellishing his city, which the modern engineer sometimes ostentatiously disclaims, and oftener

implicitly rejects. The public more or less dimly feels that something is very wrong when it is proposed to flank a great American city with such erections as are threatened by the respective engineers' designs for the new East River Bridge and the Manhattan Valley Viaduct in New York, and that an art commission provided to protect a city against the works of professed artists all the more should be called upon to protect it against the works of professed or practical anti-artists.

Where "the artistic appearance of a structure is imposed as a necessary feature," the engineers are on their defense, and the signs multiply that they feel them-

selves to be so. It is for themselves to convert their newscience into a new and glorious art, by reuniting, with new methods and new material, the scientific building and the artistic building that since the middle ages have been divorced. There are already promiscings and beginnings of this re-creation; some of the illustrations of this paper bear witness to them. These things justify, far better than the tall buildings of Chicago, of which they were written, the eloquent words of Paul Bourget: "The sketch appears here of a new kind of art, . . . an art of science, in which the certainty of natural laws gives to audacities in appearance the most unbridled the tranquillity of geometrical figures."



THE WIND IN THE TREES.

BY WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.


IS this the sound thou heard'st, Phidippides,
 In Argolis? Is this the song of Pan—
 This weird, midsummer sound æolian,
 That wakes at nightfall here among the trees?
 Hark! hark! The song grows louder. Are not these
 The pipes of satyr and of Ægipan
 That o'er the haunted slopes of Atlas ran,
 The mænad crew that soothed Musagetes?
 Nay; 't is the evening wind. List! hear it blow!
 Even thus King David heard it where he wept
 O'er Absalom, and Helen when she crept
 In flight through Sparta's gate. Thus sad and low
 It blew through that dark garden long ago
 Where Christ knelt and the three disciples slept.



OUR FRIEND THE SULTAN OF JOLO.

BY CHARLES B. HAGADORN,

Adjutant of the Twenty-third U.S. Infantry, and Secretary of the Acting Governor of Jolo.

 HERE is Jolo?" was the question we all asked when the order, dated May 15, 1899, was issued at Manila for the Twenty-third United States Infantry to proceed thither. Nobody knew, but it was said to be an island somewhere.

Three days of delightful sailing, and the first transatlantic steamer ever to sail into those waters dropped anchor in the bay of Jolo. A small white village was seen not more than half a mile from our bows, and people rushing about on shore. These were in uniform, and the glasses told us that they were Spanish troops.

A boat put off, bringing some Spanish officers aboard, who learned for the first time that we were there to relieve their troops. Going on shore with the commanding officer, we found ourselves in a most delightful little garrison town, surrounded by a loopholed wall, with broad, clean streets lined with flowering trees and gardens. We went, at once to the commanding general, and told him the object of our expedition. He was glad to see us, and willingly answered our many questions, telling us, meanwhile, that the Spaniards had taken possession of the islands "for the honor of Spain."

They told us the same thing when we entered Manila, giving that as a reason for their firing over us rather than surrendering the city without a shot. I was standing near General MacArthur that day, after we had entered the outskirts of Manila, when a Spanish captain of the *guardia civil* came rushing up to him, and asked permission to go back to his company and fire one volley in the air. Naturally, General MacArthur asked him why he wished to fire in the air, and he received the same reply, "For the honor of Spain." Just what they mean by this I am unable to explain, but, at any rate, Jolo was originally taken from the Moros "for the honor of Spain."

The Spanish general then gave orders for his barracks to be vacated, and one of our two battalions was landed that evening, and the other battalion disembarked the following morning.

At five in the afternoon the ceremony of officially turning over the garrison to our troops took place. The United States troops were marched to the flagstaff in front of the governor's residence, where the Spanish troops were formed in line. The United States gunboat *Helena*, which had arrived that morning, fired a salute of twenty-one guns to the Spanish flag, our band played the national air of Spain, and the Spanish flag came down, while all the troops stood at present arms. A Spanish sergeant, standing at attention near by, was choking down his sobs, but when the band played his national air he lost his self-control and burst into tears. The Stars and Stripes were then hoisted, the gunboat thundered forth, the "Star-Spangled Banner" echoed through the hills, and we had found Jolo.

The island of Jolo is one of the largest of the Jolo or Sulu Archipelago. It is inhabited by Moros, who are probably as uncivilized as any people on earth. They were, until recently, a piratical race of daring seamen, and made a livelihood from the profits of piracy; but modern gunboats have become so numerous that they have been forced into other less profitable pursuits, though their hereditary instincts are still intact, and they are constantly at war with their less powerful neighbors. Spain never completely controlled the group, but maintained the little garrison, covering about fifteen acres. Outside the wall the Sultan of Jolo and North Borneo is the ruler.

We did not at first see the sultan, but his secretary called, and promised us a visit from his Majesty in the immediate future. He was reported to be ill on the island of Siassi, about thirty miles to the south. The sultana, his mother, usually controls the affairs of state. The secretary informed us that the Spanish general had taken the sultan in a gunboat to Siassi a few months before, and presented him with the island and a small Spanish fort there. The sultan controls about twenty-six thousand fighting men, and has, it is stated, about two thousand rifles. Although not a formidable enemy to a modern army, he has managed

to wield considerable influence throughout these distant islands, and to prevent the ever-encroaching colonist from landing on his shores.

Fond of money, he has conceded certain rights in a portion of North Borneo, for which the North Borneo Trading Company pays him a yearly tribute of five thousand Mexican dollars. Spain, too, has paid him a yearly tribute of twenty-four hundred Mexican dollars, and satisfied his six *datos* (chiefs) by paying six hundred dollars of the same coin to each. Why this was paid is known only to Spain, although the treaty states that it was in payment for injuries previously inflicted on his people.

His people are interesting, exceedingly interesting. Dressed in very tight-fitting striped trousers of a many-colored cotton stuff, a short coat embroidered in gold or silk, with a picturesque plaid turban, a Moro would be the center of attraction at any fancy-dress ball or on the operatic stage. His bronze breast is bared; his sleeves are as tight as his trousers, and gather about his wrists like a woman's long glove; but by far the most important portion of his dress is his *barong*, or *creese*. Stuck through his knotted silk girdle, it makes him the proudest, most independent man that walks the earth or rides the sea. A child of ten is never without his *barong*, although the other articles of his wearing apparel may be missing. Always rubbing the blade or polishing the handle, it is the one article of value that he possesses. Not for display alone does he carry it, as is manifested by the numerous scars that he bears.

In character the Moro is essentially a fighting man; his forefathers were, before him. He lives in simplicity and detests work, much preferring to steal his neighbors' cattle. He is a cunning rogue and a shrewd trader, and *barongs* cost us twice as much a week after we landed. His repast of rice, dried fish, and sometimes meat, is eaten with the fingers, while squatting on the floor. The betel-nut of the Orient is his principal vice; but, not satisfied with the red stain it gives his lips and teeth, he adds to the hideous effect by blackening his teeth with cocoanut-oil. He is dirty in his habits, and his clothes are seldom clean. The Tagalos and Visayas are quite a different race: they are exceedingly cleanly, and generally a peaceful nation. The religion of the Moro is Mohammedanism, brought here by the Arabs centuries ago.

Next in rank to the sultan and his brother,

Radja Muda, is Datto Joakanine. He paid his respects to us the day after our arrival, coming with some thirty or forty of his fantastic followers. The datto is a fine-looking fellow, with a good but ambitious face. He expressed himself well. During the conversation our commanding officer remarked that our soldiers were roughly clad and dirty. The datto replied, "A rough exterior often covers a good heart."

Accompanied by the commander of the *Helena*, I returned his visit, going to his home, three miles distant. We were the first white men to cross his threshold, for the Spaniards seldom went beyond the range of the guns of the fort. A feast of native viands was placed before us, and we partook of it, but I must admit that I was forced to retire to my room upon returning to Jolo. His house, built over the water for cleanliness and protection, consisted of one large, square room with a corner partition, where one of his wives lives. A Filipino "sleeping-machine," recently purchased from the Spaniards, and a few bent-wood chairs obtained from the same source, gave an air of civilization to the dwelling. The walls were of hewn teak, about four inches thick, and loopholed for defense. The nipa roof, neatly woven, kept out the heavy rain that was falling. About forty of his warriors and slaves were squatted about on the floor, and watched us with as much curiosity as we observed them. The women occasionally peeped around the corner of the partition or through the door, but when we first looked at them they drew back out of sight. Gradually gaining courage, they finally came in and squatted on the floor with the rest, and began chewing their betel-nut. The women are not as attractive as the men. They too wear trousers, but of more liberal dimensions. A dirty cloth or an ill-fitting waist completes their wardrobe. Their black tresses are twisted in a knot on top of the head. The Datto Joakanine has three wives, but to avoid family complications they live in separate dwellings. Their religion permits four, I believe, but the datto is one short, and makes up the deficiency in concubines. The sultan has one legal wife, with whom he is not living at present. He has, however, a harem of thirteen.

Mohammedans are seldom friendly with Christians, and it is quite impossible to predict when our friendly relations will cease. There are among these people religious fanatics, known as *juramentados*, men sworn to kill all "Christian dogs." They occasionally

"run amok" (they spell it this way), but are kind enough to send warning of their intention.

For many days the sultan had been expected to visit us. He had sent word that he would come "at four o'clock to-day," but about six o'clock word came that he would arrive at eight "to-morrow." To-morrow did not bring him, but *mañana* came in his stead. A convenient word is *mañana*. The sultan learned it from the Spaniards, and we too are gradually adopting it.

On June 10 the sultan finally came, followed by a motley crew. There was a bit of color about the whole that was fascinating, and they had a "swagger," a poise of the head and a free motion of the arms and shoulders, that made one realize that they have not, for many generations, been dominated by a monarch or hampered by a government of any sort.

The sultan rode proudly among them. The tails of his evening dress-suit (it was nine in the morning) hung on each side of his wooden saddle; he carried in his right hand an open umbrella, and a very large diamond ring sparkled in the bright sunlight; three diamond shirt-studs heightened the effect. A pearl of liberal diameter called up visions of the boxes under his bed, and made the more avaricious of us long for hostilities. A pair of tan shoes and a black-and-white turban completed his make-up.

Before the sultan arrived there were many conjectures concerning his personal appearance. Some described him as a dignified man of the world, others as a Moro of the ordinary type; but a Polish trader from Sandakan told us that he was "just like a monkey." His description was a very accurate one. He is a small man with a most repulsive face, his thick, protruding lips, flat nose, and swarthy skin showing his Malay origin.

Meeting him at the gate, I escorted him and his followers to the acting governor. The sultan, his secretary, Datto Joakanine, Datto Dakola, and seven or eight other less influential dattos followed us in. We all shook hands, their awkward grasp and hand-shake telling us that our custom was not theirs.

Seated about a table, we had a long and tedious conference. The sultan came in to look at us, and to see what Americans were like. He had never seen an American before, but had heard of our country, and that we were very rich and had much land. "Why did you come here to get more land?" was one of the first and rather awkward ques-

tions he asked. "I am poor, and my people are poor. Why are the Americans here?" The acting governor at once began to talk about Cuba and "humanity's sake," described oppression and the blowing up of the *Maine*; but this was not an altogether satisfactory explanation of our presence in Jolo. After carefully preparing a goodly portion of betel-nut and placing it between his stained lips, the sultan repeated the question, "Why are you here?" The governor was forced to abandon diplomacy, and said he was a soldier and came to Jolo because he was ordered; that all questions of state must be referred to a higher authority, and that it would take some time to get satisfactory explanations.

"What do you intend to do?" the sultan asked. He may not be a man of many words, or of great capacity, but he asked awkward questions. "We intend to remain in this little village of Jolo, make friends with the Moros, trade with them, and establish harmonious relations as soon as possible. We should like to go into your country and visit your people, if there is no objection," was the governor's answer.

The sultan was pleased to learn that we desired to be friends with him and his people, but he thought that for the present it would be better for us to remain in the near vicinity of our walls. "I cannot be responsible for the acts of my bad men. My people in the hills do not know you yet," he added.

During this conversation one of the less influential dattos had withdrawn to our ash-barrel, and coming in with a tomato-can, he passed it about, much to the relief of the betel-nut chewers. The sultan, with his regal privileges, had stained our floor a brilliant red.

"The Spaniards," he said, "never held me responsible for the acts of the juramentados, and a clause in the treaty with the Moros relieved me of all responsibility for their acts."

The conversation then turned upon Siassi, an island which lies about thirty miles to the south and was much coveted by the sultan. A short time before our arrival in Jolo he had transferred his harem, slaves, and worldly goods to this island, hoping to establish his household there and wield his affairs of state, unmolested by foreign powers. Siassi was formerly occupied by a small outpost of fifty Spaniards from the garrison of Jolo. It is centrally located with reference to the archipelago of Tawi-Tawi and Borneo, and has a good harbor and a delightful climate.

Many minor matters were discussed at length. The Datto Joakanine had yawned

several times, and at last, his patience being exhausted, he went into the yard and tried to ride a bicycle belonging to our quartermaster, much to the amusement of the throng gathered there. The secretary of the sultan entered into negotiations with me for my pistol, and diplomatic discussion gave way to commonplaces.

Going outside, the sultan waved his hand to one of his slaves, who moved quickly forward, and threw himself on the ground near the sultan's horse. Placing his foot on the neck of the slave, the sultan mounted, and rode away much as he came.

The island of Jolo is a veritable fairyland. In my most imaginative moods I have pictured just such a land. Flowering trees of much brilliancy and many varieties abound. Coconut-palms, with their gracefully curving branches, sago-palms, orange-trees, bananas, and pineapples are found everywhere. A beautiful range of hills surrounds the village, and mountain streams of clear, sparkling water are found about us. The climate is all that can be desired, being cooler than Manila during the day and always delightful at night. Though only six degrees north of the equator, one never suffers from the heat. Our sick-report is but little greater than the normal sick-report in the United States, although the sanitation and comforts of the barracks are not what we are accustomed to at home.

Jolo has in its population about four hundred and fifty Chinamen, principally engaged in trade. They buy the hemp, coconuts, and mother-of-pearl brought in by the Moros, and in their little shops sell cotton stuffs and notions, and, since the advent of our troops, beer. The best of the pearls go to the sultan as his share of the profits. Other taxes for pearl-fishing are also paid to the sultan, the water being divided and let to certain of his subjects and to the Chinese. Forty-one Visayas, Tagalos, Malays, etc., complete the population of this little garrison. They do our washing, and a few are employed as clerks.

Europeans have never settled in these islands. The Moros are rather uncomfortable neighbors, and the difficulty of growing crops in the constant fear of losing one's head has deterred the less venturesome from trying the experiment. One German, a Mr. Schück, has a beautiful coffee-plantation about a mile from our gates, but his father was a warm friend of the former sultan, and got the title to an estate which his

son has developed. Seventy acres of it is planted in coffee, and next year will produce an excellent crop. Mr. Schück married the daughter of the former sultan's prime minister, and his twenty years of experience, together with his wife's influence, has made his venture a success. He is known to all the Moros, and wields considerable influence over them; he writes and speaks their language perfectly, and knows their habits, customs, and character. He has been most useful as interpreter and intermediary between us and them, and without him our progress would have been exceedingly slow.

The islands of this group are alleged to be rich in iron, coal, and gold, though we have not yet found these minerals, and the natives have brought none in. I have some doubt as to the extent of the authority of the sultan. His dattos do not recognize his absolute suzerainty, nor, on the other hand, do the people recognize the authority of the dattos. Each man is more or less a free-lance, and his authority is measured largely by the number of rifles he possesses.

Good cattle and poor, small horses seem to be plentiful. The former can be purchased for ten dollars in gold, and the latter for about seven. Both are ridden by the Moro. His saddle is of wood, artistically carved, with looped, plaited strings for stirrups, through which he places his big toe. There is not a carriage or a cart on the island. Chickens cost us ten cents, and fish can be purchased for the small sum of from one to five cents. Prices, however, are going up. We were not familiar with Moro methods of trading, and naturally gave them what they asked. It has been found necessary, however, to fix a scale of prices, which has been published to the command. Bananas of many varieties are brought to the market. They are very excellent and of many colors.

The fish are beautifully marked with most wonderful colors. There are many varieties, some being a brilliant red or blue, and others yellow and green; some have colored stripes running lengthwise, and others have rings and colored spots. On market-days the natives gather on the beach to exchange their fish and wares. They come in their dug-out canoes or mounted on their horses or cattle. All have knives or spears.

The treatment of these people is one of the problems our little army is trying to solve—one not altogether different from the problem of the last generation on our own Western frontier.

HARDSHIPS OF A REPTILER;

OR, THE CRUISE OF THE "KATYDID" AFTER CALIPASH AND CALIPEE.

BY BENJAMIN WOOD.

WITH PICTURES BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE.

PART TWO.



A SMALL native vessel from up the beach arrived the following Sunday, and we learned from her black captain that a few turtles had been turned on the beach, and that the season would probably be in full swing by the time we could get up to the Boag.

I at once contracted with a Jamaica negro of some local prominence, named Captain Jack Williams, to build our crawl, and work was begun at once. The building of the turtle-crawl consists of driving long, pointed stakes in the sand, and closely binding them together with tough native grass. Our crawl extended about fifty yards out into the water, and a gate was made in the seaward side, so that the turtles could be put in the crawl from boats. When we finally got a good supply of turtles in the crawl, we engaged a negro to supply food for them, consisting of mango-bush.

After having added to our crew two native turtle-hunters and two canoes, we got under way early one morning for the run up to the Boag, which we expected to reach by nightfall. After vainly endeavoring to run up the beach, the wind having lightened so much that we were unable to make any headway against the four-knot current that sets down this coast, the captain decided to run about twenty-five miles to eastward, and then run up to the Boag with the northeast trade-wind. By noon the wind died out entirely, and we drifted with the current all that day and night. Next morning a light breeze sprang up, which lasted until nightfall, although it was not strong enough to dissipate the heavy fog that had set in all about us.

We had shipped at Limon an American ducky, who, while he could not read or write, and did not, therefore, know the points of the

compass, had had some experience in sailing small boats and could handle the wheel. One clear night, as the schooner was making good progress with the trade-wind, Captain Nat and I went down into the cabin to look over some charts, leaving Jeff at the wheel. The captain had pointed out a star to him, and explicitly ordered him to keep the vessel's head pointed directly for it. Everything went well for a while, but suddenly we heard the sails begin to flap, and then the groan of the boom as it swung in and out across the deck.

Rushing on deck, we found the schooner luffed up and under little or no headway, while poor Jeff was rolling the wheel over and back in a state of helpless excitement.

"What are you doing, you black rascal?" yelled the captain. "Where in the mischief is that star I told you to sail for?"

"Dat st-a-r, cap'n?" sputtered Jeff. "Why, sah, I 's done pahst dat star long ergo. Dere it is 'way back dere, cap'n, sure 'nough."

In the afternoon of the fourth day out the fog lifted, and we sighted land, upon which we made out the Boag almost on our beam. We were, unfortunately, far offshore, and before we could run in on soundings and anchor, the wind failed us, and the vessel was hove to with her bow offshore. In the morning we were shut in by the thick fog, and drifted all day long without a breath of air.

On the evening of the day following, forty-eight hours after sighting the Boag, the fog lifted, and we made out Point Carretta, about forty-five miles below Limon. We had drifted down the coast some eighty-five miles in two days. Having got our bearings again, and realizing that we could not hope to buck the current without a good stiff wind, we again lay off to the eastward, only to go

through three more days* of continued fog, light and fitful breezes, an occasional squall, and the same old drift.

The next landmark that we sighted looked like Bluefields Bluff, although we could not get in close enough to be sure. We were now evidently much too far north, so we put about and lay a southeast course for the Boag, as we thought. When morning broke we were ready to give up in despair, for there was no mistaking the landmarks that we now saw. We had just opened up Bocas del Toro, some miles below Point Carretta, and over a hundred miles south of the Boag.

Fortunately, we were close enough inshore to anchor, and as soon as the captain had recovered somewhat, we lost no time in letting go our starboard mud-hook. It was now decided that we should hug the shore, and try to work our way up to Limon with a good breeze, and anchor when it died out. A stiff land-breeze sprang up early that evening, and the next morning found us off Carretta. At this point, however, the wind slackened up somewhat, and although we were apparently going through the water at a pretty good clip, the *Katydid* being very fast in a light breeze, we were still off Carretta at sunset. The reader may begin to think that I have contracted the captain's fever for spinning yarns, so I will explain this phenomenon by stating that the speed of the vessel was about the same as the current against us, the result being that while we were sailing all the time we did not gain a foot. We anchored overnight, and late the next day, after struggling against the current inch by inch, we crawled into Limon, with every one on board completely worn out, and without a single turtle.

The second day following we made another attempt, and reached the Boag this time by repeating the tactics which had brought us up from Bocas del Toro. As if to repay us in some slight measure for what we had already been through, fortune smiled on us, as we were favored with the best steady wind all day long that we had ever met with on this coast, and at dark were anchored off the Boag.

The first thing we did was to burn red fire on a shovel, which signal was understood by the few Indians on the beach to mean that the vessel displaying it wanted turtles. About one o'clock that night a heavy squall struck us, but, fortunately, we were able to slip our cable and run out to sea, getting back the next day at noon. The surf was so high that it was impossible for the natives

to get off to us, or for us to send a canoe ashore to make arrangements for getting the turtles.

After the mating season the female turtle crawls on the beach, but only at night, and with her fore flipper digs a hole in the sand, in which she lays anywhere from one hundred to one hundred and fifty eggs. She then carefully scratches the sand over the eggs, completely hiding them, and crawls back to sea, where she is affectionately met by her mate. During this crawling season the natives patrol the beach at night, each one covering a mile back and forth, with a long, stout pole and a small native lantern, in which is burned turtle-oil. As the female turtle comes out of the water, the native runs up to her before she can escape, and putting one end of the stick in front of her, turns her over on her back with a quick movement as she crawls over the stick. It requires a great knack to turn a turtle weighing from three to four hundred pounds. When turned, the turtle is helpless. A humane Indian will wait until a turtle has laid her eggs before turning her. At day-break the natives on the beach drag the turtles near together, and with a good stout line a clove-hitch is taken around one fore flipper of each turtle, leaving them tied together, but with about a fathom of line between each. At the end of the line a log of wood is made fast. This work being completed, the turtles are turned over, and instinctively make for the water without loss of time, some pulling in one direction and some in another. Then a native with a long pole, upon which is tied a white rag, walks up and down the beach, according to the direction that the buoy may be taking through the breakers, as long as it is visible to him. The men in the canoe waiting outside follow the movements of the man with the flag, and the moment the buoy bobs up outside the surf, a dash is made for it, and it is picked up and hauled into the boat. If there are not many turtles on one buoy they are hauled into the boat, and although this is dangerous work, it is easier than towing a bunch to the ship, since they are very strong in the water. When the boat is loaded it returns to the ship, and the turtles are hauled on board by means of a block and tackle rigged for the occasion. The turtles are turned on their backs again side by side on the deck of the vessel, and blocked so that they cannot roll about.

We could accomplish nothing the first day, owing to the high surf, but that night we

knew that the turtles were crawling, for we saw many lights moving on the beach. At daybreak the ship's boat and both canoes were manned, and a start was made for the breakers, in the hope that some turtles might be sent off to us, notwithstanding the fact that we had not as yet been able to communicate with the natives. We were right in this surmise, for, as the canoe I was in got dangerously near the breakers, we could see the men hauling the turtles together preparatory to sending them off. In a few minutes the signal was given that the turtles had started, and one of my canoemen stood up and kept a careful lookout for the buoy, at the same time instructing the man who was paddling in which direction to go, for the surf was so high that it was impossible to see the men on shore without standing up. In a few minutes the buoy was sighted, and quickly paddling in so close that we were almost on top of the first breaker, the man in the bow reached over and lifted the buoy into the canoe, and at the same instant we were deftly turned and paddled out of danger.

This was indeed exciting work, and when I looked over the side of our canoe and saw the sharks about us as thick as flies, I concluded that I preferred to remain on board the *Katydid*. After the turtles had been towed some little distance, my men got up and started to haul them into the canoe. Any one who has had experience with these cranky little native dugouts will appreciate what ticklish work it was.

No more buoys being sent off, the boats were called in by means of a signal displayed from the schooner. We found that we had only ten turtles all told, although they were fine, large fellows as fat as butter. Our natives gave us to understand that there were more on the beach, but that they would not be sent to us until we had made arrangements with the owner about payment for them.

The surf not having moderated, the next day the captain and I, after carefully considering the danger, determined to send the largest canoe ashore in charge of the mate. Charlie volunteered to go, and, with the two black men at the paddles, they started in for the beach. The captain and I went in as far as we could with them in the gig, as we were both fearful of the result, and wished to know it if they did not get ashore safely. Waving his hand to us, the mate gave his orders, and the canoe started in, slowly at first, waiting for a good opportunity. Sud-

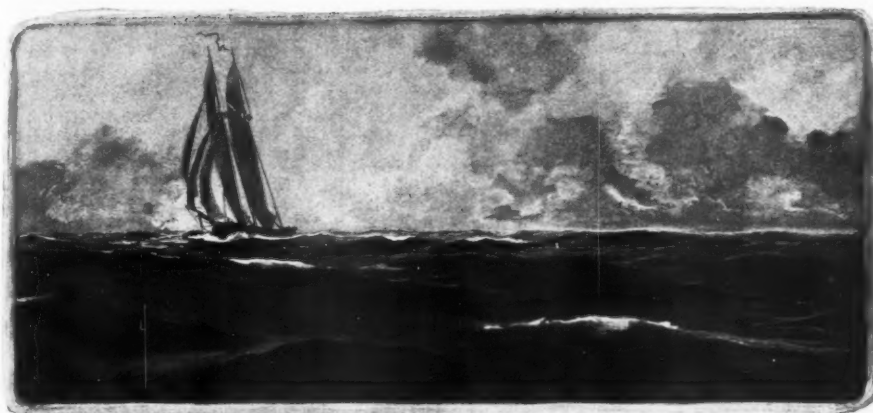
denly we saw the negroes begin to paddle like mad, and the next instant the canoe was raised on top of a breaker, far above us, and then disappeared from view. In what seemed like an age we saw the canoe again, but this time it was almost standing on end in a breaker, without a soul in it. A cold chill crept over me at the horrible thought that the men had been drowned or taken by sharks, and both Captain Nat and I reproached ourselves for trying to send a boat through that terrible surf. In another moment we saw the canoe cast up on the sand and left high and dry as the water receded, and we also thought we saw two other dark objects cast up a moment later, and then another. Yes, there were three of the men, evidently safe and sound; but where was the fourth, and who was it—one of the black men, or Charlie, or the mate? At the next glimpse of the beach we saw two of the figures rush down to the water, and in a moment reappear, carrying an inanimate object between them. The men worked over this figure for what seemed to me a very long time, but we were finally relieved to see the man, whoever he was, get up and wave to us.

Every morning for the next three days we went in the boat as close as possible, but while we could see the men on the beach with the natives, the surf had become even higher, and it would have been suicidal for them to attempt to come through it. No more turtles were sent off, for we were so light-handed now that we could not receive them. There were only two seamen, the captain and Tony, left aboard, and while I was, fortunately, able to pull an oar and of some little use, Fritz and Mike could not be depended upon, Fritz owing to his wooden leg, and Mike owing to his wooden-headedness.

On running into the breakers on the fourth day, we were signaled that a buoy would be sent off to us, and waited for a sight of it. Upon securing it we found only one turtle, and this being hauled into the boat, we found a small bottle made fast to the line near the flipper, and containing a scrap of paper, scrawled upon which was a note from the mate, reading as follows:

Send cask with grub ashore. Nothing here to eat but turtle. Charlie almost drowned coming through the surf, but all well. GLADD.

Upon reading this strangely delivered message we returned to the ship, and after filling a small cask with ship's bread, salt-horse, and bacon, we rowed back, and holding up the cask so that the men could see it, tossed



"WE WERE FAVORED WITH THE BEST STEADY WIND ALL DAY."

it overboard, and in about half an hour were gratified to see the men rolling it up the beach. In the cask we inclosed a letter to the mate to the effect that, in case of a squall, we should have to run out to sea, and in such an event he and the men must make the best of the way to Limon down the beach. We told him that the signal for this would be the flying of our house-flag, which we seldom used, owing to its strong resemblance to the Cuban flag.

The constant roll of the schooner as she lay at anchor was something awful. I thought every minute that she would roll her topmasts out, while the captain, old and tough sailor as he was, was almost driven crazy by it.

We soon saw that there was no prospect of the surf going down for some time to come, so we determined to get back to Limon, if we could secure a man or two from a small native schooner that had come in the night before and was anchored some five miles north of us. We hoisted the house-flag, and then the captain, Tony, and I started for the native schooner in the gig. To leave Fritz and Mike alone on the *Katydid* was a foolish thing to do, as a squall might come up at any minute, in which case they would be entirely helpless. There was no help for it, however, as we were in such a predicament that we had to take chances. Everything went right until we had started back from the small schooner, after vainly trying to hire a couple of men to help work the vessel to Limon. When we really had no use for men we were constantly bothered by negroes who wished to ship, but the moment we needed them, and they knew it, they could not be had for love or money.

VOL. LX.—5.

"Hello!" said Captain Wiggins, as we started back, "we're in for a squall, and if we don't get back mighty quick and pay out more chain, the *Katydid* will be on the beach in a jiffy, for those two landlubbers will never have sense to do it."

The captain and Tony pulled for dear life, while I had the tiller. It shut in as black as night, and before we were within a mile of the vessel the storm broke in all its fury. It seemed but a moment before the smooth sea was transformed into a seething mass of foam and spray, and the waves were running mountain-high.

The schooner could not be seen, but knowing that she lay in the direction from which the squall was coming, I held the boat up to the wind as much as I could, while the captain and Tony pulled as I have never seen men pull before. Suddenly I heard above the noise of the wind a deep, ominous roar, and I turned deathly pale as the full significance of it burst upon me.

"My God, captain," I cried, "we're in the breakers! Pull, pull, Tony!"

But I had no need to tell Tony to pull. That big, powerful Norwegian was bending his oar almost double at every stroke. For some seconds—it seemed an hour—the suspense was awful. The noise of the breakers would seem to be farther off at one time, giving me hope that we were gaining, while the next moment the frightful roar was so close that I thought we were on top of the outside breaker, and momentarily expected to be picked up and hurled to death. Then a horrible thought came to me—what if they break or lose an oar?

The captain was completely exhausted



"AS SHE CRAWLS OVER THE STICK."

now, and I yelled to him to take the tiller, as I thought I could relieve him for a few minutes, and knew that he could locate the schooner better than I. It took only a second to change places; he jumped over the thwarts, while I slid under them. Fortunately for me, I had the oar to windward, and therefore Tony had not only to pull against me, but against the wind, which was blowing a hurricane. Notwithstanding this handicap, he nearly pulled me around at every stroke, such was his strength.

We were still a long way from the schooner, and the gale had not moderated in the least, although we were now quite free of the breakers. The captain and I changed places four times, until we were totally exhausted, before we finally got up close to the schooner. Fritz had, a short time before, hung up the anchor-light, which guided us. The last hundred feet was the hardest of all our pull, but we got under the vessel's lee, and I caught the line that Fritz threw us. Hauling up close under the stern, and watching our chance, we jumped and caught the rail and climbed aboard, not a moment too soon, for the vessel, as an enormous wave receded, came down with a thump, and smashed the boat into kindling-wood under her counter.

As soon as they were aboard, the captain and Tony rushed forward and paid out all the chain we had. The gallant little *Katydid*, with not a sailor on board, had ridden out the storm like a cork on the water, and it is miraculous that her bones are not bleaching on the Costa Rican beach to-day.

Squall followed squall with such severity all night long that, short-handed as we were, we determined that our only safety lay in getting to sea. It took all the next morning to hoist the mainsail and the foresail and get under way. As we could see no one on

the beach, we concluded that our men had started for Limon.

Hugging the shore to keep on "soundings," so that the current could not set us past Limon, we managed to get down without mishap; but there was an exhausted crew aboard when we came to anchor.

Two days later the mate and Charlie arrived. They had walked every step of the way, swimming rivers full of crocodiles, and arriving full of fever, and with their feet fearfully swollen. However, in a day or two they were all right again.

Now came troubles that completely discouraged me. I caught the fever, and was removed to the hotel, where I lay on my back for ten days, hardly conscious, and without any hope of recovery. As the season was fast getting on, time was precious, so the captain made another trip to the Boag, this time bringing back about forty turtles.

The first thing I heard when I had recovered somewhat and could get out was that the entire crew, except the captain and Fritz, were drunk, and trying to clean out Limon. I had expected this for some time, and while I did not hope to prevent it entirely, I hoped it would be confined to the sailors, who were not absolutely necessary in the work of canning. But there was Mike, that quiet, gentlemanly Irishman, fighting drunk, and ready to lick the whole Costa Rican army. It took an entire brigade of generals to put him in jail. In the morning I paid his fine and got him aboard, still full of fight. The effects of Jamaica rum as a stimulant are well known, but they cannot compare with the effects of the rum that is used on that coast. One drink of it drives a man completely crazy, and makes him willing to commit murder.

I now arranged with some small boats to deliver turtles to us in Limon, for we real-

ized that we could not spend ten days or so on each trip in getting them ourselves, and do any canning, too. When our crawl contained nearly a hundred turtles we began operations.

Awnings were rigged, and the plant was put up. In order to keep the vessel's head up to the sea and prevent rolling as much as possible, we put out a kedge-anchor astern. Every evening at sunset a canoe was sent to the crawl for the turtles that were to be canned the next day. Our capacity at the beginning was two a day, but as the men became used to it, this was increased until it reached ten, which netted us nearly eight hundred quart cans. Great precautions were taken to keep everything clean and sweet. Any meat remaining over at the end of the day was thrown to the sharks, which were so numerous about the vessel that one could almost walk ashore on them. The natives we employed, and our own men, were made to wash themselves three or four times a day, while at night the decks and kettles were thoroughly scrubbed. Fritz was placed in charge of the men, and it was comical to hear him order the mate about. The mate did not seem to like Fritz very well, and by reason of his authority over Fritz as the ship's cook, he had been inclined to be severe with him; but no sooner was Fritz made superintendent of the canning operations than he bossed the mate about with lofty disdain.

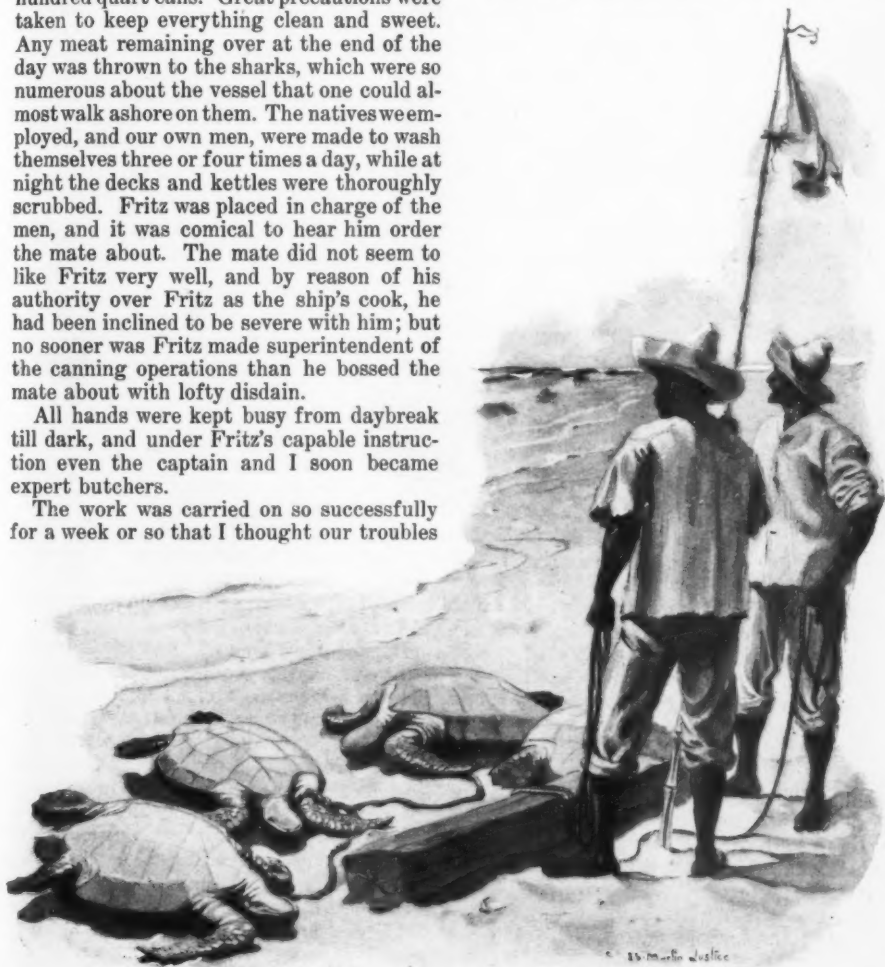
All hands were kept busy from daybreak till dark, and under Fritz's capable instruction even the captain and I soon became expert butchers.

The work was carried on so successfully for a week or so that I thought our troubles

were at an end; but in this I was sadly disappointed. We ran out of turtles. The coast was rougher than it had been for years, and it began to look as though our supply would be entirely stopped for the season.

While waiting for some small vessels to arrive with more turtles, the crew were idle, and as all hands had been working hard day and night, Captain Nat could not well refuse them shore leave, although he was fearful that some of them would take the fever. Subsequent events proved that there were other things in Limon to be dreaded besides fever.

One day Fritz, who had been ashore after



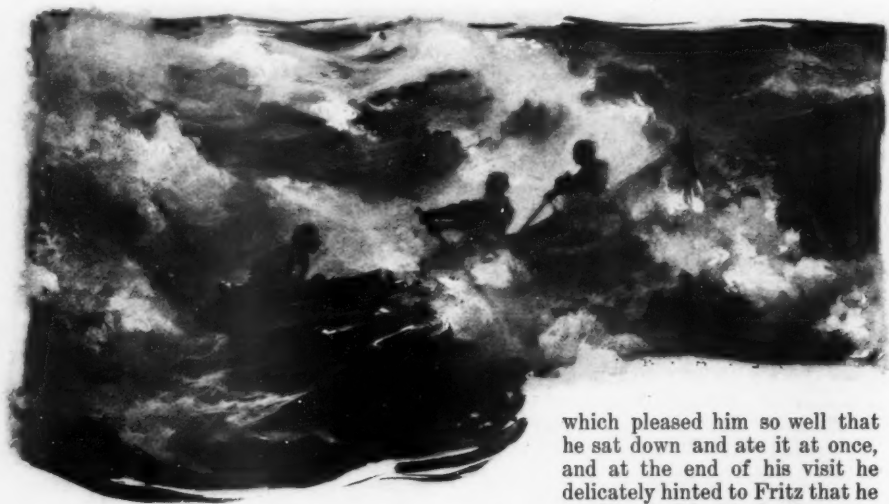
SENDING OFF THE TURTLES.

provisions, came on board and reported that some of the men were crazy drunk, and having taken possession of the best saloon, were standing the drinks for the whole town—army and all. The captain and I went ashore immediately, and after much trouble got the sailors aboard, to the great relief of the governor. After paying the frightened saloon-keeper for the rum which my generous crew had entertained with, I induced him to let the matter drop.

The sailors were now kept aboard the vessel, and everything went along splendidly until, one afternoon, I noticed that something was wrong with the men. Investiga-

tion plainly to be seen that with my merry crew in port the governor was finding life something more arduous than a dreamy siesta.

It soon became apparent that the governor was anxious to rid the port of the *Katydid*. The next occasion I had to call on the official in charge of the custom-house I was politely informed that there still existed some doubt as to the peaceful nature of our cruise, and my reception was not altogether cordial. At the captain's suggestion the governor was invited to go aboard and satisfy his curiosity by a personal investigation. When he arrived, Fritz presented him with a delicious-looking turtle-egg omelet soufflé,



"THE STORM BROKE IN ALL ITS FURY."

tion disclosed the fact that the blacks had been successfully smuggling rum aboard, and it was only discovered by reason of one of the men having taken so much that I found him laboriously trying to stuff a whole turtle into a quart can. The captain was wrathful. He was a strict disciplinarian, and while he understood that it is to be expected that a sailor will get drunk ashore, he would not countenance it on board. The guilty darkies preferred to take their chances with the sharks rather than with the "old man," so when he got after them they lost no time in jumping overboard and swimming ashore.

The following day, at my suggestion, the governor issued a proclamation making it a crime subject to imprisonment for any one to smuggle rum aboard the *Katydid*. It was

which pleased him so well that he sat down and ate it at once, and at the end of his visit he delicately hinted to Fritz that he would not object to having some sent to his residence. After that we managed to win back the esteem of the governor by keeping the crew on board.

During our stay in Limon great excitement was caused one day by the arrival of the United States steamship *Montgomery*, which was on her way home from Greytown, having on board the Nicaragua Canal government commission. I had the honor of an introduction to Captain Davis in the consular agent's office. Being somewhat surprised at the nature of our cruise, and we being the only United States vessel in port, he informed me that the next day he would have the *Katydid* boarded officially.

("Here, again," I thought, "we are suspected of being a Cuban filibustering expedition.")

"At your pleasure, captain," said I, "and

in the meantime, if you and your officers are fond of turtle soup, I shall be pleased to send you a case."

But the captain was in full regalia then, making an official call on his country's representative, and was too dignified to show the pleasure at my well-meant kindness which he must have secretly felt.

When I got aboard the *Katydid* I told

for official dignity and had stumped aft to see the fun, as he expressed it, simply roared with laughter.

"Why, captain, that 's strange; what are you, anyway?" continued the officer, when he had somewhat recovered.

"Well," drawled Captain Nat, with a merry twinkle in his off eye, "that 's just what we are trying to find out. Some people



"IT SHUT IN AS BLACK AS NIGHT."

Captain Nat that we should be boarded by an officer of the *Montgomery* the following day.

"All right," said the "old man"; "let 'em come. I know all about them man-o'-war fellers, as I used to be cockswain of the captain's gig on the old *Santee*."

"Here they comes!" yelled Fritz the next morning, as a cutter ran alongside, and an officer in gold lace, with an immense book under his arm, jumped aboard. I recognized him as the ensign who had accompanied Captain Davis to the consul's office. His visit to us being official, he had, of course, nothing to say to an owner, but opening his book and turning to the captain, he began:

"Captain, what is your home port? What cargo did you bring out? What cargo have you got, and where bound?"

"Well," said the captain, after a pause, "New York is our home port; we did n't bring out no cargo; we ain't got none yet; and I ain't never seen no one who could tell where they was bound on this God-forsaken coast."

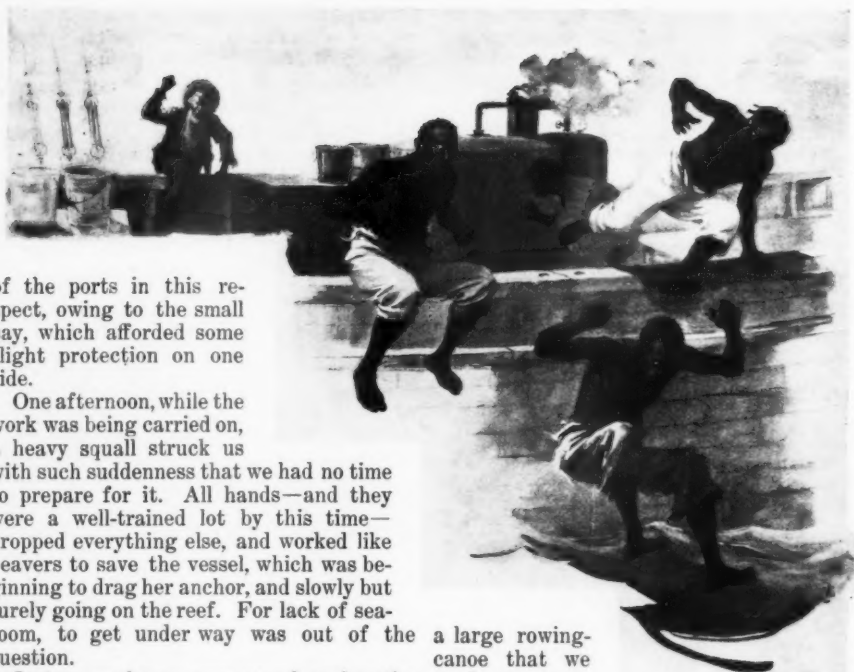
The ensign looked at Captain Nat in amazement, while I could hardly keep a straight face, and Fritz, who cared nothing

in New York says turtle is a reptile, and some says it ain't. We want turtle, and lots of 'em, so I guess you better put us down as reptilers. There 's all the other reptilers up forward there," he concluded, pointing to the crew.

Discipline in our navy is one of its strongest points, but I thought I heard a suppressed titter in the cutter's crew at this sally of the captain's. Hastily making a note in his book, the officer saluted, and disappeared over the side, but not before the captain had time to tell him that if there was a cyclopedia on board the *Montgomery* he could look up the word "turtle" and find out what we were for sure.

That evening I enjoyed a good square meal aboard the *Montgomery*, at the invitation of one of her lieutenants, to whom I had a card of introduction, and the officer who boarded us was compelled to recount the story of his interview with Captain Nat. It took a naval officer to appreciate the jolly and sturdy character of my old sea-dog.

Now came a period of steady work, during which the entire crew of the *Katydid* behaved themselves splendidly. The position of the schooner, however, was dangerous, and we had several very narrow escapes from going on the reef behind us. As is the case with nearly all the ports on this coast, there is no harbor, and vessels must anchor in the open roadstead. Limon was safer than most



of the ports in this respect, owing to the small cay, which afforded some slight protection on one side.

One afternoon, while the work was being carried on, a heavy squall struck us with such suddenness that we had no time to prepare for it. All hands—and they were a well-trained lot by this time—dropped everything else, and worked like beavers to save the vessel, which was beginning to drag her anchor, and slowly but surely going on the reef. For lack of sea-room, to get under way was out of the question.

Just as we let go our second anchor the chain of the starboard anchor parted, and we were rapidly carried ashore, but fortunately brought up when the stern of the vessel was within fifty feet of the reef. We knew we could not depend on the chain of this only remaining anchor, as the captain never used it unless necessary, since it was very old and worn.

It was a question of only a few minutes before it must part, and, for the life of me, I could not think of anything that could possibly be done to save us. The "old man," however, was never without resources. In a twinkling, after his orders were given, the men, working with a will, had the fore and main throat- and peak-halyards unreeved and bent on, and one end being made fast around the foremast, the rest of it was thrown into

a large rowing-canoe that we used to carry turtle from the crawl, and in less

time than it takes to write it, Tony and Charlie were pulling like mad for a steamer-buoy a good hundred yards from us.

Would they make it in time, and was the line long enough to reach the buoy? I feared not. The sea was running very high, one time the canoe being in sight, and the next moment buried in the trough of the sea. The captain stood beside me as cool as an icicle, as those brave boys bent to their work and literally drove the canoe through the waves. Nearer and nearer they got, until I saw Charlie rise and, with the end of the line gripped in his hand, step on the gunwale and make a flying leap for the big can-buoy, landing square on top of it. The next instant

AFTER THE SMUGGLERS.



THE INTERVIEW WITH THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER.

he had the rope run through the ring in the buoy and made fast, with only a foot or two to spare, as quickly and securely as only a sailor could do it.

Not a second too soon, for just as all of us aboard had begun to haul in on the hawser, there was a loud snap, and the *Katydid*, trembling all over like a frightened bird, gave one dash for the rocks, and then brought up on the cable with a thud, with the reef so close that I could almost have jumped on it. We were saved, and by a two-inch halyard, that stood the strain under which two chains had parted. We hauled in on the rope until we were a safe distance from the reef, where we rode out the storm.

Within a short timenews came from the beach that no more turtles were crawling. It had been the poorest season ever known. Not that turtles were not plentiful, but the weather was so rough that vessels could not lie off the beach and receive them. Notwithstanding this, we sailed for home with a fair cargo.

On the 28th of October, after a cruise of over six months, the *Katydid*, showing the scars of many a hard knock, crept up New York Bay to her wharf.

The captain and I put on shore clothes and went to the custom-house.

"What cargo, captain?" said the officer.

"Canned fish," answered the captain.

"What kind of fish?"

"Turtle."

"Turtles are n't fish; the cyclopedia says turtle is a reptile."

"That shows all the cyclopedia knows about it," retorted the captain, beginning to ruffle. "Anything that swims in the sea and lays eggs is a fish, and if I, who have followed the sea all my life, don't know a fish when I see one, you bet I ain't comin' down to Wall street for pointers."

Then turning to some reporters who had been bothering him with questions, he continued:

"How did we catch 'em? Oh, some with a hook and line, and some by fly-fishing; but the best way to catch 'em is to hide on the beach at night and imitate their call, and then when they come along biff 'em over the head with a marlinespike. Yes, the eggs are fine. One feller I know in Limon hatched out a whole barrelful under a Plymouth Rock hen."

And yet the collector made us pay twenty per cent. of the cost of manufacture in duty.

The duty was paid under protest, and the case brought before the Board of General Appraisers, who decided that, whether turtle was a fish or reptile, our product was put up on an American vessel, owned by Americans, and therefore reversed the deci-

sion of the collector. Then the Secretary of the Treasury ordered the case tried in the United States court; but as this would have necessitated the employing of special counsel, my partners not being sea lawyers, we thought best to drop it. It is, however, gratifying to know that the new tariff distinctly states that green turtle canned on board an American vessel shall be admitted free.



"HE HAD THE ROPE RUN THROUGH THE RING."



DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

CLARA MORRIS AS "JEZEBEL."

A WORD OF WARNING TO YOUNG ACTRESSES.

BY CLARA MORRIS.



VERY actress of prominence receives letters from young girls and women who wish to go on the stage; naturally I have my share.

These letters are of all kinds: some are extravagant, some enthusiastic, some foolish, and a few unutterably pathetic. But however their writers may differ otherwise, there is one positive conviction they unconsciously share, and there is one question every one of them puts to me. So it is that question that must be first answered, and that conviction that must be shaken. The question is: "What chance has a girl in private life of getting on the stage?" and to reply at once with brutal truthfulness and straight to the point, I must say, "Almost none."

But to answer her instant "Why?" I must first shake the positive conviction that each writer has that she is the only one who burns with the high ambition to be an actress—who hopes and fears, and secretly studies *Juliet*, etc. It would be difficult to convince her that her own State, her own city, yes, her own block, could each produce a girl who firmly believes that *her* talents are equally great. Every city in the country is freely sprinkled with stage-loving or, as they are generally termed, "stage-struck" girls. It is more than probable that at least half a dozen girls in her own circle secretly cherish the hope of a glorious career on the stage, while her bosom friend most likely knows every line of *Pauline*, and has practised the death-scene of *Camille* hundreds of times. Surely, then, the would-be actresses can see that their own numbers constitute one of the greatest obstacles in their path.

But that is by no means all. Figures are always hard things to manage, and there is another large body of them between a girl and her chances, in the number of trained actresses who are out of engagements. There is probably no profession in the world so overcrowded as the profession of acting. "Why," the manager asks, "should I engage a girl who does not even know how to walk across the stage, when there are so many trained girls and women to choose from?"

"But," says or thinks some girl who reads

these words, "you were an outsider, poor and without friends, yet you got your chance."

Very true, I did; but conditions then were different. The stage did not hold then the place in public estimation which it now does. Theatrical people were little known and even less understood. Even the people who did not think all actors drunkards and all actresses immoral did think they were a lot of flighty, silly buffoons, not to be taken seriously for a moment. The profession, by reason of this feeling, was rather a close corporation. The recruits were generally young relatives of the older actors. There was plenty of room, and people began at the bottom quite cheerfully and worked up. When a ballet was wanted, the manager advertised for extra girls, and sometimes received as many as three applicants in one day, when twenty were needed. Such an advertisement to-day would call out a veritable mob of eager girls and women. There was my chance; to-day I should have no chance at all.

The theatrical ranks were already growing crowded when the "schools of acting" were started, and after that actors and actresses started up as suddenly and numerous as mushrooms in an old pasture. And they—even they—stand in the way of the beginner.

I know, then, of but three powers that can open the stage door to a girl who comes straight from private life—a fortune, great influence, or superlative beauty. With a large amount of money a girl can unquestionably tempt a manager whose business is not too good to give her an engagement. If influence is used it must indeed be of a high social order to be strong enough to affect favorably the box-office receipts, and thus win an opening for the young débutante. As for beauty, it must be something very, very remarkable that will on its strength alone secure a girl an engagement. Mere prettiness will not do; nearly all American girls are pretty. It must be a radiant and compelling beauty, and every one knows that there are not many such beauties, stage-struck or otherwise.

The next question is most often put by the parents or friends of the would-be actress, and when with clasped hands and indrawn

breath they ask about the temptations peculiar to the profession of acting, all my share of the old Adam rises within me; for I honor the profession in which I have served, girl and woman, so many years, and it hurts me to have one imply that it is filled with strange and terrible pitfalls for women.

I have received the confidences of many working-women,—some in professions, some in trades, and some in service,—and on these confidences I have founded my belief that many a woman who works for her living must eat with her bread the bitter salt of insult. Not even the plain girl escapes paying that penalty put upon her unprotected state. Still, insult does not mean temptation, by any means. But careful inquiry has shown me that temptation assails working-women in any walk of life, and that the profession of acting has nothing weird or novel to offer in the line of danger.

There seems to be a general belief that a manager is a sort of dramatic Moloch upon whose altar is sacrificed all ambitious femininity. In declaring that to be a mistaken idea, I do not for one moment imply that managers are angels, for such a suggestion would, beyond a doubt, secure me a quiet summer at some strictly private sanatorium; but I do mean to say that, like that "gentleman" whom we all know by hearsay but not by sight, they are not so black as they are painted.

Indeed, the manager is more often the pursued than the pursuer. There are women, attractive, good-looking, well dressed, who, alas! in their determination to succeed, cast morality overboard as an aeronaut casts over ballast, that they may rise more quickly. Now, while these women bestow their adulations and delicate flattery upon the manager, he is not apt to disturb the modest and retiring newcomer in his company by unwelcome attentions. And should the young stranger prove earnest and bright, and, above all, should she show promise for the future, she would be doubly safe, for then she would have for the manager a commercial value, and he would be the last man to hurt or anger her by a too warmly expressed admiration, and so drive her into another theater, taking all her possible future popularity and drawing power with her.

One other and better word I wish to add. If the unprotected young beginner finds herself the victim of some odious creature's persistent advances, letters, etc., let her not fret and weep and worry, but let her go quietly to

her manager and lay her trouble before him. My word for it, he will find a way of freeing her from her tormentor. In short, the manager is, generally speaking, a kindly, cheery, sharp business man, and no Moloch at all.

As for the public, no self-respecting girl need be in danger. If a man sends an actress extravagant letters or flowers anonymously, she will not wear his flowers and so encourage him. If a gentleman sends her jewelry or a valuable gift of any kind, rest assured his name will accompany the offering; then the actress has only one thing to do—send the object back *at once*. If the infatuated one is a gentleman and worthy of her notice, he will surely find a perfectly correct and honorable way of making her acquaintance; otherwise she is well rid of him. No, I see no danger threatening a young actress from the public.

There is danger in drifting at any time, so it may be well to warn young actresses against drifting into a too strong friendship. Let us say that the young actress feels rather strange in her surroundings,—that she is only on a smiling "Good morning" and "Good evening" footing with the company,—that she has been promised a certain small part, and that at the last moment the part is given to some one else. The disappointment is cruel, and the suspicion that people are laughing in their sleeves over the slight put upon her makes her feel sick and faint with shame. Just then a friendly hand places a chair for her, and a kind voice says: "I'm awfully sorry you missed that chance, for I'm quite sure you could do the part far and away better than that 'milliners' block' will. But don't distress yourself; your chance will come, and you will know how to make the most of it, I am sure." And all the time the plain, perhaps the elderly, man is speaking, he is shielding her from the eyes of the other people, and from her very soul she is grateful to him, and she holds up her head and smiles bravely.

Not long after, perhaps, she does get a chance, and with joyous eyes she watches for the coming of the man who comforted her, that she may tell him of her good luck. His pleasure is plain, and he, an experienced actor, assures her that she will succeed. He waits in the "entrance" to see her play her small part, and shakes her hand and congratulates her when she comes off, and even tells her what to do next time at such a point; and her heart warms within her, and is filled with gratitude for this "sympa-

thetic friend," who helps her and has faith in her future.

The poor child little dreams that temptation may be approaching her softly, quietly, in the guise of friendship. So, all unconsciously, she grows to rely upon the advice of this quiet, unassuming man, and to look for his approval. By and by their companionship reaches beyond the theater. She respects, admires, trusts him. He may be worthy; he may not. But it would be well for young actresses to be on their guard against the sympathetic friend.

Since we are speaking about absolute beginners, perhaps a word of warning may be given against pretended critics. The young actress trembles at the bare word "newspaper man." She ought to know that a critic on a respectable paper holds a responsible position. When he serves a prominent and leading journal he is frequently recognized as an authority, and has a social as well as a professional position to maintain. Further, the professional woman does not strongly attract the critic personally. There is no glamour about stage people to him. Yet should he desire to make an actress's acquaintance, he would do so in the perfectly correct manner of a gentleman. But this is not known to the young stranger within the theatrical gates, and through her ignorance—which is far from bliss—she may be subjected to a humiliating and even dangerous experience. I am myself one of several women whom I know to have been so victimized in early days.

The beginner, then, fearing above all things the newspaper, receives some evening a note, common in appearance, coarse in expression, requesting her acquaintance, and signed, let us say, "James Flotsam." Of course she pays no attention, and two nights later a card reaches her bearing the name "James Flotsam," and in the corner the name of some well-known newspaper. She may be about to refuse to see the person, but some one will be sure to exclaim: "For mercy's sake, be careful; don't make an enemy on the press!"

And trembling at the idea of being attacked or sneered at in print, without one thought of asking what particular newspaper of that name this unknown represents,—without remembering that Miller's Pond, or Somebody's Junction, or Somebody Else's Corners may have a newspaper of that name,—she hastens to grant to this probably ignorant young lout the unchaperoned interview she would instantly re-

fuse to a gentleman whose name was even well known to her; and trembling with fear and hope, she will listen to his boast of the "awful roasting" he gave Billy This or Dick That,—referring thus to the most prominent actors of the day,—or to his promises of "puffs" for herself, when "old Brown and Smith" are out of the office—the managing and the night editor being deadly jealous of him, and "blue-penciling" him just for spite. And if Mr. Flotsam does not without leave bring up and present his chum Mr. Jetsam, the young woman will be fortunate.

A little quiet thought will convince her that an editor would not assign such a person to report the burning of a barn or the interruption of a dog-fight, and with deep mortification she will discover her mistake. The trick is as old as it is contemptible, and many a great paper has had its name put to the dishonorable use of frightening a young actress into an acquaintance with a self-styled "critic."

Does this seem a small matter to you? Then you are mistaken. There are few things more serious for a young woman than an unworthy or undesirable acquaintance. She will be judged, not by her many correct friends, but by her *one* incorrect one. Again, feeling fear of his power to work her injury, she ceases to be really a free agent, and Heaven knows what unwise concessions she may be flurried into, and of all the dangers, visible or invisible, in the path of a good girl the greatest is "opportunity." If she wishes to avoid danger, if she wishes to save herself some face-reddening memory, let her give no one the opportunity to abuse her confidence, to wound her by word or deed.

Ought I to point out one other unpleasant possibility? Temptation may approach the somewhat advanced young actress by offers of money and power in the guise of the "patron of art"—not a common form of temptation, by any means. But what *has* been may be again, and it is none the easier to resist because it is unusual. The sensitive, proud girl would never place herself under such heavy obligations to any one on earth. She would keep her vanity in check and patiently or impatiently hold on her way, free, independent, owing her final success to her own honest work and God's blessing. Every girl should learn these hard words by heart: "Rien ne se donne; tout se paye ici-bas."

A number of young girls have asked me to give them some idea of the duties of a

beginner in the profession; or what claims the theater makes upon her time. Presumably you have been carefully reared and have been protected by all the conventionalities of refined social life. Now you enter the theatrical profession, depending solely upon your salary for your support, meaning to become a great actress and to keep a spotless reputation, and you will find your work laid out for you.

At the stage door you will have to leave a number of conventional rules. In the first place, you will have to go about alone at night as well as by day, for your salary will not pay for a maid or an escort of any kind. This is very dreadful at first, but in time you will learn to walk swiftly, with stony face, unseeing eyes, and ears deaf to those hyenas of the city streets who make life a misery to the unprotected woman.

The rules of a theater are many and are very exacting, and you must scrupulously obey them, or you will surely "forfeit" a stated sum of money. There is no gallantry in the management of a company, and their forfeits are genuine, be you woman or man.

You have heard that cleanliness is next to godliness; here you will learn that punctuality is next to godliness. As you hope for fame here and life hereafter, never be late to rehearsal. That is the theatrical unpardonable sin. You will attend rehearsal at any hour of the day the manager chooses to call you, but that is rarely, if ever, before 10 A.M. Your legitimate means of attracting the attention of the management are extreme punctuality and quick studying of your part. If you can come to the second rehearsal perfect in your lines, you are bound to attract attention. Your fellow-players will not love you for it, because they will seem dull or lazy by comparison; but the stage-manager will make a note, and it may lead to better things.

Your gowns at this stage of your existence may cause you great anguish of mind. I do not refer to their cost, but to their selection. You will not be allowed to say, "I will wear white," or "I will wear pink," because the etiquette of the theater gives the leading lady the first choice of colors, and after her the lady next in importance, you wearing what is left. In some New York theaters actresses have no word in the selection of their gowns. They receive "plates" from the hand of the manager, and dress accordingly. This is enough to whiten the hair of a sensitive woman, who feels dress would be a means of expression—an outward hint

of the character of the woman she is trying to present.

A one-play company offers the worst possible chance to the beginner. The more plays there are the more you learn from observation, as well as from personal effort to make your parts seem as unlike one another as possible. Should you not be in a running play, you may be an understudy for one or two of the ladies who are. You will study their parts, be rehearsed in their business, and you will then hold yourself in readiness to take, on an instant's notice, the place of either in case of sickness or accident. If the parts are good ones you will be astonished at the perfect immunity of actresses from all mishaps. But, all the same, you may never leave your house without leaving word as to where you are going and how long you expect to stay. You may never go to another theater without permission of your manager; indeed, she is a lucky understudy who does not have to report at the theater at seven o'clock every night, to see if she is needed. A day like this admits of no drives, no calls, no teas.

It sometimes happens that the only sickness the poor understudy knows of during the whole run of the play is that sickness of deferred hope which has come to her own heart. Not so very hard a day or night so far as physical labor goes, is it? But oh, the sameness, the deadly monotony of repeating the same words to the same person at the same moment every night—sick or well, sad or happy—the same words!

I say it frankly and earnestly, that for the poor girl or woman who has to earn her own living and longs to become an actress my heart aches. To that little rattle-brain who yearns for the stage because she knows she looks "just too sweet" in evening dress, and who always sees a vision of herself—when she thinks of being an actress—with the curtain descending upon her fainting (in pink chiffon over pink silk) in the arms of a "perfectly divine" leading man—to her I say: "Ask papa for a new wheel, or mama for a birthday party," for probably in three or four years from now she will be an authority on the designing and construction of the cunningest little garments, for the loveliest little wearers in the world.

If there is one among my readers to whom the dim and dingy half-light of the theater is dearer than the God-given radiance of the sunlight; if the burnt-out air, with its indescribable odor, seemingly composed of the several parts of cellar-mold, a great many parts of dry-rot or unsunned dust, the

whole veined through with small streaks of escaped illuminating gas—if this heavy, lifeless air is more welcome to your nostrils than could be the clover-sweetened breath of the greenest pasture; if that great black gulf yawning beyond the extinguished footlights makes your heart leap up at your throat; if, without noting the quality or length of your part, the just plain bald fact of *acting* something thrills you with nameless joy; if the rattle-to-bang of the ill-treated old overture dances through your blood, and the rolling up of the curtain on the audience at night is to you the magic blossoming of a mighty flower—if these are the things you feel, your fate is sealed: nature is imperious, and through brain, heart, and nerve, she cries to you, "Act, act!" and act you must.

Yes, I know what I have said of the difficulties in your way, but I have faith to believe that, if God has given you a peculiar talent, God will aid you to find a way properly to exercise that talent. Then work, work, and, above all, observe. Never fail to watch the acting of those about you. Get at the cause of the effects. Avoid the faults and profit by the good points of the actors before you, but never permit yourself to imitate them.

One suggestion I would make is to keep your eyes open for signs of character in the real life about you. The most successful bit of business I had in "Camille," I copied from a woman I saw in a Broadway car. If a face impresses you, study it, try afterward to recall its expression. Note how different people express their anger: some are redly, noisily angry; some are white and cold in their rage. All these things will make precious material for you to draw upon some day, when you have a character to create; and you will not need to say: "Let me see; Miss So-and-so would stand like this and speak very fast; or very slow," etc.

You will do independent work, good work, and will never be quite satisfied with it, but will eagerly try again; for great artists are so constituted, and the hard life of disappointments, self-sacrifices, and many partings, where strong, sweet friendships are formed only to be broken by traveling orders, will all be forgotten when, the glamour of the footlights upon you, saturated with light, thrilling to music, intoxicated with applause, you find the audience is an instrument for you to play upon at will. And such a moment of conscious, almost divine, power is the reward that comes to

those who sacrifice many things that they may act.

So if you really are one of these I can only say, "Act, act!" and Heaven have you in its holy keeping.

To the bright, energetic girl just from school, over-educated perhaps, with nothing to do, eager, restless, vain (forgive me), who wants to go upon the stage, let me say: Pause a moment, my dear, in your comfortable home, and think of the unemployed actresses who are suffering from actual want. Is there one among you, if you had the chance, who would care to strike the bread from the hand of these? Ask God that the scales of unconscious selfishness may fall from your eyes. Look about you and see if there is not some duty, however small,—the more irksome the better,—that you can take from your mother's daily load; some service you can render for father, brother, sister, aunt; some household task so small that you feel contemptuous of it, yet which some one must do, and which may be a special thorn in that one's side. So surely as you force yourself to do the small thing nearest your hand, so surely will you be called upon for greater service. A mother's declaration, "I don't know what I should do without my daughter," is sweeter, more satisfying, more precious as a possession and a heritage than all the careless applause of strangers. You are the bright particular star of your safe, warm home, yet you wish to enter a world where you will be a nobody. That is not a pleasant speech, but it is a true one.

You will say good-by to mother's petting; you will live in your trunk. The time will come when that poor hotel-trunk (so called to distinguish it from the trunk that goes to the theater, when you are traveling or en route), with its dents and scars, will be the only friendly object to greet you in your desolate boarding-house, with its one wizened, unwilling gas-burner, and its outlook upon back yards and cats, or roofs and sparrows, its sullen, hard-featured bed, its despairing carpet; for, you see, you will not have the money that might take you to the front of the house and four burners. Rain or shine, you will have to make your lonely, often frightened way to and from the theater. At rehearsals you will have to stand about, wearily waiting hours while others rehearse over and over again their more important scenes; yet you may not leave for a walk or a chat, for you do not know at what moment your scene may be called. You will not be made much of. You will receive a "Good

morning" or "Good evening" from the company, probably nothing more. If you are traveling, you will literally *live* in your hat and cloak. You will breakfast in them many and many a time, you will dine in them regularly, that you may rise at once and go to the theater or car. You will see no one, go nowhere.

If you are in earnest, you will simply endure the first year,—endure and study,—and all for what? That, after dressing in the corner farthest from the looking-glass, in a dismal room you would scarcely use for your housemaid's brooms and dusters at home, you may stand for a few moments in the background of some scene, and watch the leading lady making the hit in the foreground. Will these few well-dressed, well-lighted, music-thrilled moments repay you for the loss of home love, home comfort, home stardom?

We are not the radiant, winged creatures,

we actors, that so many flighty young stage-struck girls think we are. Our wings only unfold in the calcium light; in the daytime we are merely hard-working, every-day men and women, with, here and there, one who carries the magic wand of imagination, at whose waving all sordidness disappears, and who bears lightly the trials and tribulations of this truly hard life.

But, little stage-struck girl, you who think to frisk gaily up to the head of the profession, pause before you try to force your way into the theater, where acting is either a veritable high art or a drudgery. There is no middle course between these extremes. Better, then, to be patient at home. Find occupation there, if it is nothing more than the weekly putting in order of bureau-drawers for some unusually careless member of the family. But having a good home, thank God and your parents for it, and stay in it.

MARTHA ELLEN AT THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

BY EDITH ELMER WOOD.



MARTHA ELLEN POWERS appeared as usual at Judge Robinson's on Monday morning to help with the washing. She was so obviously in high spirits that Mrs. Robinson felt bound in politeness to comment on the subject.

"Well, I do feel right set up, Mis' Robinson, an' thet 's a fact. Tim an' the girls hev jest started fer Chicago!"

"Why, you don't say so, Martha Ellen!" Mrs. Robinson's tone showed all the surprise that heart could wish; but disapproval was lurking beneath the surface. "It—it must be a great expense for you," she added.

"Why, yes," the old woman admitted beamingly; "'t wa'n't none so easy fer a poor woman like me ter find the money. But their minds was sot on it. Nothin' would do 'em but they must see the Fair, an' I seen I would n't be a-doin' me duty by me childern ner by me country ef I did n't make out ter send 'em."

"They ought to be very grateful. It is n't every one has such an indulgent mother."

"Oh, I guess we all likes ter do fer our own."

"You ought to have gone with them."

"Me? Oh, law! I ain't got no money ter

waste on no sech foolishness ez thet. An' they 'll hev a better time without an old woman like me a-taggin' after 'em. Young folks is young folks, ye know."

Mrs. Robinson did not see her way clear to denying this assertion, so she retired to the library and took up a magazine. But she could not fix her mind on it. In spite of herself, her thoughts wandered back to Martha Ellen with a well-defined feeling of annoyance. Mrs. Robinson was one of those good-hearted, autocratic women who try to set the world straight all about them. Her efforts were usually attended with a certain measure of success; but years ago she had abandoned the attempt to make Martha Ellen bring up her children in the right way. The result vexed Mrs. Robinson whenever she thought of it. Martha Ellen was a nervous, wiry, industrious little woman of sixty, who worked out by the day, washing, scrubbing, and occasionally pork-killing. She was toothless, gray-haired, flat-chested, yellow-skinned; but, as she would have expressed it, she "hed n't her beat fer work." She lived three miles from the village, and walked back and forth every morning and evening. Rain or shine, winter or summer, Martha Ellen never failed and was never

behindhand. No work was too hard for her, no odd job small enough to be despised. Martha Ellen could not afford to be particular. She was the only wage-earner of the family, and it was an expensive family, consisting of two grown daughters and a younger son. The boy was utterly worthless. He had long since refused to go to school, and showed no desire to select a trade. He was usually to be found among the village loafers who sat on soap-boxes outside the corner grocery. Now, when a lad takes to soap-boxing at the tender age of fifteen, he is clearly beyond the pale of hope. But the girls exasperated Mrs. Robinson even more. They had a cottage organ on which they played a great deal, and they were very particular to follow the latest city fashions in their dress. Otherwise all their characteristics seemed to be negative. Like the lilies of the field, they toiled not, neither did they spin.

"Martha Ellen, why don't your daughters pick berries like the rest of the girls?" Mrs. Robinson had inquired one cranberry season.

"Oh, they ain't got the strength fer thet sort o' work, Mis' Robinson. They're mostly allus ailin'."

"They look perfectly well, Martha Ellen."

"Thet's so. But yer can't allus tell by looks. They don't neither of 'em hardly ever see whacher might call a well day. Katie she suffers with her narves, an' Ellie with her head."

"They don't get enough exercise," observed Mrs. Robinson, significantly.

The implication was wasted on Martha Ellen.

"Thet's what they're a-tellin' me," she replied innocently. "They're a-pleggin' me now fer ter get 'em a crowky set. But I can't jest see me way ter it tell I've paid off the intrust money on memor'gidge. Young folks can't understand sech things. I guess they think I'm powerful mean."

Another time Mrs. Robinson, feeling the responsibilities of the universe on her shoulders, had decided to smother her personal aversion to the girls and train one of them to usefulness.

"Martha Ellen, I'm going to send away my up-stairs girl at the end of the month," she said.

"I'm right glad o' thet, Mis' Robinson, fer I never could abide the help yer get from the city. They beant my style."

"I rather agree with you, Martha Ellen. Now, how do you think one of your daughters would like the place?"

"Oh, they'd never consent ter livin' out, Mis' Robinson! No; an' I would n't let 'em, neither."

This was rather discouraging.

"Why not, Martha Ellen?"

"It's jest this way, Mis' Robinson. We all likes ter hev our children a little better 'n what we be ourselves. It's no more 'n our duty by our country ter make 'em so."

Martha Ellen's patriotism was unaccountable in its workings, but not to be combated by argument. Mrs. Robinson sighed, and gave it up.

"And now she has sent all three of the shiftless lot off to Chicago! How she must have pinched and saved and denied herself to scrape all that money together!" reflected Mrs. Robinson in the library. She felt pretty thoroughly disgusted. She felt more so when she learned that the savings of years, laid by to pay off the mortgage on the house, had all gone into the trip.

In the course of a week the three travelers came back. Very few of the humbler village folk had visited the Fair, so the position of those who had was a proud and conspicuous one. Martha Ellen reveled in the reflected glory. True, she got little information about her children's trip as long as they were alone. The girls were too tired to talk, and Tim was too grumpy. But when the neighbors called, they grew suddenly eloquent, and Martha Ellen would retire to an inconspicuous corner to listen with glowing pride. She stored away every rapturous superlative, and pondered over it. Her extraordinary patriotism was deeply stirred. She deemed herself, as an American citizen, personally responsible for the success of the exposition, and took credit to herself accordingly. She thought about the Fair during her waking hours, and dreamed of it at night. Being pretty thoroughly repressed at home, she talked constantly about it to her employers. Mrs. Robinson had been to Chicago earlier in the season, and noting Martha Ellen's absorption in the subject, took her into the library to see a collection of Fair photographs and mementos. The old woman's eyes shone wistfully.

"My! but I'd like ter see all thet before I die!" she exclaimed.

All day long Mrs. Robinson kept thinking of Martha Ellen's Fairward yearning. Over the confidential quiet of the tea-table she told her husband about it, pouring out incidentally the vials of her wrath on the heads of Martha Ellen's unprofitable offspring.

"My dear," said the judge, with his usual

serenity, "as I have had occasion to tell you several times before in the course of the past twenty-odd years, you are unfortunately lacking in that sense of humor which leads one to take a broadly tolerant view of his neighbor's shortcomings."

"And as I have told you once or twice during the same interval," retorted his wife, "you are lacking in any feeling of practical neighborly benevolence. It is easy enough to laugh over people's follies when you are not distressed by the misfortunes to which those follies bring them."

Mrs. Robinson felt that the phrase was a neat one, but her husband refused to be impressed.

"I can't admit your point, my dear; I really can't. If you could only see the impossibility of all the world's being cast in your own most admirable mold, you would find it easier to forgive people their nonconformities, and you would help them as they are instead of trying to force them to be what they cannot be."

"Possibly you are right," she conceded with unexpected meekness.

The judge hastened to follow up his advantage.

"You complain that Martha Ellen has no pleasures because she spends all the fruits of her toil on the pleasures of her unappreciative children. Now, what's the good of hurling invectives against their selfishness and her weakness? You know they will continue selfish and she weak to the end of the book. Why don't you accept the situation, and give her a thoroughgoing, large-sized pleasure after her own heart?"

"I will!" his wife interrupted excitedly. "Harris has just paid me for the wood he cut off my Upper Township tract. I am phenomenally well off for pocket-money, and all my fall shopping is done. I'll send Martha Ellen to Chicago!"

"Wh-ew!" whistled the judge. "That's magnificent! It would be more in accordance with my theories to have you spend the money on her daughters, thereby giving Martha Ellen pleasure in her own favorite way. But this is n't bad."

"Bad! It's a great thought. It will be the event of a lifetime to Martha Ellen, poor, old, hard-working soul."

Thereupon Mrs. Robinson fell to planning, with her usual genius for organization, all the details of Martha Ellen's trip. In the first place, it never would do simply to give her the requisite money. She might invest it in a banjo for the girls. At that time the

railroads were selling cheap excursion tickets, good for five days, with hotel coupons attached. One of these would be just the thing for Martha Ellen. She would have all her wants provided for, she would not be turned adrift in a great city to hunt up lodgings, and, above all, it would not be necessary to trust her with much cash. Mrs. Robinson was delighted.

When the dazzling prospect ahead of her was made known to Martha Ellen she was at first inclined to treat the whole thing as preposterous. Self-indulgence was a thing too strange to her. She could not immediately grasp the idea. For the land's sake, an old woman like her to be going to Chicago! Mrs. Robinson must be joking.

Mrs. Robinson's seriousness being convincingly proved, a new possibility crept into Martha Ellen's mind. If so be as Mrs. Robinson was bent on giving her such a handsome present, would n't Mrs. Robinson just as lief give it to her in money? She would so like— But no, indeed, Mrs. Robinson would *not* just as lief give her the money. She was determined that Martha Ellen should taste the sweets of selfish pleasure. Mrs. Robinson carried her point. But whether Martha Ellen was more pleased by the realization of her fondest dreams or disturbed by the unwontedness of it all would be impossible to say.

Mrs. Robinson personally drove her protégée to the station, and saw her aboard the Chicago train, to make sure, as she told her husband, that Martha Ellen did not sell her ticket at the last moment and go back to pork-killing. Martha Ellen was resplendent in the neat black gown and crape bonnet that she wore to church on Sunday out of respect to the late Mr. Powers. She was deeply impressed by the seriousness of the occasion, and, as train-time drew near, became more and more fidgety. Her old hands, in their thread gloves, closed nervously on the handle of the ancient cabas that had belonged originally to Mr. Powers's mother, and had served in every family journey for the last half-century. She smiled and smiled in a shaky fashion, and her voice trembled. Several neighbors had assembled to see her off, and, at the last moment, her daughters had graciously consented to be there too. Martha Ellen was not used to being the center of attraction, and, gratifying as it was, she found it distinctly flustering.

Along swept the train, pausing only a minute at the small way-station. Martha Ellen and her satchel were hurried aboard, cut-

ting short the profuse rural leave-takings. A moment later, she was seen tapping on the window-pane, nodding and smiling as the train moved off.

At the end of the five days specified on her ticket, Martha Ellen returned, and the next morning went out scrubbing as usual. On her way home from work that evening she dropped in to see Mrs. Robinson.

"Well, Martha Ellen, so you're home and at work again! Did you have a good time?"

"My, yes, Mis' Robinson. It was jest grand."

"Did you have any trouble in finding your way about?"

"Not a great deal. I asked folks along the streets."

"And when you got to the Fair grounds you found out about the different buildings from the Columbian guards, as I told you to, I suppose?"

"Don't know ez I did, Mis' Robinson. Outside the fence there was a sight of little boys a-sellin' pop-corn, an' men with picters an' show-books an' sech. I l'arnt all about the buildin's—which was which an' what they was fer—from askin' *them*. They was mostly right perlite, though some was kind o' short with me, owin' ter bein' pressed fer time. But I did n't take no notice. I jest kep' right on askin'; fer, says I, it's me duty, both ter Mis' Robinson an' me country, ter l'arn all I can."

Mrs. Robinson applauded these sentiments, though she privately wondered why Martha Ellen had not sought her information through the legitimate channels.

"Did you go up in the Ferris wheel?"

"Land's sake, no! But I seen it, an' it's powerful big. It shows up over everything."

"Which of the exhibits interested you most, Martha Ellen?"

"You mean the things they showed off in the buildin's?"

"Yes."

"Well, I did n't take partickler notice o' *them*. I noticed the buildin's more."

Mrs. Robinson was surprised at this architectural preference. She had hardly expected to find in Martha Ellen so highly developed an esthetic sense. She had supposed the glittering, bazaar-like show-cases of the Manufactures Building would make the deepest impression on the rural mind. Something of the sort she said in other and inoffensive language. But the old woman shook her head.

"I did n't take notice, Mis' Robinson. But that there Manyfacters Buildin' hed the

largest roof there. It was flat on top, so folks could go up on it. They looked no bigger 'n muskeeters."

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Robinson was wondering what would have been most likely to attract Martha Ellen in the exterior of the buildings.

"Did you see the Golden Gateway of the Transportation Building?" she ventured.

"Can't say ez I did, Mis' Robinson. But I seen thet there buildin' all right enough. The roof was in two stories like, with a no-account little euperler in the middle, an' the eaves seemed ter be all colors 'stead o' white, ez they mostly was."

What strange things Martha Ellen had observed! Mrs. Robinson felt slightly vexed. It was so different from what one had a right to expect.

The old woman appeared a little restless, as though she were anxious to be off. Mrs. Robinson, however, paid no attention to these signs, but relentlessly continued the effort to try to draw out her visitor. She felt, like many other benevolent people, that her good deed gave her unlimited rights of catechism.

"You saw the beautiful fountain in front of the Administration Building, of course?"

Martha Ellen looked worried.

"I don't seem ter recollect it. But thet there 'Ministration Buildin' hed a grand dome all over gilt."

Mrs. Robinson was growing more and more puzzled by Martha Ellen's persistent skyward flights. She made one final effort to bring the conversation nearer the earth.

"Did you see the brick war-ship, Martha Ellen?"

"Thet must 'a' been kind o' low, Mis' Robinson. I guess I did n't see it." She was evidently depressed by her failure to see what was expected of her, and she changed the subject with nervous haste. "Thet there Woman's Buildin' interestet me a sight, Mis' Robinson. It was right near, an' I could see it plain. They say the women built it all. It does seem funny, don't it now, ter think o' women turnin' carpenters? They done pretty well, though, fer a first try. It looked real nice. The roof was raised some in the middle, an' the corners was flat, with a white railin' around 'em an' figgers uv angels on top. I took partickler notice."

"Martha Ellen," interrupted Mrs. Robinson, sternly, "I never heard anything so strange. You did n't see a single thing but roofs. I should think your neck would be

bent backward for the rest of your life. What does it all mean?"

A faint flush crept into the old woman's sallow cheeks. She was profoundly embarrassed. A mental struggle was plainly going on within her. She was silent a moment or so. Then her honesty won the battle.

"Mis' Robinson," she said deprecatingly,

"I don't know whatever ye 'll think o' me; but ye could see them roofs real plain from outside the fence, an' half a dollar seemed sech a sight o' money ter pay jest ter walk through a turnstile! Yes, I know ye give me five dollars, but feather boas was a-sellin' at four dollars an' eighty-nine cents—an' Ellie did want one so bad!"

LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH



IN his "Memoirs," Kropotkin states the curious fact that the natives of the Malayan Archipelago have an idea that something is extracted from them when their likenesses are taken by photography. Here is the motive for a fantastic short story, in which the hero—an author in vogue or a popular actor—might be represented as having all his good qualities gradually photographed out of him. This could well be the result of too prolonged indulgence in the effort to "look natural." First the man loses his charming simplicity; then he begins to pose in intellectual attitudes, with finger on brow; then he becomes morbidly self-conscious, and finally ends in an asylum for incurable egotists. His death might be brought about by a cold caught in going out bareheaded, there being, for the moment, no hat in the market of sufficient circumference to meet his requirement.

THE evening we dropped anchor in the Bay of Yedo the moon was hanging directly over Yokohama. It was a mother-of-pearl moon, and might have been manufactured by any of the delicate artisans in the Hanchodori quarter. It impressed one as being a very good imitation. Namikawa, the cloisonné-worker at Tokio, could have made a better moon.

THE young girl in my story is to be as sensitive to praise as a prism is to light. Whenever her lover praises her she breaks into colors.

UNCLE TOM'S cabin was a small place, but there was room enough in it for all the world to kneel down.

H——'s intellect resembles a bamboo—slender, graceful, and hollow. Personally, he is long and narrow, and looks as if he might have been born in a rope-walk. He is loosely put together, like an ill-constructed sentence, and affects me like one. His figure is ungrammatical.

I HAVE just tested the nib of a new pen on a fancy which Herrick has handled twice in the "Hesperides." The fancy, however, is not Herrick's; it is as old as poetry and the exaggeration of lovers, and I have as good right as another to try my fortune with it:

UP ROOS THE SONNE, AND UP ROOS EMELYE.
Chaucer.

WHEN some hand has partly drawn
The cloudy curtains of her bed,
And my lady's golden head
Glimmers in the dusk like dawn,
Then methinks is day begun.
Later, when her dream has ceased
And my lady softly wakes,
Then it is as when the East
A sudden rosy magic takes
From the cloud-enfolded sun,
And full day breaks!

Shakspeare, who has done so much to discourage literature by anticipating everybody, puts the whole matter into a couplet:

But soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

I LIKE to have a thing suggested rather than told in full. When every detail is given, the mind rests satisfied, and the imagination loses all desire to use its own wings. The partly draped statue has a charm which the nude lacks. Who would have those marble folds slip from the raised knee of the Venus of Melos? Hawthorne knew how to make

his lovely thought lovelier by sometimes half veiling it.

IMAGINE all human beings swept off the face of the earth, excepting one man. Imagine this man in some vast city, New York or London. Imagine him on the third or fourth day of his solitude sitting in a house and hearing a ring at the door-bell!

WE do not, and cannot, read the novels which most delighted our ancestors. Some of our own popular fiction is doubtless as poor, but poor in a different fashion. There is always a heavy demand for fresh mediocrity. In every generation the least cultivated taste has the largest appetite.

ALL the best sands of my life are somehow getting into the wrong end of the hour-glass. If one could only reverse it!

I HEAR that B— directed to have himself buried on the edge of the pond where his duck-stand was located, in order that flocks of migrating birds might fly over his grave every autumn. He did n't have to die to become a dead shot!

AT the next table, taking his opal drops of absinthe, was a French gentleman who had the blasé aspect of an empty champagne-bottle, which always has the air of saying, "I have lived!"

THE cavalry saber hung over the chimney-place with a knot of violets tied to the hilt, there being no known grave to decorate. For many a year, on each Decoration Day, a sorrowful woman had come and fastened these flowers there. The first time she brought her offering she was a slender girl, as fresh as her own violets. It is a slender figure still, but there are threads of silver in the black hair.

IF you introduce a bore into your novel you must not let him bore the reader. The fellow must be made amusing, which he would n't be in real life. In nine cases out of ten an exact reproduction of real life would be tedious. The art of the realistic novelist sometimes seems akin to that of the Chinese tailor who perpetuated the old patch on the new trousers. True art selects and paraphrases, but seldom gives a verbatim translation.

THE last meeting I had with Mr. Lowell was in the north room of his house at Elmwood

—the sleeping-room I had occupied during a two years' tenancy of the place in his absence abroad. He was lying half propped up in bed, convalescing from one of the severe attacks that were ultimately to prove fatal. Near the bed was a chair on which stood a marine picture in aquarelle—a stretch of calm sea, a bit of rocky shore in the foreground, if I remember, and a vessel at anchor. The afternoon sunlight, falling through the window, cast a bloom over the picture, which was turned toward Lowell. From time to time, as he spoke, his eyes rested thoughtfully on the water-color. A friend, he said, had just sent it to him. It seemed to me then, and the fancy has often haunted me since, that that ship, in the golden haze, with topsails loosened, was waiting to bear his spirit away.

THE "Journal des Goncourt" is crowded with beautiful and hideous things, like a Japanese museum.

WHEN an Englishman is not highly imaginative he is apt to be the most matter-of-fact of mortals. He is rarely imaginative, and seldom has an alert sense of humor. Yet England has produced the subtlest of humorists and the greatest of poets. The humor and imagination which are diffused through other peoples concentrate themselves from time to time in individual Englishmen.

AFTER a debauch of thunder-shower, the weather takes the pledge and signs it with a rainbow. A pretty way of swearing off for a while.

A DARK, saturnine man sat opposite me at table on board the steamer. During the entire run from Sandy Hook to Fastnet light he addressed no one at mealtimes excepting his table steward. Seated next to him, on the right, was a vivacious gentleman, who, like *Gratiano* in the play, spoke "an infinite deal of nothing." He made persistent and pathetic attempts to lure his silent neighbor (we had christened him "William the Silent") into conversation, but a monosyllable was always the poor result—until one day. It was the last day of the voyage. We had stopped at the entrance to Queenstown harbor to deliver the mails, and some fish had been brought aboard. The vivacious gentleman was in a high state of excitement that morning at table.

"Fresh fish!" he exclaimed; "actually

fresh! They seem quite different from ours. Irish fish, of course. Can you tell me, sir," he inquired, turning to his gloomy shipmate, "what *kind* of fish these are?"

"Cork soles," said the saturnine man, in a deep voice, and then went on with his breakfast.

"AND she shuddered as she sat, still silent, on her seat, and he saw that she shuddered." This is from Mr. Anthony Trollope's novel "Can He Forgive Her?" Can we forgive him? is the next question.

I CALLED on the dear old doctor this afternoon to say good-by. I shall probably not find him here when I come back from the long voyage which I have in front of me. He is very fragile, and looks as though a puff of wind would blow him away. He said himself, with his old-time cheerfulness, that he was attached to this earth by only a little piece of twine. He has perceptibly failed since I saw him a month ago; but he was full of the wise and whimsical talk to which all the world has listened, and will miss. It was interesting to note how he studied himself, taking his own pulse, as it were, and diagnosing his own case in a sort of scientific, impersonal way, as if it were somebody else's case and he were the consulting specialist. I intended to spend a quarter of an hour with him, and he kept me three hours. I went there rather depressed, but I returned home leavened with his good spirits, which, I think, will never desert him, here or hereafter. To be hopeful, kindly, cheerful, reverent—that is to triumph over old age.

CIVILIZATION is the lamb's skin in which barbarism masquerades. If somebody has already said that, I forgive him the mortification he causes me. At the close of the nineteenth century barbarism can throw off its gentle disguise, and burn a man at the stake as complacently as in the middle ages.

A STAGE direction: *Exit Time; enter Eternity—with a soliloquy.*

I HAVE observed—and I trust I shall long continue in the quality of observer—that whenever a Boston writer dies New York immediately becomes a great literary center.

THE late Francis Turner Palgrave was a man of such exquisite taste as to make it dangerous for one to differ with him on a poetical point; yet I find myself doing so. In his "Chrysomela," Mr. Palgrave says that Herrick wrote far more naturally than Cow-

ley, who, on the other hand, in his unfrequent successes reached "a more complete classical form of expression." In order to illustrate this Mr. Palgrave quotes these two lines from Cowley's description of his mistress:

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair.

The first line is well enough, though mechanical; "does basking play" might as properly have been "does playing bask," had the rhyme allowed it; but the second line is, I think, particularly unfortunate, not to say hopelessly grotesque—and suggestive.

"POLONIUS," in the play, gets killed—and not any too soon. If it were only practicable to kill him in real life! A story—to be called "The Passing of Polonius"—in which a king issues a decree condemning to death every long-winded, didactic person in the kingdom, irrespective of rank, and is himself instantly arrested and decapitated. The man who suspects his own tediousness is yet to be born.

THE stolid gentleman in livery who has his carriage-stand at the corner opposite my house is constantly touching on the extremes of human experience, with probably not the slightest conception of the fact. Now he takes a pair of lovers out for an airing, and now he drives the absconding bank-teller to the railway-station. Excepting as question of distance, the man has positively no choice between a theater and a graveyard. I met him this morning dashing up to the portals of Trinity Church with a bridal party, and this afternoon, crossing Cambridge Bridge, I saw him creeping along, next to the hearse, on his way to Mount Auburn. The wedding afforded him no pleasure, and the funeral gave him no grief; yet he was a factor in both. It is his odd destiny to be wholly detached from the vital part of his own acts. If the carriage itself could speak! The autobiography of a public carriage, written in full, would be dramatic reading.

IN this blotted memorandum-book are a score or two of suggestions for essays, sketches, and lyrics, which I have not written, and shall never write. I no sooner jot down an idea than the desire to use it leaves me, and I turn away to do something unpremeditated. The shabby volume has become a sort of Potter's Field where I bury my literary intentions, good and bad, without any belief in their resurrection.

"A WOMAN LIFTS HER LOVER."

BY FRANCIS STERNE PALMER.

I.

SO pure, so sweetly good she is,
So hopelessly above you!
White as a lily-bud she is—
Why should she ever love you?

II.

Yet let this thought your sad heart stir:
A woman lifts her lover;
And you shall grow more like to her
While you 're a-winning of her.



A LITERARY SHRINE.

DOVE COTTAGE, THE HOME OF WORDSWORTH AND DE QUINCEY.

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM KNIGHT,
Of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland.

IT was good news to the literary world when it was announced a few years ago that Dove Cottage, Grasmere, the humble home in which the poet Wordsworth lived with his sister from 1800 to 1808, and to which he brought his wife in 1802, had been acquired by the English nation, to be held in trust for posterity; for in that house the poet passed the seven years of his poetic prime, and accomplished his choicest work.

The story of Dove Cottage, both before and after it became Wordsworth's home, is a curious one. It was originally a small "public house," or hostelry, where travelers going from Ambleside to Keswick were entertained. As all such houses had some "sensible sign" of their existence, it had for outward blazonry a dove and an olive-branch. The bird was probably more visible than the branch it carried; hence the name "Dove Cottage." One of its previous tenants was the dalesman-shepherd from whom was drawn the character of Luke in the lyrical

ballad entitled "Michael." Wordsworth immortalized his Grasmere home in many ways and in various poems, in "The Waggoner" especially. The story of the journey of that old veteran, crossing from Ambleside over Dunmail Raise to Keswick, is instinct with life in every line; and its incidents are easily realizable, by all who know the poem, when they cross by this road from Westmoreland to Cumberland.

The proposal to acquire the cottage for the nation was suggested as far back as 1862, but it was not till 1890 that the project was carried out. The purchase-price was six hundred and fifty pounds, and the title rests in a board of trustees. The chief credit and the most cordial thanks of posterity are due to the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke for the part he took in the purchase of the cottage. Although he did not originate the scheme, it was he who successfully carried it out. In a pamphlet which he wrote in the year 1890, he details many facts con-

nected with the cottage. The chief items are gathered from Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journals," written at Grasmere, which described her brother's and her own life there from 1800 to 1804. A few extracts from them had been inserted in the poet's "Memoirs," written by his nephew, the Bishop of Lincoln, and published in 1850; but the "Journals" were first published (in part) in the "Life of Wordsworth" (1889). They have since been issued by themselves, in a much fuller form (1896). Mr. Brooke's extracts are taken from the edition of 1889, but his booklet is a unique contribution to Wordsworthian literature, inasmuch as its author has, in the deftest and most delicate manner, selected from these daily impromptu records by the poet's sister what was worthiest of note, and has added much new matter of a critical and appreciative kind. In this pamphlet, and in his larger works, Mr. Brooke has given a very felicitous exposition of Wordsworth's life and work.

After the purchase of the house and its orchard-ground, a great deal of labor was undertaken to put it in order, and to arrange for keeping it up. Before 1891 more than one thousand pounds had been subscribed in aid of the scheme, and some of the entries in the list of contributors are interesting, *e. g.*, "A Disciple of the Poet who gave us 'The Prelude,'" fifty pounds; "Three Lovers of Wordsworth," "We are Seven," "Working-Women," etc. Both Lord Tennyson and Henry Irving subscribed. It is worth while to note the number of visitors to the cottage since 1892. In 1892-93 it was 1046, in 1893-94 it was 1534, in 1894-95 it was 1898, in 1895-96, 1817, in 1896-97, 2375; since 1897 it has been larger still.

The cottage is in the part of the village known as Town-End, and faces southward across the Ambleside road. As to the details of the cottage rooms in Wordsworth's time, there are some points in reference to which we are left to conjecture. I have not been able to find out whether the Wordsworths actually arranged the making of the wall which separated the cottage ground from the outside roadway. There is no doubt, however, that the front wall of the house, facing the road, and its roof, are now as they were in Wordsworth's time; and the yew-tree to the southeast stands as of yore.

De Quincey has left a graphic account of his first visit to the cottage, which was to be his own home for so many subsequent years. "A little semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be

considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad, very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark polished oak, slightly embellished with carving. One window there was—a perfect and unpretending cottage window with little diamond panes, embowered at almost every season of the year with roses, and in the summer and autumn with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriance of the vegetation around it, and from the dark hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air."

This lower room, into which one comes at once from outside the cottage, is still—and long may it remain—as it was in Wordsworth's time. The porch, however, is modern,—indeed, quite recent,—having been built by the trustees in 1894, in reproduction of one shown in a pencil drawing of 1844. The massive entrance-door is as it used to be, although the woodwork within has been recently painted an ugly brown color. The fireplace, the grate, and the quaint cupboards are old. In one of the latter may be seen the skates which Wordsworth used when he went on the ice at Grasmere and Rydal. Mrs. Dixon, the present caretaker of the cottage, tells me that, according to the gossip of Grasmere, Wordsworth was "a swift skater," "varra quick, but he was na figurer." Others, more especially the poet's nephew, the late Bishop of St. Andrews, have told me that he could "cut his eights" and do several things on the ice which few could manage in those days.

The wood- and ironwork of the one window in this room did not exist in Wordsworth's time. The original framework having decayed by exposure to rain, frost, etc., it was restored in 1894, from drawings by Professor Armstrong, and made as like as possible to the original, the lozenge-shaped diamond panes being reproduced. The stonework of the window-sill is the same as that which existed in the poet's time; so is the seat in the window, where, many a time and oft, he watched the weather-changes over Loughrigg and Silverhow, for there were no intervening houses then to interrupt the view from Town-End toward the lake and Hammer-scar. There it was that Coleridge sat so often and talked so divinely,—talks of which, alas! no record remains,—and here he sometimes slept. The floor of stone flags is

just as it was at the beginning of the century, only the Wordsworths had it discreetly covered with China or India matting woven from grass or the stems of rushes.

Dorothy's was the room to the east and south, opening off this larger one on the ground floor. It is small, but it has the same stonework and window-sill arrangements as the sitting-room. The floor-flags are recent, but the cupboards are old, and were doubtless Dorothy's wardrobes. There is also a curious toilet- and washing-table in it, which came from Rydal Mount to Dorothy Wordsworth when she married Edward Guillinan, and was afterward the property of Miss Guillinan at Loughrigg Holme, at the sale of whose effects it was purchased.

Going straight forward from the entrance-door of the cottage, past the staircase leading to the upper flat, one comes to the kitchen proper, which is still exactly as it was at the beginning of the century. It is a damp room, being much too far below the garden-ground. The bunkers, in which wood for the cottage fires was kept, are still preserved; and at the window, and underneath a table, was a recess, in which the babies of the household slept in baskets near the kitchen fire. Originally there were three rooms in the upper story of the cottage, to which Wordsworth added a fourth. The room directly above the one we reach on first entering the cottage, and similar to it in size, was the principal living-room of the family. In it most of the indoor work of the poet was done. It served as study, library, parlor, and drawing-room, so far as such words can be used in describing so humble an apartment. In a recess on one side of the fireplace Wordsworth kept his books. His bookcase is gone. It will be replaced by another, containing copies of all his own works, and of the successive editions of these works from 1798. Altogether this is perhaps the most interesting room in the cottage. In it the household and their visitors held high discourse far more frequently than in the one below. There are three chairs in it of great interest, the cushions of which were wrought by Dora Wordsworth, Sara Coleridge, and Edith Southey, respectively; and they are a memorial of "The Triad." Every lover of Wordsworth knows that exquisite description of the daughters of the three poets of the district—a poem unrivaled in its delicate idealizations of character, based upon a realism that is now seldom seen. These three girls, who were "sisters in the bonds of love," worked at

their cushions in those delightful days when there was less haste than now, while they conversed or listened to the reading of poems just composed—verses brought from the treasury of their fathers' genius. In this room is a small modern bookcase in which are some of the poet's works, and his Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary," besides a quaint old table of plane-tree wood, which was once in Rydal Mount, and then at Ambleside.

Facing southward, and immediately above Dorothy's room on the ground floor, is Wordsworth's bedroom, in which there was, and still is, the same window-seat arrangement as in the other rooms. Many and many a sleepless night was spent in it by the poet when laboring at the task of composing his verses. It was a tiny room, and not a comfortable one for a restless brain-worker when the mood of inspiration came to him. The cottage has always suffered from the dampness of the climate of Westmoreland. Even in 1800 Dorothy records in her "Journals" that, during wet weather, William could not sleep, from "the rain coming into his room."

Adjoining Wordsworth's room is the guest-chamber, of which so many of the friends of the household made use. It is a tiny room, with a bright outlook on the orchard-garden to the north. Here have slept John Wordsworth, the poet's sailor brother, Coleridge and Mrs. Coleridge, Southey, John Wilson, Walter Scott, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, Thomas Clarkson, Charles Lloyd, Thomas Wilkinson, and the Coleridge children. As the family increased in number, it was found necessary to build an addition to the house; and, poor as the Wordsworths were, they managed to design and erect a smaller room off the old guest-chamber. It is on the eastern side of the cottage, about the level of the parlor floor. It used to be called "The Newspaper-Room," because, for economy, Dorothy had covered its walls with the newspapers of the day. It is a pity these were ever removed, although doubtless they were doomed to destruction by the damp climate and the exposure of the cottage to rain. It is hoped, however, that it may be found possible to repaper this room with the serials of that day; and if any Cumbrorian or Westmoreland "statesman-farmer" happens to possess old numbers of the Kendal papers of the decade 1800-10, he would do a real service by sending them to the cottage.

Returning from this small room to the parlor, and descending to the landing whence

one can go out into the garden, another short flight of steps conducts to two additional rooms, often, but erroneously, called the "De Quincey rooms," which were built when new tenants took possession of the house in 1849, the year before Wordsworth's death at Rydal Mount, whither he removed in 1843. One of them at present contains the bed in which the poet died.

Going out of the cottage by the door to the north, one looks upon an orchard-garden, like so many others in Westmoreland, in which apple-trees, various shrubs, and flowering plants commingle with numerous flowers that are native to the district. This orchard has been memorialized and immortalized over and over again in Wordsworth's poems, chiefly in "The Green Linnet"—in which the very spirit of the place is enshrined—and in the stanzas written when the poet left the cottage for his marriage in the year 1802. Only a few details are necessary. A few of the steps which lead up through the garden to the top of it were cut by Wordsworth himself, helped by a near neighbor of his, John Fisher, to reach a terrace walk, where he, his sister, and others built a moss arbor. Above these steps to the right, as Dorothy tells us, Coleridge "discovered a rock seat" by "clearing away brambles." The short terrace walk is curved. Below it is a small well, to which Wordsworth often refers, near which were the primroses that he and his sister planted. But there is another well to the east of the cottage, much nearer to the house than the one to the north of it. This was doubtless the well which supplied the household with water. I nevertheless think that it was the small pool to the north, where rich, large-leaved primroses used to grow, that is referred to in the lines:

Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock's
breast
Glittered at evening like a starry sky;
And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,
Of which I sang one song that will not die.¹

This orchard "garden-ground" may all the more appropriately be associated with Wordsworth because it was, to a certain extent, the creation of the Wordsworth family. John Wordsworth helped to make it, and planted trees in it, while William and Dorothy did the same. Near at hand also the sailor brother used to walk to and fro in

the wood when visiting Dove Cottage, and there "the never-resting Pilgrim of the Sea" trod a path which the poet has described in well-known lines. In the garden are Christmas roses, large gowans, rosemary, boxwood, and primroses. Boxwood was planted by Wordsworth himself close to his house. Near the entrance-door to the cottage, on its southern wall, may be seen a rose-tree and a honeysuckle, both of which must have existed in his time. Some say that the yew-trees now existing were planted by Wordsworth, but they must have been there much earlier than 1800. Round the cottage on its eastern side, in a recess where Dorothy used to have her pot-herbs, is now a mass of ferns mixed with celandine, etc. Beyond the window of her bedroom are scarlet runners, trained up the wall as of yore.

The arbor, quite lately constructed (1894), is not like the old "moss arbor," nor has it been erected on the old spot. It was designed in imitation of the one at Rydal Mount, and was placed where it is because higher up, where the old one was, the setting sun, of which Dorothy speaks, could not be so well seen. Although the view from the garden is now much interrupted by new buildings, it is easy for any lover of the poet, sitting in the present arbor, however much less open than formerly to the breath of heaven, to realize, if only the incessant noise of summer traffic were withdrawn, the seclusion and the peace of this orchard at the beginning of the century.

It is a great matter that the field to the west of the entrance to the cottage has been bought, and that it now belongs to the Trust, so that nothing can be erected upon it which would be injurious to the cottage. Between the cottage and the next house to the west, a road used formerly to go up the Fellside. That is now closed, and a hedge of privet shuts off the view of the blacksmith's forge and shop to the farther west—a very important thing.

The Wordsworth family left Dove Cottage in 1808, having entered it at Christmas, 1799.² They required a slightly larger residence, and a house more secure from the elements and from smoke—in short, better "weather-fended"; and, after wintering at Coleorton, the poet returned to Grasmere, and stayed for two years at Allan Bank. Near the beginning of his residence at Allan Bank, De Quincey came to visit him, staying till February, 1809. The latter then took a lease of Dove Cottage, for how long no one knows. It may have been a yearly tenancy. He got

¹ "The Sparrow's Nest," written in 1801.

² Wordsworth, however, had visited Grasmere with his sister nearly five and a half years before, in August, 1794, and afterward again with Coleridge.

Dorothy Wordsworth to take charge of the furnishing of her old home, while he went up to London. In London, among other things, he revised—unfortunately, without any regard to punctuation—the proof-sheets of Wordsworth's essay on "The Convention of Cintra," and his friend acknowledged most gratefully the assistance he obtained from him. It was not till the fall of the year—November, 1809—that De Quincey himself went to live in Dove Cottage, and became a near neighbor of the poet for many a year. We have nothing to do in this article with the relations between the two men,—their wonderful reciprocal admiration at first, their great mutual services, their gradual estrangement for a time, and its causes,—although much material for an explanation of the latter is in my possession.

What concerns us now is the story of De Quincey's tenancy of Dove Cottage. It is



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

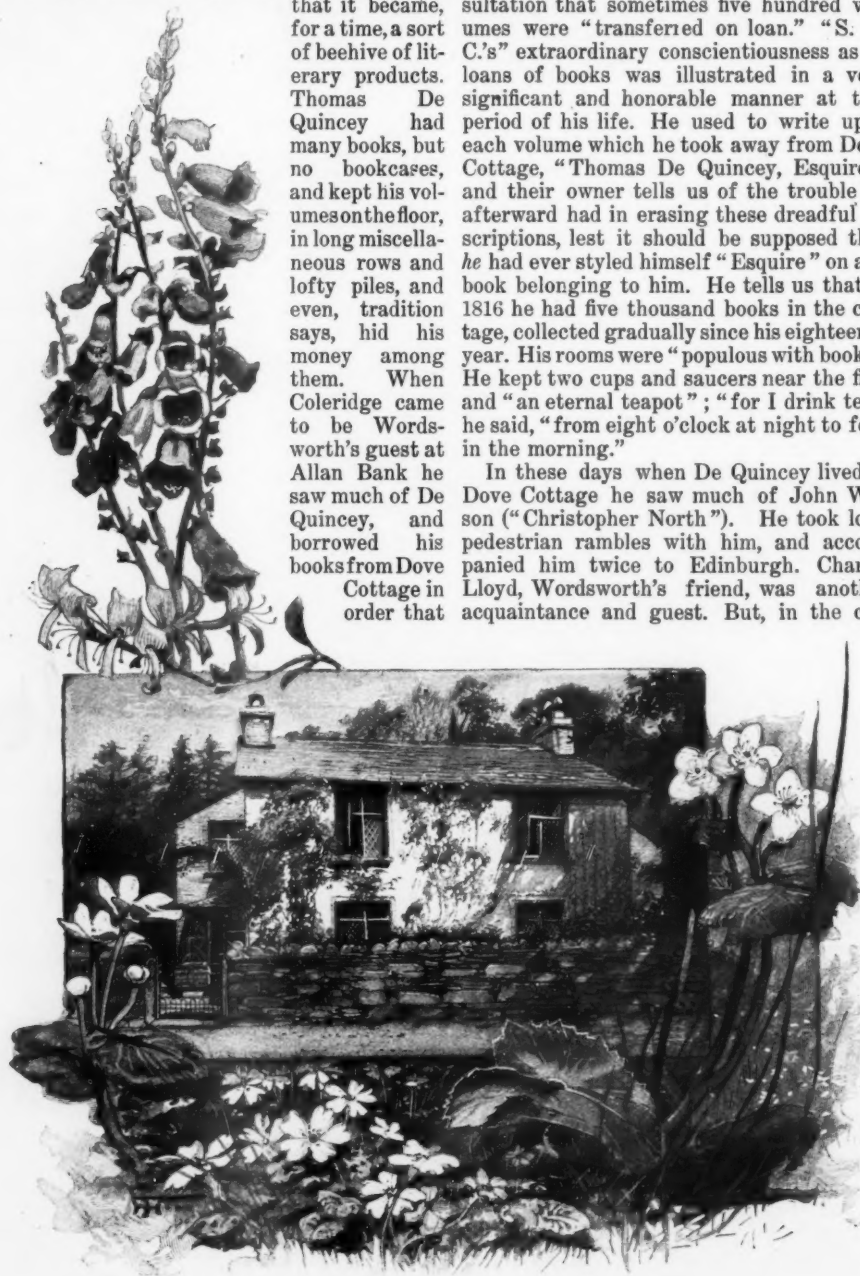
DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE, VIEWED FROM THE GARDEN. (WILD DAFFODILS AND ENGLISH DAISY OR GOWAN.)
VOL. LX.—8.

somewhat obscure to begin with. So many volumes were brought into the small abode

that it became, for a time, a sort of beehive of literary products. Thomas De Quincey had many books, but no bookcases, and kept his volumes on the floor, in long miscellaneous rows and lofty piles, and even, tradition says, hid his money among them. When Coleridge came to be Wordsworth's guest at Allan Bank he saw much of De Quincey, and borrowed his books from Dove Cottage in order that

he might read them leisurely at Allan Bank. He carried so much away for consultation that sometimes five hundred volumes were "transferred on loan." "S. T. C.'s" extraordinary conscientiousness as to loans of books was illustrated in a very significant and honorable manner at this period of his life. He used to write upon each volume which he took away from Dove Cottage, "Thomas De Quincey, Esquire"; and their owner tells us of the trouble he afterward had in erasing these dreadful inscriptions, lest it should be supposed that he had ever styled himself "Esquire" on any book belonging to him. He tells us that in 1816 he had five thousand books in the cottage, collected gradually since his eighteenth year. His rooms were "populous with books." He kept two cups and saucers near the fire, and "an eternal teapot"; "for I drink tea," he said, "from eight o'clock at night to four in the morning."

In these days when De Quincey lived in Dove Cottage he saw much of John Wilson ("Christopher North"). He took long pedestrian rambles with him, and accompanied him twice to Edinburgh. Charles Lloyd, Wordsworth's friend, was another acquaintance and guest. But, in the cot-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHADWICK.

DOVE COTTAGE. (FOXGLOVE AND HONEYSUCKLE, PRIMROSES AND MARSH-MARIGOLDS.)

tage, De Quincey's life was devoted to the study of his literary and philosophical books. It is needless to discuss the circumstances which led to his marriage with Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a noble Westmore-

land in 1825, but returned to London in 1826, and in 1828, at latest, settled in Edinburgh.

But, after all, it is with Wordsworth that Dove Cottage will be chiefly associated, and it is not difficult to realize that rare union

of simplicity and rusticity with perfect refinement and elevation which gave its unique charm to the life that was led within this humble home, first by the brother and sister, afterward by the husband, wife, children, sister, and guests. Such a combination of "plain living and high thinking" has probably never been realized before or since by any poet in England. Dorothy's



land "statesman-farmer" in the neighborhood, or to the ever-increasing indulgence in opium, which caused him to abandon several of his projected works, of which he meant to name one (after Spinoza) "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione," or his "Prolegomena to all Future Doctrines of Political Economy." His ups and downs of fortune, his movements from Grasmere to Kendal and to London, it is almost impossible to trace. Neither his biography nor any contemporary document supplies authentic details as to his residences. Between 1819 and 1825 his life seems to have been one of uncertain wandering. His most celebrated work, although not his best, the "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," was written in London, in the year 1821, and not at Dove Cottage. The only works of his with which his residence in the cottage is associated are those unfinished books already referred to. He came back to Westmoreland



FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.
1. THE "HALF-KITCHEN AND HALF-PARLOR" ROOM UP-STAIRS. 2. THE LOWER ROOM, WITH DOROTHY'S BEDROOM OFF IT.

"Journal" has been a revelation of many things hitherto unknown as to his early life. The chronicle of Wordsworth's chopping wood for household fires, in the same small scullery where Dorothy worked at other times, and of the hundred trivial miscellaneous items of apparent drudgery, was due to the most honorable poverty; and side by side with these disclosures we have the record of the progress and completion of a great poet's work. It is easy to realize the brother and the sister at their



DRAWN BY WYATT EATON, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL BUST BY H. N. THORNYCROFT, GIVEN TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY
BY MRS. ANNA PELL OF NEWPORT, R. I.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

garden work; *e.g.*, we read: "W. raked the stones off the garden; I cut the shrubs"; or, "W. cut down the winter cherry" and "prepared pea-sticks;" or again, "I weeded the garden, and stuck peas; W. nailed the honeysuckle." They were fond of going out to read the poets together, in the orchard or on White Moss. W. would "bring his mattress out and lie down," and Dorothy would "read to him from Ben Jonson." She often read her brother to sleep in the cottage, and went on reading herself long afterward.

It is still more delightful to think of those walks over Dunmail Raise with Coleridge to Wytheburn and Keswick, or up to Helvellyn with Walter Scott, or across Kirkstone Pass,

or into Ambleside and to Low Wood, and so often up into the black quarter at Easedale. They used to go out on the fells both by day and by night, watching nature with keenest eye and most sympathetic heart, whether it was when they went "to hunt the waterfalls," to gather mountain plants, to study the clouds, to listen to the harmonies of the wind among the woods and hills, or to watch the stars and the moonlight. As a rule, Wordsworth would be "composing all morning," while Dorothy was busy at household work. They then walked out together, or went into their little pinnacle on the lake, and "read poems on the water, and let the boat take its own course"; while in the even-

ings there was plenty of social life, when good neighbors dropped in to share a frugal meal, to talk, or to play whist. The amount of high poetic work done in that cottage by Wordsworth was great. To mention only the most famous of the things he wrote in it, there was "Hart-Leap Well," "The Idle Shepherd Boys," the "Poems on the Naming of Places," "The Brothers," "Michael," "The Sparrow's Nest," the "Selections from Chaucer Modernized," "To a Butterfly," "To the Cuckoo," "My Heart Leaps Up," "To the Small Celandine," "Stanzas Written in Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,'" "Resolution and Independence," the poems "To the Daisy" and "To the Celandine," "The Green Linnet," "The Character of the Happy Warrior," the "Ode to Duty," "To the Skylark," "Fidelity," "The Waggoner," the most of "The Prelude," and some of "The Excursion," many

"Sonnets," and the great "Ode, Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." It is curious and interesting that, when dictating explanatory notes on his poems to Miss Fenwick toward the close of his life, Wordsworth so often began by mentioning the place of composition; and "written at Town-End, Grasmere," is the most frequent localization.

It is thus that the poet himself describes his "plot of orchard-ground":

Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare,
Sweet garden-orchard eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found.

He speaks of

The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door:

Thou like the morning in thy saffron coat,
Bright gowan, and marsh-marigold, farewell!
Whom from the borders of the lake we brought,
And placed together near our rocky well.

Oh, happy garden! whose seclusion deep
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep

Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers
And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers.

Again:

Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the poor,
The roses to the porch which they entwine;
Yea, all that now enchants thee from the day
On which it should be touched would melt away.

These last lines justify the wish, and the



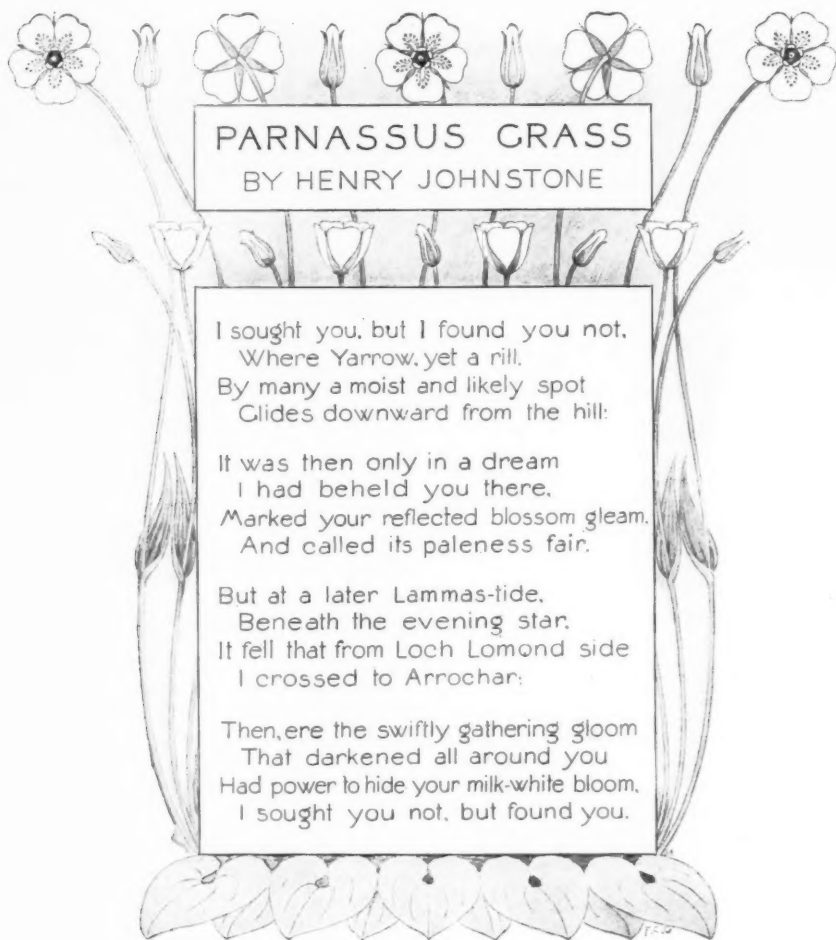
action, of the trustees in trying to keep the cottage as much as possible as it was in Wordsworth's time. They feel that its whole charm would vanish, that the spirit of the place would depart, were it modernized, and therefore it is that those flowers have been planted round about the cottage and in the orchard which we know from Dorothy's "Journals" were brought into it by her and her brothers, by Mrs. Wordsworth and her sister Sara Hutchinson: the primroses, daffodils, marsh-marigolds, speedwell, lilies (white and yellow), columbines, stitchwort, vetches, snowdrops, scarlet runners, foxgloves (white and purple), lemon-thyme, and honeysuckle. There was a honeysuckle "round the yew-tree," and another "up the side of the wall." Many of these flowers had been thoughtlessly uprooted and carried away by relic-hunters, merely to wither and die. It is for this reason that others have been put in their place. It is to be hoped that no one will ever introduce plants which the household did not know.

Dove Cottage will soon contain numerous portraits of the members of the Wordsworth household, their friends and visitors, as well as a small library of all the books of the

poet and their successive editions published in his lifetime; also a second larger one containing posthumous editions, essays, critical estimates, etc. Several of Wordsworth's manuscripts, and those of others of his friends, with relics of various kinds, have been given to the cottage and the nation, but are not housed as yet. Among those already hung are: a copy of Lupton's engraving of Haydon's portrait of "Wordsworth upon Helvellyn," the original of which is now the property of Mr. Fisher Wordsworth at Rydal Mount; a reproduction of another of Haydon's pictures, which the poet used to

call "the brigand"; a copy of Miss Gillies's profile portrait; one of Nash's, of Wyon's, and of Boxall's; a photograph of the earliest portrait, taken by the unknown artist at Nether Stowey, the original of which is now in the possession of Mrs. St. John at Ithaca, New York; one of the Pickersgill portrait, in St. John's College, Cambridge; one of Dorothy Wordsworth, and of her niece Dora.

The cottage is now a place of honored and reverent pilgrimage to many Americans; and when the other intended gifts are placed within it, it will be still more attractive, as a memorial of England's poetic past.





THE ALPINE FAY (SCHUMANN'S "MANFRED").

H. Fantin

HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE.

WITH EXAMPLES OF HIS LITHOGRAPHS ON MUSICAL MOTIVES.¹

BY FREDERICK KEPPEL.

DURING his yearly visits to Paris, it was the good fortune of the writer to be party to a peculiar bargain or stipulation made between himself and the eminent Dutch painter and etcher, the Jonkheer Charles Storm van 's Gravesande. This agreement was that neither of the two should make his first visit to the yearly Salon unless accompanied by the other. To spend a whole day among the new pictures with this Dutch nobleman as guide and mentor might almost be called a liberal education. He is endowed with the faculty (rare among artists) of discerning what is good in the works of his contemporaries, and he has a catholicity of taste which enables him to enjoy good pictures of widely different kinds. During these visits he was always willing to be led here or there, so as to give his opinion on this or that pic-

ture; but on one point he was immovable. "First," he would say, "I must see what Fantin-Latour exhibits; after that you may take me where you please."

On the occasion of one of these visits M. Fantin's contribution was his now famous painting entitled "Around the Piano." Some five or six of the great musicians of Paris are seen grouped about a piano. They have not the slightest air of posing for their portraits, but are all intently listening to the music which one of them is playing. Some years ago the authorities of the Paris École des Beaux-Arts organized a memorable Retrospective Exhibition of French Portraits, and there the place of honor was accorded to a large picture by Fantin-Latour. It represents an admirably composed group of eminent persons, mostly artists. In this painting the more distant figures are partly concealed by those in front of them, and in

¹ The original lithographs are from the collection of Mr. Samuel P. Avery.



THE EVOCATION OF ERDA—WOTAN ON THE RIGHT *A. Farnley*
("SIEGFRIED," ACT III).

the nearest foreground is seen the full-length figure of Mr. Whistler, which dominates the whole picture.

It is strange that so distinguished a painter, pastelist, and designer of lithographs as Fantin-Latour should be still comparatively unknown in the United States, for in Europe he ranks as a master; and it does not often happen that Americans are slow in discerning original work of genuine power. Our early recognition of such painters as Millet and Corot, and such writers as Carlyle and Herbert Spencer, may demonstrate this. Yet, all the world over, the great original artist or writer finds himself at a temporary disadvantage as compared with what may be called the first-rate second-rate man. The obvious cleverness of the latter is understood at once, while the former, bringing his strange and unheard-of message, is likely to be at first totally neglected, then noticed only to be laughed at, later on occasioning violent controversies, and only at "long-last" taking his rightful place among the immortals.

In the case of Fantin-Latour we are, happily, not yet under the necessity of building the sepulcher of a prophet whom our fathers had stoned (and neglect is a very deadly missile to the artist!); for M. Fantin is still hale and hearty at the age of sixty-four, and is now producing work which is at least as good as any he has ever done.

In Paris he has lived and worked quietly, and for long years, in the small Rue des Beaux-Arts, on "the other side" of the river Seine—a locality neither fashionable nor well known, notwithstanding its high-sounding name. He has always avoided taking part in the intrigues of the Paris Salon, and has even declined to act as one of the jury for the selection of the pictures to be there exhibited. This, for a Paris artist, is most unusual. To hear many of these gentlemen talk (and how they *can* talk!) one would suppose that a painter could do nothing good until he had been *médaille* at the Salon—and nothing bad ever after.

Fantin-Latour is one of the most absorbed of artists and one of the most disinterested of men. Some months ago an agent in Paris was instructed to offer him a commission of such importance that it would have been gladly accepted by almost any artist living; but in response M. Fantin quietly said that, while the proposed order would be both flattering and profitable to him, yet he could not accept it because he was just then at work on a picture, and that for some time

to come he could not turn his mind to anything else.

M. Fantin never has exhibited, and never may exhibit, what is called "the picture of the year," and it is probable that he has not the least ambition to do so. His work is eminently reserved and sober, while the picture of the year must, in some way, be of a loud or a sensational character. And yet this quiet man and quiet artist has always had a following. If at first this following was small in number, it never was small in quality; for it was of the kind which *Hamlet* had in mind when, in admonishing the players, he says of "the judicious," whose good opinion is to be coveted, "The censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of others."

Thus, the first man who ever spoke to me of Fantin-Latour was Sir Seymour Haden, President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. In his earlier days Sir Seymour resided for some time in France and held the post of *prosecuteur* at the Military Hospital at Grenoble, and at Grenoble Fantin-Latour was born in the year 1836. Later we find the young French artist residing in London, where he was the intimate friend of the Haden family. Lady Haden (who is a sister of the artist Whistler) relates that M. Fantin was one of the most interesting young men she has ever known. She remembers that in those days he was almost a pessimist in his fastidious rejecting of everything connected with art which was not to him noble, satisfying, and perfect.

If M. Fantin has never sought the official recompenses which are so dear to the heart of the average French artist, these same medals and decorations have sought him. Besides many distinctions received from other countries, the French authorities have honored him signally. In 1870 he won a third-class medal at the Salon, and in 1875 one of the second class. In 1879 he was made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and was constituted *hors concours* at the Salon, and in 1889 at the Exposition Universelle. This last-named high distinction is a most convenient one to an artist, because it entitles him thereafter to exhibit whatever he pleases, without having first to submit his work to the scrutiny of the jury of admission.

Unlike some masters, such as Turner, or Ruskin in his writings, Fantin-Latour seems never to have gone through more or less contradictory "periods" in the course of his career, nor to have been impeded (or



A MELODY OF SCHUMANN.

stamped) by any of the ephemeral fads of the day. Roger Marx writes of him: "He remains always and unalterably himself." Allowing for the development which time and experience afford to any serious worker, what he was at first he remains to-day—an idealist, an imaginative dreamer; in a word, a poet. Apart from his own art, his lifelong dominating passion has been classical music; and here a very curious detail may be men-

tioned: it is that Fantin-Latour does not know how to play any instrument. His most poetical pictures have been inspired by the instrumental music of such masters as Schumann, Berlioz, Wagner, and Brahms, and in these pictures he never follows the stage directions of any composer, but idealizes the sound of the music itself into dreamy, beautiful human forms.

F. Fantin



PRELUDE TO "LOHENGRIN."

H. Fautou

While engaged in making portraits in oils or pastel the artist is of necessity tied down to hard actualities. But when Fantin-Latour, saturated with noble music, undertakes a lithograph, the whole poetry of the man's nature has unimpeded liberty. It is for this reason that copies of some of these lithographs (reduced in size) are here presented as specimens of his work, although they by no means exhibit the full scope and range of his genius. In the case of these lithographs M. Fantin's unworldliness is almost provoking. He will create a masterpiece on the lithographic stone, print at the most some twenty proofs from it, and then destroy the original, while this same stone could have printed ten times the number of good proofs. For this reason full collections of the lithographs are very difficult to form. Two of the best collections in existence are those of Mr. Samuel P. Avery of New York and Mr. Charles L. Freer of Detroit.

The whole subject of lithography, as a vehicle for multiplying the autographic design

of the creative artist, is now receiving serious attention. In original etching the technical difficulties of the "biting-in" and of printing from the plate are very great; but the lithographic stone faithfully yields back exactly what the artist has drawn upon it. For this reason several distinguished artists, including Mr. Whistler and Mr. Joseph Pennell, have adopted lithography with enthusiasm.¹

M. Fantin has never achieved a great outside popularity; but neither did that old master in music, Johann Sebastian Bach: yet after the lapse of more than a century Bach still remains the musicians' musician, and similarly, though of course in a lesser degree, few competent authorities will demur if we venture to call Fantin-Latour an artists' artist.

¹ Two important books on the subject have recently appeared: "Some Masters of Lithography," by Ather-ton Curtis (New York, 1897), and "Lithography and Lithographers," by Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell (New York, 1898).

WE TWO.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WE two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow,
If summer days invite, or bleak winds blow,
What matters it, if we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.

We two make banquets of the plainest fare;
In every cup we find the thrill of pleasure;
We hide with wreaths the furrowed brow of care,
And win to smiles the set lips of despair.
For us life always moves with lilting measure;
We two, we two, we make our joy, our pleasure.

We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown glory.
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out like hope, time leads us on and on,
And thrums upon his harp new song or story.
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.

We two make heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernal;
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

SEVENTH PAPER.

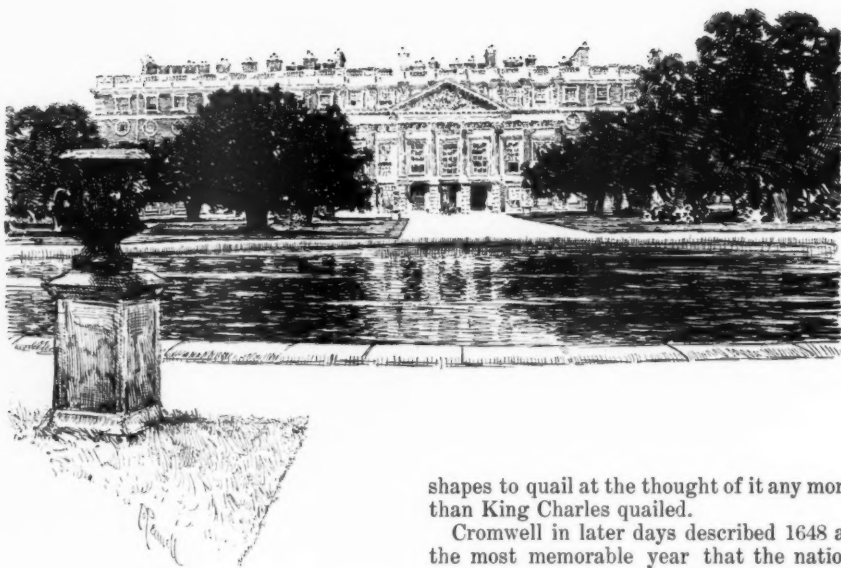
XXI. FLIGHT OF THE KING.

THE strain of things had now become too intense to continue. On the evening of the day when Harrison was declaiming against the man of blood (November 11), the king disappeared from Hampton Court. That his life was in peril from some of the more violent of the soldiers at Putney, half a dozen miles away, there can be no doubt, though circumstantial stories of plots for his assassination do not seem to be proved. Cromwell wrote to Whalley, who had the king under his guard, that rumors were abroad of an attempt upon the king's life, and if any such thing should be done it would be accounted a most horrid act. The story that Cromwell cunningly frightened Charles away, in order to make his own manoeuvres run smoother, was long a popular belief, but all the probabilities are decisively against it. Even at that eleventh hour, as we see from his language a few days before the king's flight, Cromwell had no faith that a settlement was possible without the king, little as he could have hoped from any settlement made with him. Whither could it have been for Cromwell's interest that the king should betake himself? Not to London, where a Royalist tide was flowing pretty strongly. Still less toward the Scottish border, where Charles would begin a new civil war in a position most favorable to himself. Flight to France was the only move on the

king's part that might have mended Cromwell's situation. He could have done no more effective mischief from France than the queen had done; on the other hand, his flight would have been treated as an abdication, with as convenient results as followed one-and-forty years later from the flight of James II.

We now know that Charles fled from Hampton Court because he had been told by the Scottish envoys, as well as from other quarters, that his life was in danger, but without any more fixed designs than when he had fled from Oxford in April of the previous year. He seems to have arranged to take ship from Southampton Water, but the vessel never came, and he took refuge in Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight (November 14, 1647). As strongly as ever he even now felt that he held winning cards in his hands. "Sir," he had said to Fairfax, when they met a year and a half ago, after his removal from Holmby, "I have as good an interest in the army as you." Nothing had happened since then to shake this conviction, and undoubtedly there was in the army, as there was in Parliament, in the City, and in all other considerable aggregates of the population, a lively and definite hope that royal authority would be restored. Beyond all this, Charles confidently anticipated that he could rely upon the military force of the counter-revolution in Scotland.

Cromwell knew all these favoring chances



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.
HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

as vividly as the king himself, and he knew better than Charles the terrible perils of jealousy and dissension in the only force upon which the Cause could rely. "For many months," says Fairfax, "all public councils were turned into private juntas, which begot greater emulations and jealousies among them." Cromwell was the object of attack from many sides. He was accused of boldly avowing such noxious principles as these: that every single man is judge of what is just and right as to the good and ill of a kingdom; that the interest of the kingdom is the interest of the honest men in it, and those only are honest men who go with him; that it is lawful to pass through any forms of government for the accomplishment of his ends; that it is lawful to play the knave with a knave. This about the knave was only Cromwell's blunt way of putting the scriptural admonition to be wise as serpents, or Bacon's saying that the wise man must use the good and guard himself against the wicked. He was surrounded by danger. He knew that he was himself in danger of impeachment, and he had heard for the first time of one of those designs for his own assassination of which he was to know so much more in days to come. He had been for five years at too close quarters with death in many dire

shapes to quail at the thought of it any more than King Charles quailed.

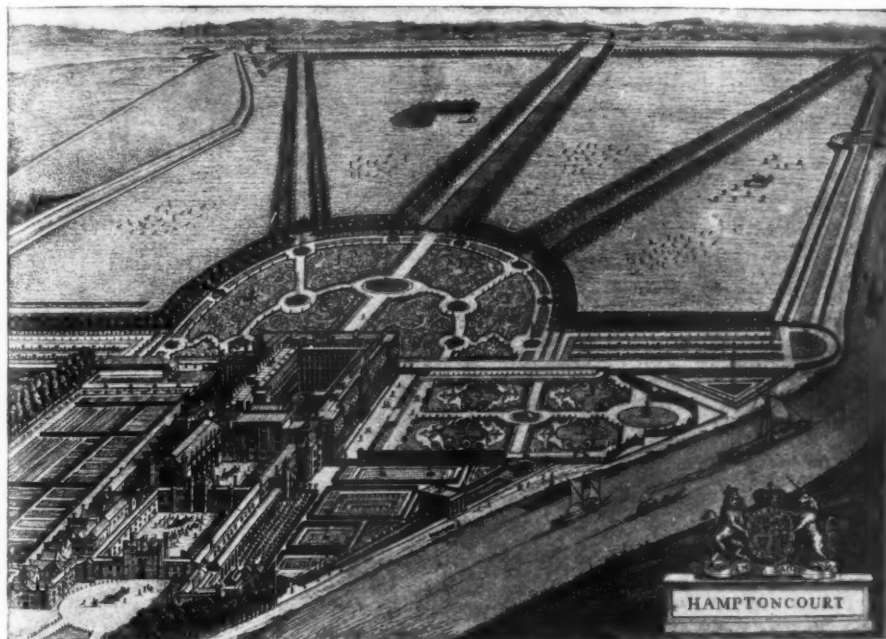
Cromwell in later days described 1648 as the most memorable year that the nation ever saw. "So many insurrections, invasions, secret designs, open and public attempts, all quashed in so short a time, and this by the very signal appearance of God himself." The first effect, he says, was to prepare for bringing offenders to punishment and for a change of government; but the great thing was "the climax of the treaty with the king, whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and all our security should have been a little piece of paper." Dangers, both seen and unseen, rapidly thickened. The king, while refusing his assent to a new set of propositions tendered to him by the Parliament, had secretly entered into an engagement with commissioners from the Scots (December 26, 1647). Here we have one of the cardinal incidents of the struggle, like the case of the five members, or the closing of the negotiations with Cromwell. By this sinister instrument, the Scots, declaring against the unjust proceedings of the English houses, were to send an army into England for the preservation and establishment of religion, and the restoration of all the rights and revenues of the crown. In return the king was to guarantee Presbytery in England for three years, with liberty to himself to use his own form of divine service; but the opinions and practices of the Independents were to be suppressed. That is, Presbyterian Scot and English Royalist were to join in arms against the Parliament, on the basis of the restoration of the king's

claims, the suppression of sectaries, and the establishment of Presbytery for three years, and no longer, unless the king should agree to an extension of the time. This covenant for kindling afresh the flames of civil war was wrapped up in lead and buried in the garden at Carisbrooke.

The secret must have been speedily guessed. Little more than a week after the treaty had been signed, a proposal was made in the Commons to impeach the king, and Cromwell supported it (not necessarily intending more than deposition) on the ground that the king, "while he professed with all solemnity that he referred himself wholly to the Parliament, had at the same time secret treaties with the Scots commissioners how he might embroil the nation in a new war and destroy the Parliament." Impeachment was dropped, but a motion was carried against holding further communications with the king (January, 1648), thus in substance, and for the time, openly bringing monarchy to an end. From the end of 1647, and all through 1648, designs for bringing the king to justice, which had long existed among a few of the extreme agitators, extended to the leading officers. The Committee of Both Kingdoms, in which Scots and English had

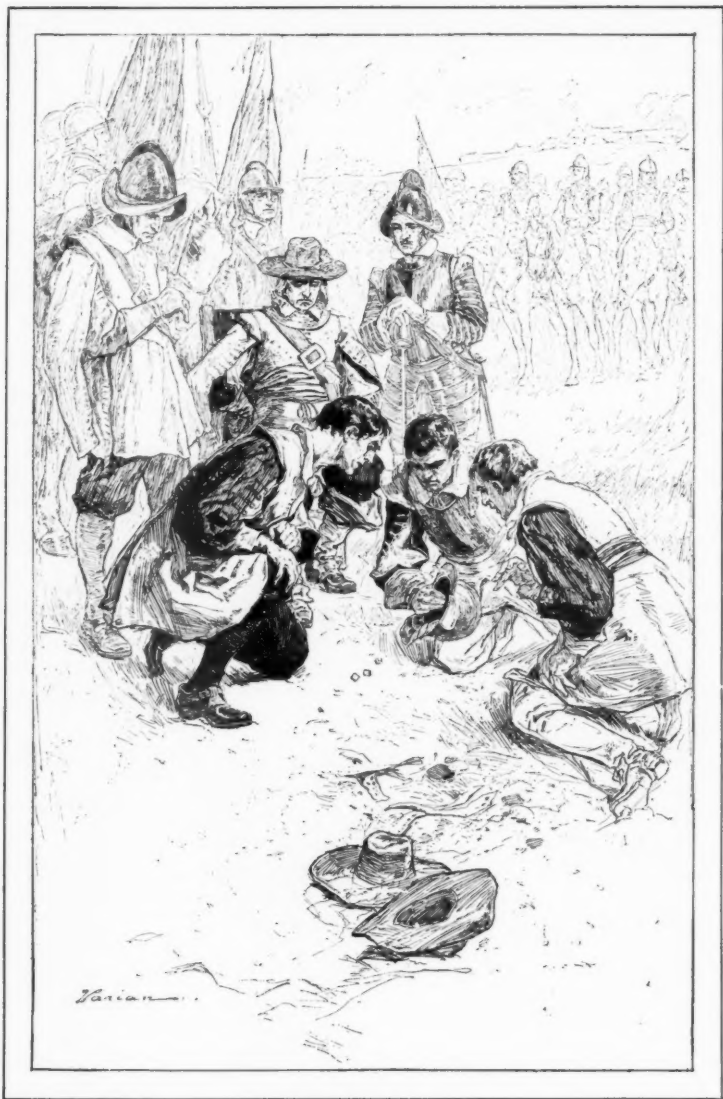
united for executive purposes, was at once dissolved, and the new executive body, now exclusively English, found itself confronted by Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, all in active hostility, and by an England smoldering in various uncertain stages of disaffection. A portion of the fleet was already in revolt, and no one knew how far the mutiny might go. All must depend upon the army, and for the Presbyterian party the success of the army would be the victory of a master and an enemy.

At the moment of the flight to Carisbrooke, Cromwell had sternly stamped out an incipient revolt. At a rendezvous near Ware two regiments appeared on the field without leave, and bearing disorderly ensigns in their hats. Cromwell rode among them, bade them remove the mutinous symbol, arrested the ringleaders of those who refused to obey, and after a drumhead court martial, at which three of the offenders were condemned to death, ordered the three to throw dice for their lives, and he who lost was instantly shot (November 15, 1647). Though not more formidable than a breakdown of military discipline must have proved, the political difficulties were much less simple to deal with. Cromwell had definitely



FROM WHITELOCK'S "MEMORIALS OF CHARLES I.," IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAMPTON COURT.



DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN.

THE REVOLT NEAR WARE—THREE SOLDIERS THROW DICE FOR THEIR LIVES.

given up all hope of coming to terms with the king. On the other hand, he was never a theoretical republican himself, and his sagacity told him that the country would never accept a government founded on what to him were republican chimeras. Every moment the tide of reaction was rising. From Christmas (1647) and all through the spring there were unmistak-

able signs of popular discontent. Puritan suppression of old merrymakings was growing too hard to bear, for the old Adam was not yet driven out of the free-born Englishman by either law or gospel. None of the sections into which opinion was divided had confidence in the Parliament. The rumors of bringing the king to trial and founding a military republic perturbed many and in-

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censed most in every class. Violent riots broke out in the City. In the home counties disorderly crowds shouted for God and King Charles. Royalist risings were planned in half the counties in England, north, west, south, and even east. The Royalist press was active and audacious. In South Wales the royal standard had been unfurled, the population eagerly rallied to it, and the strong places were in Royalist hands. In Scotland Hamilton had got the best of Argyll and the covenanting ultras, in spite of the bitter and tenacious resistance of the clergy to every design for supporting a sovereign who was champion of Episcopacy; and in April the Parliament at Edinburgh had ordered an army to be raised to defend the Covenant and the king. In face of public difficulties so overwhelming, Cromwell was personally weakened by the deep discredit into which he had fallen among the zealots in his own camp, as the result of his barren attempt to bring the king to reason. Of all the dark moments of his life this was perhaps the darkest.

He tried a sociable conference between the two ecclesiastical factions, including laymen and ministers of each, but each went away as stiff and as high as they had come. Then he tried a conference between the leading men of the army and the extreme men of the Commonwealth, and they had a fruitless argument on the hoary theme, dating almost from the birth of the Western world, of the relative merits of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy. Cromwell wisely declined to answer this threadbare riddle, only maintaining that any form of government might be good in itself or for us, "according as Providence should direct us"—the formula of mystic days for modern opportunism. The others replied by passages from the first book of Samuel, from Kings, and Judges. We cannot wonder that Cromwell, thinking of the ruin that he saw hanging imminent in thunder-clouds over Cause and kingdom, at last impatiently ended the idle talk by flinging a cushion at Ludlow's head and running off down the stairs.

What is called the Second Civil War was now inevitable. The curtain was rising for the last, most dubious, most exciting, and most memorable act of the long drama in which Charles had played his leading and ill-starred part. Even in the army men were "in a low, weak, divided, perplexed condition." Some were so depressed by the refusal of the nation to follow their intentions for its good that they even thought of laying down their

arms and returning to private life. Thus distracted and cast down, their deep mystic faith drew them to the oracles of prayer, and at Windsor in April they began their solemn office, searching out what iniquities of theirs had provoked the Lord of hosts to bring down such grievous perplexities upon them. Cromwell was among the most fervid, and again and again they all melted in bitter tears. Their sin was borne home to them. They had turned aside from the path of simplicity and stepped, to their hurt, into the paths of policy. The root of the evil was found out in those cursed carnal conferences with the king and his party, to which their own conceited wisdom and want of faith had prompted them the year before. And so, after the meeting had lasted for three whole days, with prayer, exhortations, preaching, seeking, groans, and weeping, they came without a dissenting voice to an agreement that it was the duty of the day to go out and fight against those potent enemies rising on every hand against them, and then it would be their further duty, if ever the Lord should bring them back in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for all the blood that he had shed, and all the mischief he had done against the Lord's cause and people in these poor nations. When this vehement hour of exaltation had passed away, many of the warlike saints, we may be sure, including Oliver himself, admitted back into their minds some of those politic misgivings for which they had just shown such passionate contrition. But to the great majority it was the inspiration of the Windsor meetings, and the directness and simplicity of their conclusion, that gave such fiery energy to the approaching campaign, and kept alive the fierce resolve to exact retribution to the uttermost when the time appointed should bring the arch-delinquent within their grasp.

XXII. SECOND CIVIL WAR. CROMWELL AT PRESTON.

EVEN as the hour of doom drew steadily nearer, the prisoner at Carisbrooke might well believe that the rebels and traitors were hastening to their ruin. The political paradox grew more desperate as the days went on, and to a paradox Charles looked for his deliverance. It is worth examining. The Parliamentary majority hoped for the establishment of Presbytery and the restoration of the king, and so did the Scottish invaders. Yet the English Presbyterians were

forced into hostility to the invaders, though both were ardent Covenanters, because Scottish victory would mean the defeat of the Parliament. The Scottish Presbyterians were hostile or doubtful, because they found their army in incongruous alliance with English Cavaliers. The Scots, under Hamilton, were to fight for the Covenant; their English confederates, under Langdale, were openly fighting for the antagonistic cause of church and king, and refused point-blank to touch the Covenant. If the Scots invaders should win, they would win with the aid of purely Royalist support in the field, and purely Royalist sympathy in the nation. The day on which they should enter London would be the day of unqualified triumph for the king, of humiliation for the English Parliament, and of final defeat both for the great Cause and the brave men who for nearly twenty years had toiled and bled for it. For whose sake, then, was the Presbyterian Royalist at Westminster to fast and pray? It was the sorest dilemma of his life.

If this was the supreme crisis of the Rebellion, it was the supreme moment for Cromwell. On May 1, 1648, by order of Fairfax and the council of war, he rode off to South Wales to take command of the Parliamentary forces there. He carried in his breast the exalted assurance that he went forth like Moses or like Joshua, the instrument of the purposes of the Most High; but it was not in his temperament to forget that he might peradventure be misreading the divine counsels, and well he knew that if his confidence were not made good he was leaving relentless foes in the Parliament behind him, and that if he failed in the hazardous duty that had been put upon him, destruction, sure and unsparing, awaited both his person and the Cause. While Cromwell thus went west, Fairfax himself conducted a vigorous and decisive campaign in Kent and Essex, and then (June 13) sat down before Colchester, into which a strong body of Royalists had thrown themselves, and where they made a long and stubborn defense. Lambert, with a small force, was despatched north to meet Langdale and the northern Cavaliers, and to check the advance of the Scots. Here (July 11) Hamilton crossed the border at the head of ten thousand men, ill equipped and ill trained, but counting on others to follow, and on the aid of three thousand more under Langdale. On the same day, as it happened, Cromwell's operations in Wales came to a successful end with the capture of Pembroke Castle. He instantly

set his face northward, and by the end of the month reached Leicester. The marches were long and severe. Shoes and stockings were worn out, pay was many months in arrears, plunder was sternly forbidden, and not a few of the gallant men tramped barefoot from Wales into Yorkshire. With fire in their hearts, the tattered veterans carried with them the issue of the whole long struggle and the destinies of three kingdoms. The fate of the king, the power of Parliament, the future of constitutions, laws, and churches, were known to hang upon the account which these few thousand men should be able to give of the invaders from over the northern border. If the Parliament had lost Naseby, the war would still have gone on, whereas if Hamilton should now reach London, the king would be master for good.

It was on August 12 that Cromwell joined Lambert on the high fells between Leeds and York, the united force amounting to some eight thousand men. Still uncertain whether his enemy would strike through Yorkshire or follow a western line through Lancashire and Wales, he planted himself here so as to command either course. Scouts brought the intelligence that the Scots and Langdale's force, afterward estimated by Oliver at twenty-one thousand men, were marching southward by way of Lancashire and making for London. As Cromwell knew, to hinder this was life and death, and to engage the enemy to fight was his business at all cost. Marching through the Craven country down the valley of the Ribble, he groped his way until he found himself in touch with the enemy's left flank at Preston. Hamilton was no soldier: his counsels were distracted by jealousy and division, national, political, and religious; his scouting was so ill done that he did not know that any serious force was in his neighborhood; and his line extended over seven leagues from north to south, Preston about the center, and the van toward Wigan, with the Ribble between van and rear. For three days of hard fighting the battles, named from Preston, lasted. That they were the result of a deliberately preconceived flank attack, ingeniously planned from the outset, is no longer believed. Things are hardly ever so in war, the military critics say. As in politics, Oliver in the field watched the progress of events, alert for any chance, and ever ready to strike on the instant when he knew that the blow would tell.

The first encounter at Preston (August 17) was the hardest, when English fell upon

English. For four fierce hours Langdale and his north-country Royalists offered "a very stiff resistance" to the valor and resolution of Cromwell's best troops, and at this point the Cromwellians were superior in numbers. At last the Royalists broke; the survivors scattered north and south, and were no more heard of. Next day it was the turn of Hamilton and his Scots. With difficulty they had got across the river overnight, wet,

assid and haggled out in this business that we are not able to do more than walk at an easy pace after them. They are the miserablest party that ever was; I durst engage myself, with five hundred fresh horse and five hundred nimble foot, to destroy them all. My horse are miserably beaten out, and I have ten thousand of them prisoners." Hamilton was presently taken (August 25), and so the first campaign in which Cromwell

Monday 24. July 1648.
 65:17:15:18:4:27:390. your two letters of the 19 of this Month, receiv-
 ed late yesterday night, & supposing that I cannot give you a quicke
 compliment, then ~~the~~ endeavoring to satisfie your desires, I
 must tell you, that without any difficulty you may see the King,
 & speak to him too, so that you doe not offer to whisper; but
 you will not get leave to speak privately with him, unless
 you had a recommendation from Darby House so to doe. 385
 220:21:33:32:5:339:342:218:282:18:363:20:2:66:65:16:9:31:18:339:384:257:189
 11:26:23:66:50:12:3:222:171:258 (you must excuse my plaint expressions) 302:10
 337:189:30:309:34:216:24:93:66:27:364:338:265:17:22:250 (371:384:257:347:172
 65:198:271:127:14:21:218:32:89:259:239:66:85:103:201:10:15:26:53:18:66:384:104
 257:

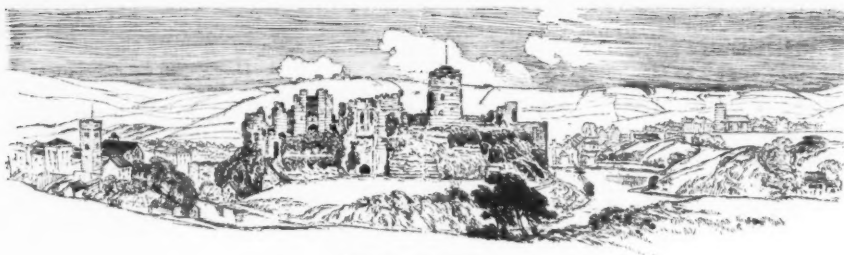
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LETTER OF CHARLES I, WRITTEN WHILE A PRISONER AT CARISBROOKE.

weary, and hungry, and Oliver's troopers were too weary to follow them. At daybreak the Scots pressed on, the Ironsides at their heels in dogged pursuit, killing and taking prisoners all the way, though they were only fifty-five hundred foot and horse against twice as large a force of Scots. "By night," says Oliver, "we were very dirty and weary, having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in my life, the day being very wet." On the third day (August 19) the contest went fiercely forward. At Winwick the Scots made a resolute stand for many hours, and for a time the English gave way. Then they recovered, and chased the Scots three miles into Warrington. Hamilton lost heart, and directed Baillie to surrender his infantry to Cromwell, while he himself marched on with some three thousand horse over the Cheshire border into Delamere Forest. "If I had a thousand horse," wrote Cromwell, "that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them; but, truly, we are so har-

had held an independent command-in-chief came to a glorious close. When, next year, Hamilton was put upon the trial that ended in the scaffold, he said of Cromwell that he was so courteous and civil as to perform more than he promised, and that acknowledgment was due for his favor to the poor wounded gentlemen that were left behind, and by him taken care of, and "truly he performed more than he did capitulate for."

The military student counts Preston the finest exploit of the war, and even pronounces it the mark of one of those who are commanders by the grace of God. At least we may say that in the intrepid energy of the commander, the fortitude, stoutness, and discipline of the men, and the momentous political results that hung upon their victory, the three days of Preston are among the most famous achievements of the time. To complete his task,—for he was always full of that instinct of practical thoroughness which abhors the leaving of a ragged edge,—Cromwell again turned northward to clear



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PEMBROKE CASTLE, SOUTH WALES.

As seen from the field in which Cromwell's guns were placed during the siege.

the border of what had been the rear of Hamilton's force, to recover the two great border strongholds of Berwick and Carlisle, and so to compose affairs in Scotland that the same perilous work should not need to be done over again.

The local risings in England had been stamped out either by the alertness of the Parliamentary authorities on the spot, or by the extraordinary vigor of the Derby House Committee, which was mainly Independent. Fairfax never showed himself a better soldier. The City, as important a factor as the houses themselves, and now leaning to the king upon conditions, threatened trouble from time to time; but opinion wavered, and in the end the City made no effective move. The absence of political agreement among the various elements was reflected in the absence of military concert. The insurrection in England was too early, or else the advance from Scotland was too late. By the time when Cromwell was marching through the midlands to join Lambert in Yorkshire, the dead-weight of the majority of the population, who cared more for quiet than for either king or Parliament, had for the time put out the scattered fires. The old international antipathy revived, and even Royalists had seen with secret satisfaction the repulse of the Scots who had sold their king.

Meanwhile, in Parliament the Presbyterians at first had not known what to wish, but they were now at no loss about what they had to fear. The paradox had turned out ill. The invaders had been beaten, but then the invaders were of their own persuasion, and the victors were the hated sectaries, with toleration inscribed upon their banners. The soldier's yoke would be more galling than ever, and the authority of Cromwell, which had been at its lowest when he set out for Wales, would be higher than it had ever been when he should come back from Scotland.

The Lords had become zealous Royalists. They would not even join the Commons in describing the invading Scots as enemies. In both houses the Presbyterians had speedily taken advantage of the absence of some of the chief Independents in the field, and were defiantly flying the old colors. In the days when Oliver was marching with his Ironsides to drive back the invasion that would have destroyed them all, the Lords regaled themselves by a fierce attack made upon the absent Cromwell by one who had been a major of his and enjoyed his confidence. The major's version of the things that Oliver had said would have made a plausible foundation for an impeachment, and at the same moment Holles, his bitterest enemy, came back to Westminster and took the Presbyterian lead. So, in the reckless intensity of party hatred, the Parliament were preparing for the destruction of the only man who could save them from the uncovenanted king. They were as heated as ever against the odious idea of toleration. On the day after the departure of Oliver they passed an ordinance actually punishing with death any one who should hold or publish not only atheism, but Arianism or Socinianism, and even the leading doctrines of Arminians, Baptists, and harmless Quakers were made penal. Death was the punishment for denying any of the mysteries of the Trinity, or that any of the canonical books of Old Testament or New is the Word of God; and a dungeon was the punishment for holding that the baptism of infants is unlawful and void, or that man is bound to believe no more than his reason can comprehend! Our heroic Puritan age is not without atrocious blots.

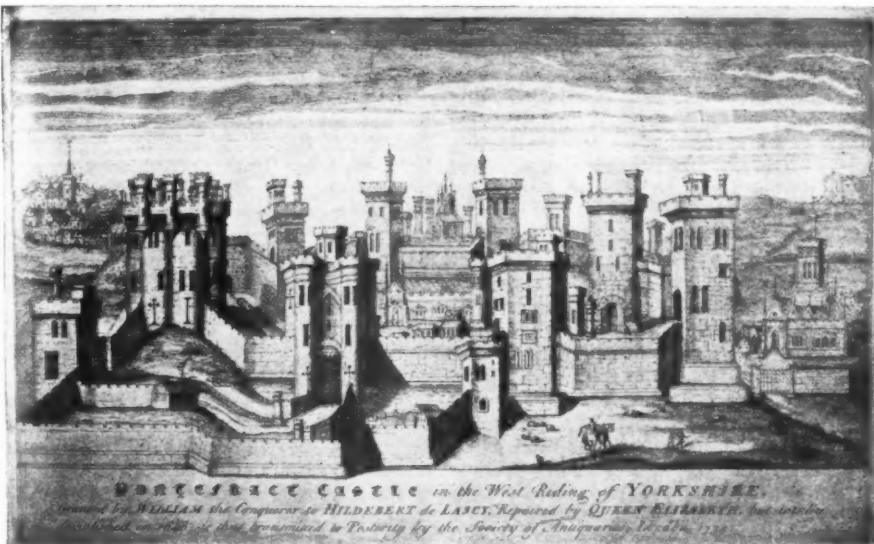
Nevertheless, the Parliamentary persecutors were well aware that no ordinance of theirs, however savory or drastic, would be of any avail unless new power were added to their right arm, and this power, as things

then stood, they could draw only from alliance with the king. If they could bring him off from the Isle of Wight to London before Oliver and his men could return from the north, they might still have a chance. They assumed that Charles would see that here, too, was a chance for him. They failed to discern that they had no alternative between surrendering on any terms to the king, whose moral authority they could not do without, and yielding to the army, whose military authority was ready to break them. So little insight had they into the heart of the situation that they took a course that exasperated the army, while they persisted in trying to impose such terms upon the king as nobody who knew him could possibly expect him to keep. Political incompetency could go no further, and the same failure inevitably awaited their designs as had befallen Cromwell when, a year before, he had made a similar attempt.

On the day after the news of Oliver's success at Warrington the Parliamentary majority repealed the vote against further addresses to the king, and then hurried on their proposals for a treaty. The negotiations opened at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, at the end of September, and were spun out until near the end of November. "They who had not seen the king," says Clarendon, "for near two years found his countenance extremely altered. From the

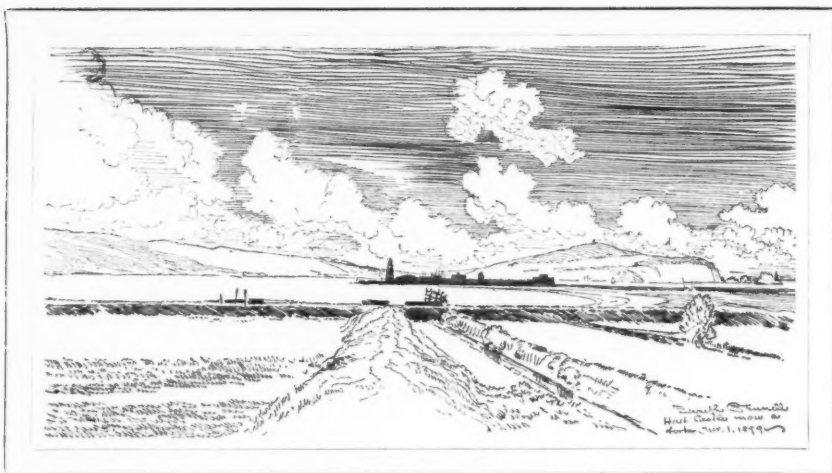
time that his own servants had been taken from him he would never suffer his hair to be cut, nor cared to have any new clothes, so that his aspect and appearance was very different from what it had used to be; otherwise his health was good, and he was much more cheerful in his discourses toward all men than could have been imagined after such mortification of all kinds. He was not at all dejected in his spirits, but carried himself with the same majesty he had used to do. His hair was all gray, which, making all others very sad, made it thought that he had sorrow in his countenance, which appeared only by that shadow." There he sat at the head of the council-table, the fifteen commissioners of the Parliament, including Vane and Fiennes, the only two men of the Independent wing, seated at a little distance below him.

Charles showed his usual power of acute dialectic, and he conducted the proceedings with all the cheerfulness, ease, and courtly gravity of a fine actor in an ironic play. The old ground of the propositions at Uxbridge, at Newcastle, at Oxford, at Hampton Court, was once more trodden, with one or two new interludes. Charles, even when retreating, fought every inch with a tenacity that was the despair of men who each hour seemed to hear approaching nearer and nearer the clatter of the Cromwellian troopers.



FROM THE EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION," IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PONTEFRACT CASTLE.



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

HURST CASTLE, HAMPSHIRE, NOW A FORT (NOVEMBER 1, 1899). THE ISLE OF WIGHT IN THE DISTANCE.

Charles I was brought here from Carisbrooke.

Church government was now, as ever, the rock on which Charles chose that the thing should break off. Day after day he insisted on the partition of the apostolic office between bishops and presbyters, cited the array of texts from the Epistles, and demonstrated that Timothy and Titus were *episcopi pastorum*, bishops over presbyters, and not *episcopi gregis*, shepherds over sheep. In all this Charles was in his element, for he defended tenets that he sincerely counted sacred. At length, after the distracted Parliament had more than once extended the allotted time, the end came (November 27). Charles would agree that Episcopacy should be suspended for three years, and that it might be limited, but he would not assent to its abolition, and he would not assent to an alienation of the fee of the church lands.

A modern student, if he reads the Newport treaty as a settlement upon paper, may think that it falls little short of the justice of the case. Certainly if the parties to it had been acting in good faith, this or almost any of the proposed agreements might have been workable. As it was, any treaty now made at Newport must be the symbol of a new working coalition between Royalist and Presbyterian, and any such coalition was a declaration of war against Independents and army. It was to undo the work of Preston and Colchester, to prepare a third sinister outbreak of violence and confusion, and to put Cromwell and his allies back again upon that sharp and perilous

edge from which they had just saved themselves.

It was their own fault, again, if the Parliament did not know that Charles, from the first day of the negotiations to the last, was busily contriving plans for his escape from the island. He seems to have nursed a wild idea that if he could only find his way to Ireland he might, in conjunction with the ships from Holland, under the command of Rupert, place himself at the head of an Irish invasion, with better fortune than had attended the recent invasion of the Scots. "The great concession I have made to-day," he wrote to a secret correspondent, "was merely in order to my escape." While publicly forbidding Ormonde to go on in Ireland, privately he writes to him not to heed any open commands until he has word that the king is free from restraint; Ormonde should pursue the way he is in with all possible vigor, and must not be astonished at any published concessions, for "they would come to nothing."

Watching the proceedings with fierce impatience, at last the army, with startling rapidity, brought the slippery conflict to a crisis. A week before the close of negotiations at Newport, a deputation from Fairfax and his general council of officers came up to the House as bearers of a great remonstrance. Like all that came from the pen of Ireton, it is powerfully argued, and it is also marked by his gift of inordinate length. It fills nearly fifty pages of the parliamen-

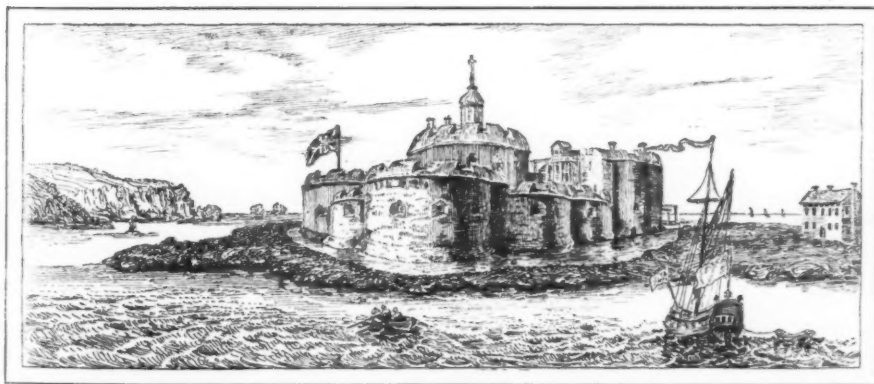
tary history, and could not have been read by a clerk at the table in much less than three hours. The points are simple enough. First, it would be stupidity rather than charity to suppose that the king's concessions arose from inward remorse or conviction, and therefore to continue to treat with him was both danger and folly. Second, he had been guilty of moral and civil acts judged capital in his predecessors, and therefore he ought to be brought to trial. Other delinquents besides the king, in both wars, ought to be executed, and the soldiers ought to have their arrears paid. This was the upshot of the document that the body of officers, some of whom had capital sentence executed upon themselves in days to come, now in respectful form presented to the House of Commons.

The majority in the Commons, with a high spirit that was out of all proportion to their power, insisted on postponing the consideration of the demands of "a council of secretaries in arms." In fact, they never would or did consider them, and the giant remonstrance of the army went into the limbo of all the other documents in which those times were so marvelously fertile. As a presentation of the difficulties of the hour it is both just and penetrating; but these, after all, were quite as easy to see as they were hard to overcome. We usually find a good deal of practical reason at the bottom of what passes for political fanaticism. What Harrison and his allies saw was that if king and Parliament agreed, the army would be disbanded: if that happened, its leaders would be destroyed for what they had done already; if not, they would be proclaimed as traitors and hinderers of the public peace.

XXIII. CROMWELL'S SHARE IN THE FINAL CRISIS.

It is one of the mortifications of Cromwell's history that we are unable accurately to trace his share in the events that immediately preceded the trial of the king. It was the most critical act of his history. Yet at nearly every turn in the incidents that prepared it, the diligent inquirer is forced to confess that there is little evidence to settle what was the precise part that Cromwell played. This deep reserve and impenetrable obscurity was undoubtedly one of the elements of his reputation for craft and dissimulation. If we do not read a public man in an open page we are easily tempted to suspect the worst.

When the negotiations were opened at Newport Cromwell was on his march into Scotland. He did not return until the later days of October, when the army and its leaders had grown uncontrollably restive at the slow and tortuous course of the dealings between the king and the commissioners of the Parliament. Cromwell had thus been absent from Westminster for six months, since the time of his first despatch to put down the Royalist rising in Wales. The stress of actual war had only deepened the exasperation with which he had watched the gathering clouds, and which had found expression in the fierce language at the memorable prayer-meeting at Windsor. All this, however, is a long way from the decision that events were hurrying on, and from which more rapid and less apprehensive minds than his had long ceased to shrink. With what eyes he watched the new approaches to the king,



DRAWN BY OTTO M. SACHS. FROM CLARENDON'S "HISTORY," HOPE COLLECTION, BODLEIAN LIBRARY, BY PERMISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

EAST VIEW OF HURST CASTLE.

he showed in a letter to the Speaker. After giving his report as a soldier, and showing that affairs in Scotland were in a thriving posture, he advances (October 9) on to other ground, and uses ominous language about "the treachery of some in England, who had endangered the whole state and kingdom of England, and who now had cause to blush," in spite of all the religious pretenses by which they had masked their proceedings. This could only mean his Presbyterian opponents. "But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when his name and religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance on such profanity, even to astonishment and admiration: And I wish, from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of his name and the destruction of his people, so that they may never presume to do the like again, and I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time."

Writing to Colonel Hammond (November 6), the custodian of the king, a month later, from before the frowning walls of Pontefract Castle, Cromwell smiles in good-humored ridicule at the notion that it would be as safe to expect a good peace from a settlement on the base of moderate Episcopacy as of Presbytery. At the same time he vindicates his own Presbyterian settlement in Scotland, throwing out his guiding principle in a parenthesis of characteristic fervor and sincerity. "I profess to thee I desire from my heart, I have prayed for it, I have waited for the day to see union and right understanding between the godly people—Scots, English, Gentiles, Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, and all." Still, if the king could have looked over Hammond's shoulder as he read Cromwell's letter, he would not have seen a single word pointing to the terrible fate that was now so swiftly closing upon him. He would have seen nothing more formidable than a suggestion that the best course might be to break the sitting Parliament and call a new one. To Charles this would have little terror, for he might well believe that no Parliament could possibly be called under which his life would be put in peril.

A few days later Cromwell gave signs of rising anger in a letter to two members of Parliament who inclined to lenient courses toward delinquents. "Did not the House," he asks, "vote every man a traitor who sided with the Scots in their late invasion? And

not without very clear justice, this being a more prodigious treason than any that had been perfected in England before, because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another, *this to vassalize us to a foreign nation.*" Here was the sting, for we have never to forget that Oliver, like Milton, was ever English of the English. Then follow some ominous hints, though he still rather reports the mind of others than makes plain his own. "Give me leave to tell you, I find a sense among the officers concerning such things as the treatment of these men to amazement, which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more revered."

To Fairfax on the same day he writes in the same tone that he finds in the officers a very great sense of the sufferings of the kingdom, and a very great zeal to have impartial justice done upon offenders. "And I must confess," he adds, striking for the first time a new and dangerous note of his own, "I do in all from my heart concur with them, and I verily think, and am persuaded, they are things which God puts into our hearts." But he still moves very slowly, and follows rather than leads.

Finally he writes once more to Hammond, on November 25, one of the most remarkable of all the letters he ever wrote. The worthy soldier had groaned under the burdens and misgivings of his position. "Such talk as this," says Cromwell, "such words as heavy, sad, pleasant, easy, are but the snares of fleshly reasonings. Call not your burden sad or heavy; it is laid on you by One from whom comes every good and perfect gift, being for the exercise of faith and patience, whereby in the end we shall be made perfect. Seek rather whether there be not some high and glorious meaning in all that chain of Providence which brought that Person [the king] to thee, and be sure that this purpose can never be the exaltation of the wicked." From this strain of devout stoicism he turns to the policy of the hour.

Hammond was doubtful about the acts and aims of the extreme men as respects both king and Parliament. "It is true, as you say," Cromwell replies, "that authorities and powers are the ordinance of God, and that in England authority and power resides in the Parliament. But these authorities may not do what they like, and still demand our obedience. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. Is ours such a case? This, frankly, is the true question."



DRAWN BY MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

CROMWELL'S TATTERED VETERANS ON THE MARCH.



FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN, AT NEWBATTLE ABBEY, DALKEITH.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, FIRST MARQUIS OF ARGYLL.

Then he produces three considerations, as if he were revolving over again the arguments that were turning his own mind. First, is it sound to stand on safety of the people as the supreme law? Second, will the treaty between king and Parliament secure the safety of the people, or will it not frustrate the whole fruit of the war and bring back all to what it was, and worse? Third, is it not possible that the army, too, may be a lawful power, ordained by God to fight the king on stated grounds, and that the army may resist on the same grounds one name of authority, the Parliament, as well as the other authority, the king?

Then he suddenly is dissatisfied with his three arguments. "Truly," he cries, "this kind of reasoning may be but fleshly, either with or against, only it is good to try what truth may be in them." Cromwell's understanding was far too powerful not to perceive

that *salus populi*, and the rest of it, would serve just as well for Strafford or for Charles as it served for Ireton and the army, and that usurpation by troopers must be neither more nor less hard to justify in principle than usurpation by a king. So he falls back on the simpler ground of "providences," always his favorite stronghold. "They hang so together, have been so constant, clear, unclouded." Was it possible that the same Lord who had been with his people in all their victorious actings was not with them in that steady and unmistakable growth of opinion about the present crisis, of which Hammond is so much afraid? "You speak of tempting God. There are two ways of this. Action in presumptuous and carnal confidence is one; action in unbelief through diffidence is the other." Though difficulties confronted them, the more the difficulties the more the faith.

From the point of a modern's carnal reasoning all this has a thoroughly sophistic flavor, and it leaves a doubt of its real weight in Oliver's own mind at the moment. Nor was his mind really made up on independent grounds, for he goes on to say plainly that they in the northern army were in a waiting posture. It was not until the southern army put out its remonstrance that they changed. After that many were shaken. "*We could,*

A writer of a hostile school has remarked in this memorable letter "its cautious obscurity, shadowy significance; its suavity, tenderness, subtlety; the way in which he alludes to more than he mentions, suggests more than pronounces his own argumentative intention, and opens an indefinite view, all the hard features of which he softly puts aside" (J. B. Mozley). Quite true; but what if this be the real Cromwell, and represents



FROM THE ORIGINAL AT HAMILTON PALACE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

JAMES, FIRST DUKE OF HAMILTON.

perhaps, have wished the stay of it till after the treaty, yet, seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting his further pleasure." This can only mean that Ireton and his party were pressing forward of their own will, and without impulse from Cromwell at Pontefract. Yet it is equally evident that he did not disapprove. In concluding the letter he denounces the treaty of Newport as a "ruining, hypocritical agreement," and remonstrates with those of their friends who expect good from Charles—"good by this Man, against whom the Lord hath witnessed, and whom thou knowest!"

the literal working of his own habit and temper?

When this letter reached the Isle of Wight Hammond was no longer there. The army had made up their minds to act, and the blow had fallen. The fate of the king was sealed. In this decision there is no evidence that Cromwell had any share. His letter to Hammond is our last glimpse of him, and from that and the rest the sounder conclusion seems to be that even yet he would fain have gone slow, but was forced to go fast. Charles might possibly, even at the eleventh hour, have made his escape, but he



FROM THE ORIGINAL AT CHEQUERS COURT. SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "THE CENTURY" BY PERMISSION OF MRS. FRANKLAND-RUSSELL-ASTLEY.
HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

GENERAL LAMBERT.

still nursed the illusion that the army could not crush the Parliament without him. He had, moreover, given his parole. When reminded that he had given it, not to the army, but to the Parliament, his somber pride for once withstood a sophism. At break of the winter day (December 6) a body of officers broke into his chamber, put him into a coach, conducted him to the coast, and then transported him across the Solent to Hurst Castle, a desolate and narrow blockhouse standing at the edge of a shingly spit on the Hampshire shore. In these dreary quarters he remained a fortnight. The last scene was now rapidly approaching of the desperate drama in which every one of the actors—king, Parliament, army, Cromwell—was engaged in a death-struggle with an implacable Necessity.

At Westminster, meanwhile, futile proceedings in the House of Commons had been brought to a rude close. The House resolved by a large majority once more (November 30) not to consider the army remonstrance, and the army promptly replied by marching into London two days later (December 2). Two days after that the House, with a long and very sharp discussion, put upon record a protest against the forcible removal of the king without their knowledge or consent. They then proceeded to debate the king's answers to their commissioners at the Isle of Wight. A motion was made that the answers should be accepted, but the motion finally carried was in the weakened and dilatory form that the answers "were a ground for the House to proceed upon for the settlement of the peace of the kingdom" (Decem-



DRAWN BY JAY HAMBRIDGE. HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPERS UNDER HARRISON AT HURST CASTLE.

ber 5). This was the final provocation to the soldiers. The same afternoon a full consultation took place between some of the principal officers of the army and a number of members of Parliament. One side were for forcible dissolution, as Cromwell had at one time been; the other were for the less sweeping measure of a partial purge. A committee of three members of the House and three officers of the army was ordered to settle the means for putting a stop to proceedings in Parliament that were nothing less than a forfeiture of its trust. These six agreed that the army should be drawn out next morning, and guards placed in Westminster Hall and the lobby, that "none might be permitted to pass into the House but such as had continued faithful to the public interest." At seven o'clock next morning (December 6) Colonel Pride was at his post in the lobby, and before night one hundred and forty-three members had either been locked up or forcibly turned back from the doors of the House of Commons. The same night Cromwell returned from Yorkshire and lay at Whitehall, where Fairfax already was, I suppose for the first time. "There," says Ludlow, "and at other places, Cromwell declared that he had not been acquainted with this design, yet, since it was done, he was glad of it, and would endeavor to maintain it."

The process was completed next day. A week later (December 15) the council of officers determined that Charles should be

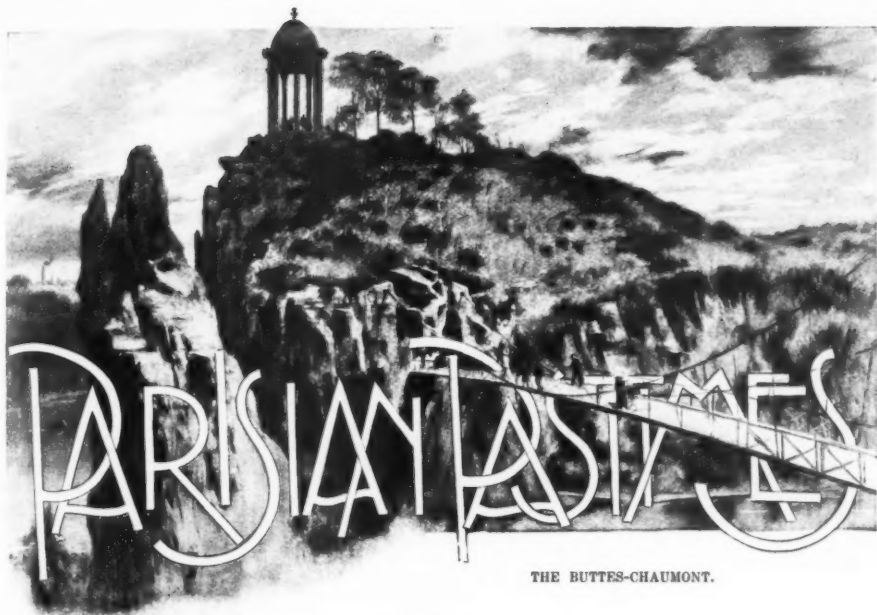
brought to Windsor, and Fairfax sent orders accordingly. In the depth of the winter night the king in the desolate keep on the sea-shingle heard the clanking of the draw-bridge, and at daybreak he learned that the redoubtable Major Harrison had arrived. Charles well knew how short a space divides the prison of a prince from his grave. He had often revolved in his mind "sad stories of the death of kings,"—of Henry VI, of Edward II, murdered at Berkeley, of Richard II at Pontefract, of his grandmother at Fotheringay,—and he thought that the presence of Harrison must mean that his own hour had now come for a like mysterious doom. Harrison was no man for these midnight deeds, though he was fervid in his belief, and so he told the king, that justice was no respecter of persons, and great and small alike must be submitted to the law. Charles was relieved to find that he was only going "to exchange the worst of his castles for the best," and after a ride of four days (December 19–23) through the New Forest, Winchester, Farnham, Bagshot, he found himself once more at the noblest of the palaces of the English sovereigns. Here for some three weeks he passed infatuated hours in the cheerful confidence that the deadlock was as immovable as ever, that his enemies would find the knot inextricable, that he was still their master, and that the blessed day would soon arrive when he should fit round their necks the avenging halter.

(To be continued.)



DRAWN BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

THE HOUSE AT NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT, IN WHICH CHARLES I
LODGED AND HELD HIS COUNCILS OF PARLIAMENT.
NOW THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL.



THE BUTTES-CHAUMONT.

BY RICHARD WHITEING,

Author of "No. 5 John Street," "The Island," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

THE Parisian is more given to pastimes than to sports. The distinction is, in his view, that pastimes are made for man, whereas man is notoriously made for sports. He carries a sport as far as it may go, for sheer amusement, and stops there. All the rest—that tends to the ideal perfection of the athlete—he counts but labor and sorrow. This is in harmony with his entire outlook on life. He is mainly sociable in his amusements, rather than mainly competitive. To me he never seems less himself than when racing for a prize, by day and by night, on a cycle track that reminds one of some foolish adaptation of the scheme of the praying-wheel. So the best of his recreative life is a day in the country, with only just such amusements as comport with rural ease. Between his setting forth in the morning and his coming back at night, weary with blessedness, he has picnicked in one of the outlying woods of the capital, perhaps with his entire family, including the mother-in-law.

The returning crowds at the stations have not all been to Versailles, St.-Cloud, and St.-Germain. These places are more or less inevitable to the many; but the wiser know where to find the less-known woods and

heights, and the scenes that have as yet escaped advertisement. Starting, maybe, from Bougival, they have looked at the site of Josephine's country house, now but a memory, and have thought perhaps what curious inclosures and reinclosures busy man is ever making for himself in space. An old house is but a little setting in the void for scenes from the drama of life. It vanishes; a newer takes its place; and one cubic inclosure in its time witnesses the play of many parts. To think of these scenes in their succession through the ages is to have the very air peopled with ghosts, and to risk the mental distraction of a witches' revel. But to consider so is to consider too curiously in this connection.

The stroll is across corn-fields with woody heights on one side. The painters of Corot's generation used to harbor here, and many of them left pictures for their score at Souvent's restaurant. The more knowing wayfarers, of course, avoid these vanities of anecdote, but everything may be excused to the sight-seer. At the utmost, the others have walked by the river-bank to look at the Machine de Marly, a huge wheel that carries water to the settlements on the height. If they were still for civilization they mounted

by Le Pecq to St.-Germain. If they wanted a change after that, they branched off to Les Loges, and registered vows to return for the annual fair in September, to dance and sup by torch-light according to immemorial custom, and so home. Some, again, have started for Sannois, on the Northern and Western railways, for the panorama seen from the windmill on the height, and have pushed on to Cormeilles, by way of the hills, with the valley and the river at a cozy distance below; or they have tarried at Herblay to play at fishing under the trees.

Innumerable are the ways in which you may tire yourself in these environs on a summer afternoon. The ultra-civilized way is to take train to Enghien, the township of pleasure which has grown up, with the help of capital, as the gaudy framework of a sulphur-spring. Another, and a better, is to make for Montmorency, where Jean Jacques set up his hermitage at the top of the hill, and at a point in time when the place was still most ancient of days, and mellowing in a rich decay of historic associations. Here again, and right on from here to Andilly, it is all fairyland from the heights—Paris in the far distance, picked out in the white of its stonework and the gold of the dome, with verdant belts of flowers and market-gardens midway. At Andilly you are on the verge of the forest of Montmorency, and may go right through to Bethemont, or partly through to St.-Leu for the train. And even by this compromise you may get dusty and tired and parched enough for the mood of rural happiness.

Paris is fringed all about with these woods and forests, anything but primeval, of course, under modern administration, yet still wild enough for provocation to much of the fugitive verse of the time. Fontainebleau, beyond this inner circle of umbrage, is a larger order, and if only you have enough self-control to keep from the château and from Barbizon, it is more majestic with its giant oaks and its titanic boulders. Yet the tourist will inevitably go to the one for its association with the painters Millet and Rousseau, and to the other on the gentle compulsion of the guide-books. Michelet, in his study of the insect life of the forest, keeps throughout to the note of its savage charm. Dearer to the elect of these pilgrim crowds is Sceaux, almost due south of the capital, and, in a sense, within a stone's throw of it, as befits a scene of natural beauty that was accessible in the time of Paul de Kock. To readers of that half-forgotten writer it is still haunted

by the shadow of the "Jeune Homme Charmant," and of his brotherhood in that larger sense which includes sisterhood as well.

But the glory of Sceaux is that it is a stepping-stone to "Robinson." Robinson is our realized ideal of a cockney paradise. It includes a certain suggestion of savage freedom, with due facilities for the fun of the fair—the wilderness tempered by Coney Island. It is a restaurant, and the subject of its votive title is no other than our old friend Crusoe. The idea is that you leave teeming Paris for this retreat, in which you may meditate on the shows of things, and, between train and train, play at being cut off from civilization. So, in its garden, you find a stately tree where you may lunch or dine in bowers cunningly perched high in the branches. There are two or three of these in tiers, and all of them, especially the topmost, command views of charming scenery. The vogue of Robinson has led to the invention of many fraudulent trade-marks. The village abounds in restaurants dedicated to "Old Robinson," to "Crusoe," and to different variants of the name, including one which boldly starts on a new line by a titular invocation to Man Friday.

But Robinson, pure and simple, is the genuine article. The title illustrates the tendency of the French to grasp at the first thing that comes handy in English names. The surname they generally give up for a bad job, but they clutch at the Tom, Dick, or Harry that precedes it, and hold on for dear life. Even when they have it by the right end, they sometimes contrive to go wrong. Crabb Robinson tells us that, all through a ceremonial dinner in his honor, Mme. Guizot overwhelmed him with compliments on the creation of *ce charmant Vendredi*, in a hazy belief that he was the author of the famous work.

Robinson may serve to illustrate what I mean as to the ordinary Parisian relation to sports and games. The throngs set out, in the first place, for fresh air and landscape; and for diversions they take anything that comes in their way. Sometimes they carry a ball to play with, more often they find their toys in the suburban restaurant. An open-mouthed frog into which they pitch a leaden nicker will amuse them for hours.

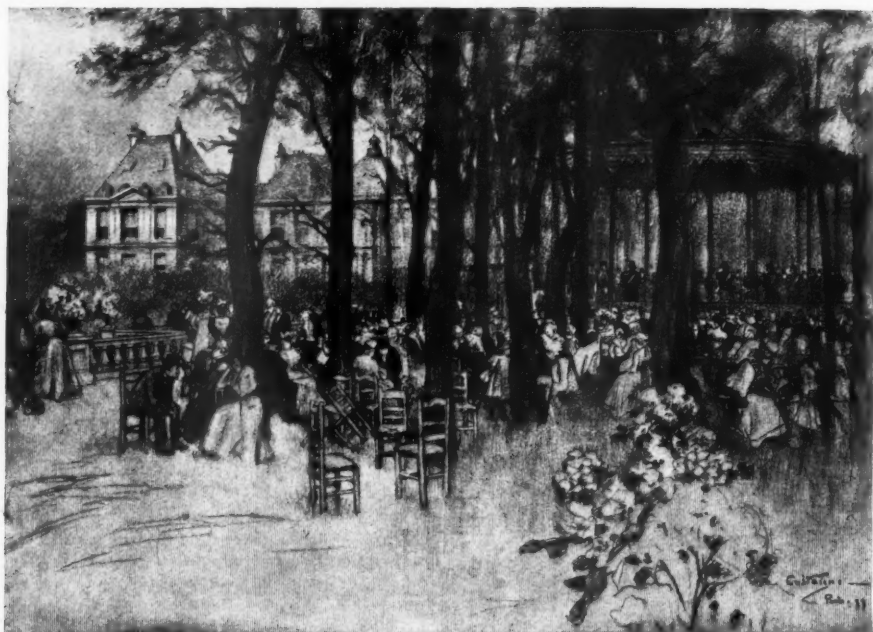
Those of nicer taste will perhaps prefer the Port Royal country. This is not so much for the sake of the country as of that ruined memorial of a community of men and women who tried a fall with the Church of Rome, in the interests of the higher spirit-



A. Castaigne Pin 17

SUNDAY PICNICS IN THE BOIS DE VINCENNES.

HALF-TONE PHOTO ENGRAVED BY C. W. CHAMBERLAIN.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

A POPULAR CONCERT IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

ual life, and got very much the worst of it. The route is by train from Montparnasse to Trappes, beyond Versailles, and thence on foot through Voisins to the old abbey which was the seat of the settlement. For others there is Cernay la Ville, a woodland haunt of artists, exquisite in hill and valley, hamlet and ruin. Or, again, the idler may take train to Le Plessis Belleville, in the northeast, and walk to Ermenonville for more souvenirs of Rousseau.

But why go on? The whole vernal basin, in the center of which Paris lies, is a scene of witching beauty—beauty of hill and dale, beauty of association suited to every taste. So, as we have seen, if you like to flavor the picturesque with literature, there are Ermenonville, Port Royal, Montmorency. If you are for things "paintable," you have Cernay, Fontainebleau, and Gretz. If angling is the excuse, there are Mantes, Marly, Andrézy, Lagny, and Charenton; while for boating you can hardly go wrong at Rueil, Herblay, Bougival, and Nogent on the Marne. In one of their aspects these are sports highly cultivated. In their relation to the ordinary life of the people they are mere incidents of an outing. The ordinary Parisian rowing is but three men in a boat, who, in spite of

their being on a river, are still very much at sea. More commonly still, it is but one man with a girl, both happily unaware that they are in peril of their lives. They have not far to go. Their mark is the little restaurant on the island which is the sole aim of the excursion. They have come out not so much to row as to breakfast in rowing toggery, to chatter aquatics and scandal, and to sing chansonnettes.

In the same way, the holiday fishing is often very little better than the line and the bent pin, as the foot-ball is only a vindictive punishment of a leaky india-rubber sphere which requires frequent inflation by a united family. So, too, cycling, although the French are capable of carrying it to great perfection on the track, is often, for the purpose of these excursions, a young man giving a young woman a ride in a bicycle gig, in which she courteously affects to sit at ease, while he toils up the rural slope. Some of these contrivances are fearfully and wonderfully made, and include storage for the baby, and for the provisions for the day.

For rowing, as a sport, there are clubs all about Paris and all about France, with a Parisian Club of the Oar as lawmaker. The

laws are made in a congress held annually in the capital, and timed for the match between the eights of the Seine and the Marne, the first event of the rowing year. Asnières was once the great metropolitan center, but avoid it now exactly as you would avoid the plague, for it has guilty relations with the drains of Paris. Everywhere there is difficulty in getting good boats for hire. The supply is naturally adjusted to the demand of the majority, who need tubs in which they may paddle, but may with difficulty drown. One of the great annual races is between the

Rowing Club de Paris and the Société Nautique de la Marne. The championship of the Marne is for the early part of September. About a month later comes the fixture for the great race on the Seine for the championship of France. This is in three heats, each of two thousand meters, and it is open to all nations. It is an old institution. At first the English had matters all their own way, but the French submitted with a good grace for the sake of the lesson. Then, gradually learning the management of scull and skiff, they sent men like Armet and



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUESSLER.

CROWDS LEAVING A RAILWAY-STATION AFTER A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Lein to victory on their own course, the latter to the more daring venture at Henley, where, however, he had to lower his colors in the home of the sport.

The Parisians have little to learn from anybody in scientific cycling. Without entering into too technical scrutiny of records,

French lads into English ones," cries M. Ribot, in his important work on educational reform published the other day. "Rough sports do not suit our race, more refined in its *vigueur élégante* than that of the Anglo-Saxon." In the last resort, they usually fail to see why they should suffer for their en-



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.
A BICYCLE TRAILER.

it may be said that they have brought the machine to high perfection as an instrument of sport, and to higher perfection as one of use. They not only cultivate heart-disease on the racing-track with as much assiduity as other people, and hold frequent race meetings, but they use the machine extensively in daily life, on ordinary errands of business or pleasure. This is the true test of any new method of locomotion. They are admirably seconded by the administration of Paris, which gives them good roads everywhere, and sometimes roads all to themselves, as in the approaches to the Bois, which, for all the qualities of a cycling course, is about the best in the world. The revolution, in this land of the motor, is naturally the motor cycle. The rate at which the Parisians charge through the public thoroughfares on this fearful contrivance, I have already mentioned. None but the most nimble can hope to avoid them. The motor is the modern short cut to the survival of the fittest.

They have made many laudable attempts to acclimatize foot-ball, and have taken a beating, at regular intervals, from one of the English visiting teams. If they do not succeed in this as well as they might, it is in part to be imputed to them as merit. As persons of taste, they have a great horror of *brutalité* in sport. "We do not want to turn

joyments, and they sicken with disgust, rather than with fear, when the dhooli-bearers and the surgeons follow the teams into the foot-ball field.

This is the French note, always the touch of elegance, and this is why a certain association with "fashion" is of the essence of French sport. It does not, like English sport, usually begin among the people retaining something of the primitive wildness of its origin; or, if it does, it is always trying to mount to select circles. Foot-ball will take a long time to reach the French masses. Their instincts know not the stern joy of the scrimmage. For all their combativeness, they regard life as a progression, an orderly development, not as a battle and a march. For this sport, as for most of the others that involve danger, we must wait on the upper classes. They have imported foot-ball and polo and what not, and have done their best to tame them into diversions fit for a man who values a whole skin.

Their chalet of the Racing Club in the Bois de Boulogne is a model of taste in the rustic style. It is all prettiness without and within; and, in the latter, it does not disdain the aid of millinery. The hall is hung in sky-blue and white, and with the diplomas of honor won in the field. To-day the club, with its four hundred and fifty members,



HALFTONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY E. DAVIS.
A GINGERBREAD FAIR.



NIGHT SCENE IN A FAUBOURG STREET.

claims the lead among French societies of athletic sport. It began in the humblest way, but still among the "directing classes." A few young fellows at the Lycée Condorcet wanted to stretch their legs, and bethought them of foot-racing in the English style. But first they tried it in the French, that is to say, with prettiness as the first end and aim. They ran in satin blouses, in jockeys' breeches, in jockeys' hats, in jockeys' boots, nay, some positively with jockeys' whips in their hands, as though with some covert design of touching themselves up behind. Then gradually they swept all this nonsense away, crossed the Channel for their lesson, and rigged themselves in the style approved

to experience. From that time forth they did exceedingly well. They invited English amateurs to compete, and held against them, year by year, the championship in three of the four distances, the shorter ones. Even the mile they won three times out of six; and though their champion, Borel, was beaten in 1891 by an American, he made a good fight for it. They train for their work, though, characteristically, always under the doctor's orders for moderation. In the same way they brought in foot-ball, where they have yet to beat their masters, and they are now introducing it into the playgrounds of the lyceums.

Then they busied themselves with lawn-

tennis, and with success. For their best in this line we must go to the club of the Île de Puteaux on the Seine, a charming rural retreat lying under the guns of Mont Valérien. There you have about a dozen courts, with great refinement in the domestic service, as well as the rigor of the game. Still toiling, and not in vain, after its English masters, our "high life" has now its Polo Club near Bagatelle, in the Bois. It exacts strict guaranties of respectability. On the ornamental side none are eligible for admission but the mothers, wives, and unmarried sisters and daughters of members. For their benefit there is a regular service of five-o'clock tea, under umbrella tents. It is not only polo, but polo with a background of dwarf forests, of the spires of St.-Cloud, of the meadows of Longchamp.

In like manner the French are acclimatiz-

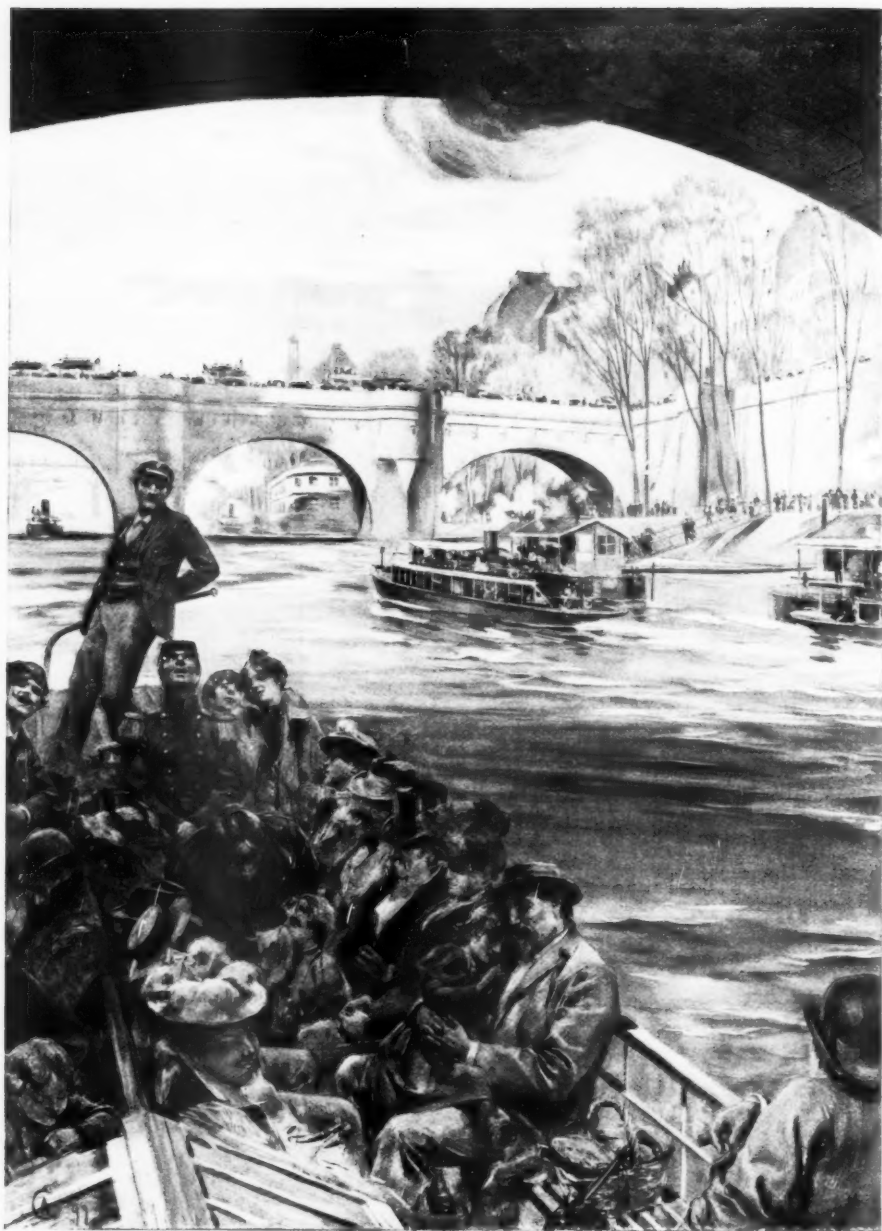
ing golf, especially on the shores of the Mediterranean. At the same time Paris is reviving for its own benefit several of the national games. To see some pretty play of *longue paume*, the old *longue paume* of the South, go on Tuesdays and Fridays at about five, and on Sundays all day long, to the gardens of the Luxembourg. It is played there with rackets according to the best tradition, not with the hand, the tambourine, or the wicker glove, which are still in vogue in the Pyrenees.

This is a popular game, since it is played both by and before the crowd. The fashionable sports affect seclusion and take great pains to secure it. Most of them had their modest beginnings at the old *tir aux pigeons* in the Bois, until they grew strong enough, as we have seen, to set up housekeeping for themselves. The *tir aux pigeons*, in its



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

OPEN-AIR DANCES ON THE 14TH OF JULY.



HALF-TONE PLATE ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM MILLER.

AN EXCURSION ON THE RIVER.

turn, began as a skating club, where the happy few might enjoy themselves in winter without intrusion from their fellow-creatures. The antiquary may find it worth while to examine the archives of these institutions for traces of English origin. In the old rules of the Paris Gun Club, for instance, he will find: "Il est interdit de tirer les deux coups de fusil à la fois: si le pigeon est tué il est compté 'No Bird.'" "Le tireur en place, et prêt à tirer, doit crier 'Pull.'"

Pistol-shooting is much more nearly indigenous. As duelists, the French naturally have to learn to kill in both kinds. The crack shots are celebrated in luxurious monographs of sport, adorned with their portraits, and doing full justice to their "records." The day of the perfect young man of fashion includes some practice with the pistol at one of the private galleries. Sometimes he has a shooting-gallery in his garden, and fires a few shots on rising as a substitute for morning prayer. Then he usually takes a turn on horseback in the Bois—I speak by the card. After breakfast he fires more shots, at some rendezvous in town. He discusses the day's shooting with his friends, and when this weighty business is over, I am assured, he has cleared his conscience of more than half of its burden of duties. A few visits, the theater, and the club complete the day.

Shooting proper, the sport of the gun in the coverts, is a more serious matter. It is hard to get your covert to yourself in this democratic country. What I wrote years ago on this subject is truer than ever to-day. The most familiar type of sportsman is the small rural proprietor, whose shots, perforce, trespass on his neighbor's field because of the narrow limits of his own. He is abroad on Sundays and on holidays with his solitary dog, picking up the crumbs of sport, and it is dangerous to interfere with him in his own commune, because he is an elector as well as a proprietor, and perhaps his voice counts in the election of M. le Maire. The better kind of sportsmen form small syndicates, or shooting societies, and at the end of the day's shooting they divide the bag in equal portions, drawing lots for the odd pieces, or offering them, as a sop to Cerberus, to the peasants on whose grounds they have trespassed. In many instances, however, they buy the right to pass over certain fields, and this is the main object of their association. The great subdivision of landed property in France tends to confront you with a proprietor at every step, and the peasant often de-

rives no small part of his revenue from the shooting.

But the great cities send the most numerous contingent into the fields, for almost every notary, doctor, and government clerk has his weekly or monthly holiday with the gun. The preserves of the Seine-and-Oise, of the Seine-and-Marne, and of the Oise, in the neighborhood of Paris, probably contain as much game as all the rest of France. The best of these, of course, belong to the great proprietors, the bankers and other millionaires, and the next in value are those that lie near enough to get the stray game from the rich man's field. These adjacent lots are much sought after by the humbler syndicates. The shooting at the châteaux, on the great country estates, presents much the same features as in England—invitations to a large circle and a generous hospitality. The main difference is that the invitations are select only in regard to social standing, not to skill with the gun. The keenness of the French sense of the ridiculous does not extend to failure in sport: you miss, and there is an end of it; and as nobody thinks much the worse of you, you do not think any the worse of yourself. The standard of competence is not a high one, and even shooting is more of a pastime than a sport. Ladies sometimes take the field along with the men, and the Orléans princesses and the Princesse Murat used to stand in the front rank. The finest shooting-estates in France are those of the late Duc d'Aumale and of the Rothschilds.

Sometimes, in the more remote excursions after smaller game, a wild boar crosses the path; so the prudent sportsman takes his hunting-knife or even his revolver with him, as well as his gun. The French list of necessities for the field is alarmingly large; the stations at Rambouillet and Fontainebleau, on nights when people are going down for the shooting, are encumbered with *matériel de guerre* in a manner that suggests a mobilization of the army. The Revolution saw the last of the grand battues of the old school; and then the infuriated people held the gun, and slaughtered without mercy, for food, without a thought of the future. The partridge never fairly recovered from that blow.

Fencing has been democratized like all else. At one time the management of the rapier was confined exclusively to the upper classes. Now there is an excellent fencing-school at the dry-goods store of the Bon Marché. The young men at the counters

take their exercise in that way after working-hours.

As our business is with the people rather than with the dandies, let us now go a-fishing with the loungers of the quays. Their pastime imports no great harm to the fish, because it must not import any great fatigue to the fisherman. The Seine, as it flows in or near Paris, has been fouled by the sewage. Still, as these people preëminently live in their traditions, they fish in the new waters as they fished in the old. No other capital can show so many anglers to the mile of bank. They angle in the suds of the riverine laundries, in the brown waterfalls of the sewers. They crowd the Écluse de la Monnaie at the Pont Neuf, which, in spite of its position in the very heart of Paris, is comparatively calm. This, of course, in its independence of raw result, is the true principle of enjoyment alike in sport and in life. Nor are the results unimportant: with an average of one bite to the thousand baits, great is the joy of fruition for the man who lands his fish, and of expectation for the huge remainder. There is a streak of passivity in the French nature, in needful balance with its known tendency to excitement. The sight of the quays on a summer morning strengthens the probability that one Frenchman wrote the "Imitation," and explains how others founded Port Royal. Those who are not fishing are washing and combing the dog; those who are doing neither are looking on.

The preference of the pastime to the sport accounts for the continued popularity of the Parisian fair. Elsewhere, in all save in its primitive trading uses, the fair is on the decline. As a revel, it is but a memory in London. Greenwich and "Bartelmy" became too much of a good thing. In Ireland they hold that, when a skull comes to ill hap at one of these gatherings, what might otherwise be a verdict of manslaughter becomes a verdict of *felo de se*. The owner has literally brought it on his own head. The mere fun of the fair, as an industry, flourishes in full luxuriance in France. Families are born into the business, and die out of it—sometimes with large fortunes to their credit, computed in live stock of the desert and freaks of nature, as well as in bank-notes.

They pitch by the calendar in the environs, and even in the capital at Easter. This is for the gingerbread fair, held in the Place de la Nation, better known as the old Place du Trône. At other times they occupy the great avenues which stretch from the bar-

riers to the open country—for instance, the one that runs from the Port Maillot to the river, a good four or five miles of booths, counting the two rows. Throughout the summer season there is not a fête-day without its fair in one or other of the little townships beyond the walls. It is only a short journey by tram or train, and you are at Versailles, St.-Cloud, Meudon, or what not. The motto is, "Every man in his humor," for the trivialities of popular amusement. You may do nothing in ten thousand ways—by gambling for cakes or for pocket-knives, by throwing a ball at rag dolls, by trying your strength at rickety machines which sometimes yield their whole internal economy to one vigorous pull of a plowman, or by having your fortune told. The daughter of Egypt stands on the tail-board of her van, and gives the gaping throng a gratuitous sample of her wares. For this purpose she whispers fate through a long speaking-trumpet, usually directed by judicious preference to the longest ear. In these confidences you may learn that you have wasted your time in the hopeless pursuit of a fair beauty, while another, as yet in the nature of the dark horse, appeals in vain to your fatuous blindness for a glance. The promise of full particulars for fivepence proves an almost irresistible temptation.

When you tire of this, you may go shooting for many varieties of game, on a system which gives you the excitement of the chase in the open without its fatigues, and, in fact, once more reduces sport to its due proportion of pastime. The prey—hares and rabbits, and wild fowl by courtesy so called—form a happy family, and await their doom in a cage with an edifying resignation that is manifestly quite consistent with good appetite. It is supposed to be determined by your success in attaining a bull's-eye just above their heads, with the aid of a rifle supplied by the proprietor. You have only to hit the mark to have your choice among these living prizes, and to dine on fresh game at a merely nominal cost. Needless to say, you never hit that mark, though you may almost touch it with the muzzle of the weapon. The secret perhaps is in the rifling, and it may one day put inventors in gunnery on the track of that art of firing round a corner which is their philosopher's stone. The animals know, by long experience, that the vicissitudes of the day involve no mischance to them, and that they will invariably sleep in their beds at night instead of stewing in the *pot au feu* of the citizen. They gulp and nibble and

chew, therefore, with the full assurance of a natural span of life. Old age and gray hairs overtake them in this honorable service, and the returning traveler may recognize them after long intervals, during which things of moment have happened in the world.

If you are for sport more worthy of the name, though still without the fatigue of personal exertion, you may have even that at the fair. There are the wrestling-booths, where real work is done by brawny champions whose trade is that of the strong man. It is a sight for an impressionist painter—the great dingy tent with its dim lights, the throng of onlookers, open-mouthed, not so much with wonder as with a mocking chaff which is often the perfection of gutter-wit, the snorting pair in the midst pawing each other for the grip. Sometimes fashion takes a turn in this direction, and the smartest sets of our Romans of the decadence drive down after dinner to look on. This supplies a needful contrast. The little Twelfth-cake figures of the dandies, men and women, in their finery, stand out in sharp relief against the laboring champions in the ring, and the ragamuffins of the barrier in the cheap seats. An indescribable repulsion of feeling is the effect of the whole scene. It is due, I think, to a sense of the difference between the ease of the onlooker and the little ease of the performer. When two struggle alone, it is something between the two, and there an end. Each does his best and his worst. When a third comes merely to gaze for his pleasure, our disgust begins. You can hardly watch a cat worrying a mouse without an uneasy feeling that, as one overmuch on the safe side, you are a bit of a coward.

These visits of fashion to the wrestling-booths will, I think, be quoted against us, with the bull-fights of far more serious import, when the time comes to write the history of our decline and fall. I knew a little girl who, once, without seeing the struggle inside the booths, heard the champions announcing outside that they were about to stake their whole fortune on the issue. She waited spellbound for that issue, until presently they returned, and one declared, with heroic composure, that he had lost the savings of a lifetime. She ran home, emptied her money-box, groped her way back to the fair, amid the glimmering lights of closing-time, and laid her hoard on the lap of the ruined man, now quietly smoking his pipe with the champion who was supposed to have reduced him to beggary. The story should have its cli-

max in his tearful refusal to touch a penny of her money, but it has not. He pocketed the offering, led her to the outskirts of the fair, and told her to be a good little girl and run straight home. Still it remains beautiful for all that.

Sometimes, but not often, you may see a bout of French boxing at the fair—the *savate*. It is a sport that hovers between those lower reaches of the street fight, which it somewhat disdains, and the higher one of the duello, to which it is never admitted. It is taught at the gymnasiums as part of the athletic course. It is an art of kicking, and it trains the foot to take the place of the fist in the personal encounters of the plebs, the hand serving mainly to parry. The foot is a terrible substitute; its strokes are murderous, especially when none are barred. One was barred in a late encounter between the leading French professional and a British boxer. But the French, or rather the Belgian, champion delivered it, all the same, when he found that he was getting the worst of the bout. His opponent was supposed to be maimed for life. On the other hand, to judge by the cries of the delighted crowd, Fashoda was avenged.

After Sedan there was a great growth of gymnastic societies in France, just as there was in Germany after Jena. They sprang up in all parts of the country, with the same patriotic ardor for physical training to the end of national regeneration. They were the first and the least offensive form of Déroulède's patriotic labors. But the poor creature could not keep politics out of them, and they languished in due course. The misfortune of the French is that their athletic exercise is still rather a system than a growth. It has not its proper beginning in the playground. The playground pastimes are still anything but what they should be. The larger boys often take no part in them, such as they are, but merely walk to and fro and contract pimples. The others toy aimlessly with a ball or play at "touch." It is formless amusement, in fact, instead of organized sport. There is no time to repair the omission in later life.

There used to be wild dancing at the fairs. There is less of it now, if only because there is less everywhere. Dancing, in the cheap public halls, there still is, all the year round, but it is more or less professional, especially on the part of the men. These are of a pariah race which is still lower than that of their partners. Even the student no longer dances with conviction as he used to do when Mur-

ger's famous book was young. He goes to the prominent café chantants of the worse type, but rather as an observer. The thing is a little too low on gala days, and a little too dull on the others. Many of the old halls are now the sites of stately dwelling-houses in which the citizen enjoys the amenities of a service of water, of gas, and of tradesmen in procession on the back stairs. The old *bal des canotiers*, at the riverside resorts, in its old style, is but a memory, and not a very savory one at that. The Parisians have lost the energy for this amusement, which in its prime was a strong rival to gymnastics. There are many ways of taking exercise, and one is to take leaps and bounds in an atmosphere of foul air and tobacco-smoke. Self-respect now holds the better sort back.

In the remote quarters the washerwomen and the laborers still have their elephantine revels to round the day of toil. In their rude assemblies you meet on a system of free admission, tempered by a sou paid to the master of ceremonies every time you dance. For popular dancing of the old-fashioned sort you must wait for the 14th of July, which marks the fall of the Bastille and the date of the national fête. The complaisant municipality keeps a ring in the open spaces, and puts up stands for the musicians. The passers-by join in, and the thing is real as far as it goes. It is the people dancing, and this is now the rarest of Paris sights. Even at the great *bal de l'opéra* public dancing has long since become a mere industry. Our grandfathers and grandmothers went there to take a part; they now go only to take boxes and to look on. The business circle is peopled by the scum of the boulevard and by the male supers of the Opéra, who positively contract with the management for their attendance and their costumes, and who undertake to forget themselves in corymbant revel at so much an hour.

The parks and gardens of the capital are the country reduced to scale for those who have to take the air on the wrong side of the fortifications. The most perfect miniature of this kind is the Parc de Monceaux, near the Arch, on the side of the wicked old Parc aux Cerfs. There is a little bit of everything, prairie and ruin and flowery slope, and all in a space that might almost be covered by a hat of Brobdingnag. It is about the most exquisite thing of its kind in the world. The Bois de Boulogne is known to everybody. This is the same thing on a larger scale, every bit pretty, every bit created, if only by the judicious treatment of original wild

and marsh. It is a keepsake fairyland in which nothing is left to chance, and which has an air of being combed and brushed every morning, not to say perfumed from the scent-bottle. Such as it is, it is the best of its kind, and both in extent and cultivation it leaves the London parks far behind. Its faults are those of its qualities. The French with difficulty apply to a scene of nature the precept implied in the appeal, "Can't you leave it alone?"

Even Fontainebleau is laid out as geometrically as a Paris arrondissement, and though, happily, you cannot see the plan for the trees, it is a sad disenchantment on the map. This people would turn the very Yellowstone into a promenade, dotted all over with chalets for papers, and with kiosks for lemonade. The Buttes-Chaumont, on the northeast side of Paris, has been tamed in the same way. It was an old quarry when Napoleon III took it in hand and reduced it to the ordered wildness of early Italian landscape. The rocky bits are there, but clearly they have been made with hands, and all they seem to want is a saint, praying from a missal, to complete the link with civilization. They reverted to primitive savagery under the Commune; for here the fight was hottest, and there was no quarter given or received.

Paris is well provided with its little oases of verdure and flowers. So is London, but there is this difference: in the French city all the oases are free; in the English most are reserved for the occupants of the squares. The square garden is obtained by the sacrifice of what would otherwise have been the private gardens, and the residents keep it to themselves. In Paris this would be impossible. It would be foreign to the genius of the people, and ridicule would kill the privilege, or finally revolution. Only a few years ago we had whole quarters in London closed to the outer world by gates and gate-keepers. They were solemnly abolished amid rejoicings, but the gardens of the squares still remain private property. One day they will go into the common domain, as the fine garden of Lincoln's Inn Fields has already gone, to the huge benefit of the inhabitants of the adjacent slums. The owners, many of them lawyers who had their offices round about, never missed a pleasure which they never used. But they claimed handsome compensation for all that, and got it, too. When all London follows the same example of compulsory renunciation, with or without damages, the metropolis will be the garden city of the world. It almost is so now, thanks to

the happy idea of laying out the old graveyards as pleasure-grounds. In this matter the English capital, after long lagging behind the French, has now bettered the example. Already we Londoners have music in the parks, though it will take us some time to reproduce all the essential features of a military concert in the gardens of the Luxembourg or of the Palais Royal.

The French have had a century's familiarity with the conception that the first duty of a community, in the distribution of the blessings of life, is to itself as a whole. Everything strengthens this idea in your Parisian, and it governs his beliefs with the automatic action of a truism. He expects the government to do all sorts of things that are rarely regarded as obligations elsewhere. It has not only to fix the date of the national holiday, but to provide the entertainment. The national fête, with its free places at the theaters, free treats to the school-children, free illuminations and fireworks, is a marvel of administrative hospitality. There is no sense of favor in all this on the part of the giver, but there is a strong sense of right on the part of the receiver.

So with the enjoyment of the public gal-

leries. Whatever higher uses they may be intended to serve, the first care of the government is to make them minister to the greatest happiness of the greatest number. All the regulations as to hours and days of opening and general conditions of use are framed to this end. The people like to think that their art treasures at the Louvre or at the Luxembourg—their very own—beat all private collections in the world, and are managed by the best experts, ever on the lookout for new acquisitions. Their sense of personal property in the "Mona Lisa" or the "Belle Jardinière," in the Nike of Samothrace or the Venus of Melos, is deep down in them; and while they might take off their hats to these masterpieces, they would never think of doing so to their own servants who have them in charge. I have seen a milliner's apprentice smiling contemptuously at the waist of the last-named lady, left as it is without the correction of the corset. It was bad taste, no doubt, but still it showed the saving sense of one's right to laugh as one likes at one's own. The English visitor to the National Gallery still finds it hard to divest himself of a sense of personal obligation to the policeman.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL.

BY ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO.

WE met them on the common way;
They passed and gave no sign—
The heroes that had lost the day,
The failures, half divine.

Ranged in a quiet place, we see
Their mighty ranks contain
Figures too great for victory,
Hearts too unspoiled for gain.

Here are earth's splendid failures, come
From glorious foughten fields;
Some bear the wounds of combat, some
Are prone upon their shields.

To us, that still do battle here,
If we in aught prevail,
Grant, God, a triumph not too dear,
Or strength, like theirs, to fail.

DR. NORTH AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL,

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Characteristics," etc.

PART THREE.

III.



ANNE VINCENT was sure to consider what Vincent said to her, and probably he put his case later with his usual vigor of statement, for that lady was more than commonly thoughtful as to where she took the new favorite, and to whom she presented her. My wife may also have contributed prudent counsels, for although she too was attracted, and inclined to add Sibyl to her collection of what we called her lame ducks, she was less apt than Anne Vincent to insist on their acceptance by those who were less kind and more critical. Mrs. Vincent took Miss Maywood to concerts, now and then to the theater, and saw, personally, a good deal of the girl.

I was sure that the striking face of Sibyl Maywood would at once attract the too attentive eyes of St. Clair. Perfect physical beauty of body or of face excited him strangely. He held himself free to study the new face or form, and to make comments which at times seemed to us outrageous. Then he was given to poetically idealizing the art idol, and imagining for it moral and mental gifts which it might or might not possess. My wife said that St. Clair was never a bore, even when he talked his wildest nonsense, but that sometimes, when he imagined some dull girl to be Minerva because she had the hand of Venus, the faint shadow of the adjective "tiresome" did hover over that sensitive noun, "talk." I said that was true, but elaborate.

"You are ungrateful. Be so good as to say it better."

I admitted my incapacity, and ventured upon a prophetic statement. I said: "If ever St. Clair feels the charm of some unusual temperament, and sees later the beauty of its owner, he will be hopelessly tangled in the net of love. He will never be hard hit in the ordinary way by being caught first by

face or form. He is too accustomed, as an artist, to be over-critical, and to look for defects."

My wife admitted that there were several ways of falling in love, but when I laughed because she said some men stumbled into love, she declined to go on, for, indeed, her experience had been large.

Now, all this took the form of comments made at breakfast, when most I like to talk. During my winter of work all day long I examine the witnesses we call nurses or patients, and try with much use of skilled labor to get at the truth. Then come the tired evenings, when I have little left to give. But during the night season (I like that phrase, the night season: it implies change) the weary man may unconsciously travel in stranger lands than daylight knows, and return again refreshed and eager, to linger over the earliest meal, and gladly break the fast of the night's silence.

When my wife invited me to say better what she had said, I had to confess that I could not. This challenge came at the close of a half-hour gay with the kind of good talk which no man can or should expect to be able to report fully. When Alice doubted my wisdom as applied to our friend, I added evasively that there might be a better way of describing St. Clair's mental and moral attitude where the beautiful attracted him. I said, "It is absolutely free from the sensual."

"Yes; it appears to be a pure adoration of beauty."

"No, no, it is more complex. If it were unalloyed he would not admit the need to idealize the possessor, and thus to excuse himself. Is it not our tendency to attribute to mere beauty all that is not beauty? Thus man self-excuses his weakness."

"But that is love in its childhood, Owen."

"True; and now at last you are wise. This man has brief love-affairs—oh, surface love-affairs with a hand, a foot, a face, a figure. It has made mischief, my dear Alice, and

will again, but nothing can happen in this way to Clayborne's poor little crippled cousin."

"Oh, my dear, stupid Owen! You forget Clayborne's Eastern sayer of proverbs?"

"What is it, Alice? Hang his proverbs!"

"I forget. I thought I had it."

"Well, I must go. Was it very fine?"

"It was."

When I was in the hall she called me back. "Now I remember it," she said.

"Well?"

"I won't tell you because you won't believe it."

"Nonsense!" said I, and left her. She has never told me.

On his return from the East St. Clair established his studio in an old-fashioned double house in an out-of-the-way locality. It belonged to Clayborne. "I can't let it," said the scholar. "I will not sell my family home. Use it, Victor." St. Clair, who was like a child about gifts, said, "Yes; it will do admirably." A partition was thrown down and a great window broken out of the north wall, and there, living in the upper rooms, St. Clair took up his abode. An old black man became his cook and valet.

Late in November he asked us to take tea with him, and to see the vase he had made for Clayborne's garden—the vase of Keats's poem. I confess to having been curious. It was near dusk when we entered the studio. Vincent was too busy to come. I saw Miss Maywood look about her with quick glances of interest. "Come," I said; "let me show you how statues are born." The clay models, the bits of plaster legs and arms, the tools, the sketches here and there, the costly, carelessly used brocades and Oriental stuffs, caught her eye in turn. She asked many questions. At last she said, "Where is my vase?"

"Your vase?"

"Yes. It was I who told Mr. St. Clair he ought to make it."

"Indeed!" She promised to be as fertile of surprises as our poet.

"Yes; before I saw all of you I knew about Mr. St. Clair. When I made the garden I said to Mr. Clayborne that it would be pretty to have a marble vase like some of his, which are, you know, of clay. He said it would, and so, thinking to please him, I wrote a little letter to Mr. St. Clair. That was how he came to think of it."

"And when you wrote you had not yet seen him?"

"No. Was that wrong? He was a friend of my cousin." She was quick to observe the note of faint criticism in my query.

"Oh, not wrong," I said. "Did he answer?"

"No, he did not. Mr. Clayborne, I saw, liked the idea, and I thought if I could see the vase I should understand how Keats felt when he wrote. But now I feel that it must not stand in the garden. It must be alone somewhere in the wood. There is a spring—don't you think I am right?"

"Good gracious! I do not know. It may be a failure, not fit to be seen or put anywhere."

"Oh, do not say that! That would really grieve me. Let us see it." With these words she walked across the room.

Mrs. Vincent, my wife, and Clayborne were standing near a life-size statue, which was boldly modeled, and still in the clay. St. Clair had thrown off the wet sheet which kept it moist.

"What is it?" said I. "Ah, I see!"

"It is only a crude sketch," said the sculptor, "the model for a monument."

"Lincoln!" said I.

"Yes; the two Lincolns—the complete leader of men and the boy. It has been rejected by the committee."

The sketch was of the utmost vigor. On a rock stood the great President, with his strong, homely, humorous face, a look of loneliness in the eyes. The hands were clasped, palms down. I once saw him standing in this attitude. We were silent a moment.

"When was it?" said Miss Maywood.

My wife looked at her. "When? What do you mean, Sibyl?"

The girl did not seem to hear. She was gazing intensely at the storied visage, so pathetic with the deep lines drawn by multitudinous decisions and fifty years of patient endurance of many things.

St. Clair replied for her. "I thought of him as on the night before his death. He is thinking of his life, of his boyhood, of the past."

Beside the rough rock, at his feet, stood the long, ungainly figure of Lincoln, the boy, in a hunting-shirt, his hand resting on an ax-handle, one foot on a log, a serious figure, in the brief pause from labor, considering with quiet, lineless face the future, as above him the complete man regarded an heroic past.

"How could they reject it?" said my wife.

"Committees are quaint animals," said the

sculptor; "but they cannot deprive me of the pleasure this conception brought me."

"Yes," said my wife; "that must be the best of it. Do you recall the monument at Constantinople they call 'Les Pleureuses'?" No committee would have passed that."

"Oh, yes, yes," cried St. Clair; "and I know what you want to say of it."

"Well," said Alice, smiling, "tell us."

"Miss Maywood," he said, turning to the secretary, "it is a large tomb, and on it are eighteen figures of one woman, in every mood of sorrow, from the anguish of recent loss to the calm of attained serenity."

"But," said Mrs. North, "it is one and the same woman, and the tomb is her husband's. It must have taken long to make. She may, she must have seen that the sculptor was telling in marble not only what she herself had been, but also what she would be."

"Do you know the lines about it? I can recall only the first verse:

What gracious nunnery of grief is here!

One woman garbed in sorrow's every mood;
Each fair presentment celled apart in fear,

Lest that herself upon herself intrude,
And break some tender dream of sorrow's day
Here cloistered lonely, set in marble gray."

"Who wrote that?" asked Clayborne.

St. Clair did not reply, but said, "Come, now, and see Keats's vase—my vase."

Leaving Sibyl and the scholar contemplative before his great hero, Lincoln, we followed St. Clair, and saw him take the cover from a marble vase some four feet in height. At a loss for a pedestal, the sculptor had set his vase on a broken-backed kitchen chair. He had strengthened one cracked leg with twine and a splint of wood. The incongruity of the vase and the improvised support struck me at once, but I said nothing. Then I heard Clayborne, who had left Sibyl: "Why did you put it on that hideous stool, Victor? It is very beautiful; but the chair spoils it. It is like putting a beautiful head on a distorted body." As he spoke, Sibyl approached.

Mrs. Vincent looked up at the speaker. She hoped, as she told me later, that Miss Maywood had not heard him. I was so charmed with the loveliness of my friend's realization of the poet's dream that I scarcely took in this tactless criticism. Nor, strange to say, did St. Clair apprehend the awkward force of Clayborne's words. He looked annoyed, but this was because he loved all praise and deeply felt all blame. Above everything he liked praise from Clayborne, who now called to Sibyl as she came nearer.

"Look at this, Sibyl. The pedestal ruins the vase. Is not that so?"

He had not turned as he spoke. She made no reply. Mrs. Vincent said afterward that the girl heard it all, and that she flushed and slipped away at once. My wife spoke quickly a whispered word to Anne Vincent, and then said aloud: "I think Sibyl has gone into the outer room, Mr. Clayborne. I will see about the tea and send her back."

In a few minutes she herself returned, saying that we must all come and take tea; Sibyl would have it ready in a few minutes. St. Clair had arranged the remaining apartment on the ground floor as his dining-room. Thanks to Mrs. Vincent, it was simply furnished. When we entered, Miss Maywood was bending over the silver samovar which St. Clair had brought from Russia. I saw Clayborne looking at her with unusual attention.

"Why did you run away? What is the matter, child?" he said, with the absolute directness which characterized the man. I saw that her eyes were red. Mrs. Vincent touched his arm as she passed. "But I must know," he said.

"The child has a headache," said my wife, quick to help. "Here is your tea, lemon, and three lumps of sugar."

"Let her alone," whispered Mrs. Vincent to Clayborne, and apropos of the vase, began to abuse him roundly because of his incapacity to care for the best verse. This lack of imagination was why the critics declared that his historical portraits had no life in them. The giant took up the glove, and was soon deep in a contest as to what history should be.

We talked gaily over our tea, and at last went away.

Clayborne took my wife home, and I, having an errand elsewhere, went with Mrs. Vincent.

"That girl is very interesting," I said, "but not quite easy to comprehend."

"And you who are supposed to understand women! You really are exasperating sometimes."

"This is a woman, not women." I was rather proud of knowledge born of many years of varied contact with the sex.

"Sick women you may know," she added, "but not the rest."

"I did not say I understood Miss Maywood. I do not. What was the matter? She looked at the vase and at once slipped away. When we joined you she had been in tears. Am I indiscreet in asking why?"

"No; I will tell you, but any one could see

why. When Clayborne saw that really beautiful thing set on an old broken-backed kitchen chair, he said, with his terrible bluntness, 'Why did you set that noble vase on a broken-backed, deformed chair?' You heard the rest. Could he have chosen a more stupid thing to say?"

"No. But really it seems a quite natural criticism."

"Yes, natural, and tactless like many natural comments. Tact consists in the suppression of the natural."

"I see," said I. "She too is like that, a lovely head set on a maimed body. I was dull, but I scarcely heard him. You must never tell him. He is as tender as she, but he has no tentacula. He is like a crab; all his hardness is outside. To know he hurt her would grieve him deeply. He is very sensitive as to this girl, and has grown to love the poor child with a strong, parental, protective affection."

"And she is worth it, Owen North."

It was a curious little catastrophe, and told me far too much of what Sibyl would suffer, unless with education there should develop a larger self-control and capacity to strengthen, under the inevitable trials her deformity must bring.

For a time neither of us spoke. Then Mrs. Vincent said abruptly: "I wish St. Clair would keep away from her. It is the old story. He was at Holmwood all last week. He reads to her, sings with her, and now he wants to make a relieve of her head. Mr. Clayborne, for once, had a crumb of sense, and said no, upon which St. Clair went into a rage, and said Clayborne had no right to deprive an artist of his natural privilege to study the beautiful."

"His rages do not last long, and what nonsense!"

"Yes; but you see—you understand me, I am sure."

"Yes, only too well; but what can I do? He is—well, who can help seeing his personal beauty? The girl will fall in love. He is so fatally attractive, and she, poor little maid!"

"Could you not speak to him?"

"Hardly," said I. I remembered one too painful occasion when I had spoken out all of my mind to St. Clair.

"Then I must speak to her. I do so plainly foresee trouble. Yes, I shall wait. I will do nothing hastily. Ah, here we are at home. Bring Alice to dine to-morrow. Good night. Don't fail me."

I well knew that Mrs. Vincent would not

at once fulfil her intention. Indeed, she might never do so. Knowing St. Clair as we did, it was not an unreasonable intention, but I felt that it was rather premature. After all, Anne Vincent's second thoughts were the wise bases of her life, and if she had always acted on her declarations as to what she thought and said was advisable she would have been a difficult wife and a nearly impossible friend. I am myself liable to fits of dullness of apprehension, and also at times to failure to see what is obvious to others. I may add that I am now and then surprised at the insight I have as to what folks are or will do. On this occasion I had to be enlightened by Anne Vincent and my wife, who, as I soon learned, shared her friend's opinion that there might already be mischief brewing. I found it hard to believe, but after a little talk we were finally at one as to the present value of silence.

IV.

ONE afternoon all of us chanced to be together at Holmwood for afternoon tea, in the delightful time of autumn. St. Clair was late, and before he came our host wished to show us the lily-pond, to make which he had turned aside the waters of the creek. He meant it to become a part of his wild garden, and desired to fill and surround it with our native aquatic plants. After seeing what he had done, we came back to the house, and soon began to talk about St. Clair's sermon, which all of us had liked. Mrs. Vincent had to own that St. Clair had dealt fairly with a text we all thought hard to handle.

"Try us with another," said I.

"No," she said; "I dislike making a kind of game of it."

"That depends, Anne," said my wife, "on how you take it—in what spirit. I am sure that no one could have dealt more reverently with the text than our friend did."

"Yes, dear, you are right. Only I wish I thought he was in earnest."

"I am sure," said Sibyl, "that I, for one, did get new and useful thoughts out of Mr. St. Clair's sermon. It may have needed a note of appeal at the close."

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Vincent, "that is so difficult. I heard a delightful gentleman, who was a clergyman, say that when at the close of a sermon he came to apply a truth to the people before him, he always felt as if he were taking a liberty."

"With young preachers one feels that, but

"I liked this sermon," said I, "because it did leave to the intelligence of those who heard it the inference of appeal, the beautiful moral."

"We are perhaps an unusual congregation," said Clayborne, "and yet I do not see the personal appeal so apparent to you."

"He knows too much already," laughed St. Clair, who had just come in. "Let us leave it untold to punish him for always knowing so much more than we."

Clayborne protested amid continued merriment, and at last retired into the recesses of his own mind to search for the needed appeal or the missing moral.

As my wife still insisted on her wish for that text on which no man could with relevancy preach, Mrs. Vincent said: "Well, my dear Alice, if you really want to have a competition in preaching, I will present you with a text. I fancy that no one has ever used it, or ever will use it. It may serve to put an end to your ambitions."

"And this impossible text," said St. Clair, "is—"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Vincent, "it is—but you are out of it."

"Good! I am *hors concours*."

"Yes; we agree to that," said I.

"My text is, 'So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them.'"

"I am very well out of it," cried St. Clair; "I see no interest in your text. The man was a thief, and was set at liberty. That is all."

My wife laughed. "The absence of imagination renders some minds very unproductive."

It much amused us to hear St. Clair thus rated. He, too, enjoyed it.

"C", go on, my imagination goes on frolics, gets drunk, goes mad, but is always about, and has the sense to know when its key will not unlock things."

"It is from want of knowledge this time," said Clayborne. "As you quote it, the text is barren; but not when one considers the laws of the Romans. You will find in—"

"Please, please!" cried Anne Vincent. "Do not help them with the sermon. I protest."

"But I see so clearly. It is a lack of charity to fail to contribute essential knowledge."

Mrs. Vincent looked up, amused at this cumbrous statement. "Then do not contribute your clearer view to our lesser insight or oversight; is there such a word?"

"No need for it, and, dear Mrs. Vincent, I am dumb."

"Who will do it?" said she.

No one claimed this doubtful privilege.

"Alas!" cried my wife, "are we so bankrupt of wit?"

"You should have accepted Clayborne's charity," said St. Clair.

"Charity?" said Clayborne. "Another cup, Mrs. Vincent. Charity; perhaps I misapplied the word."

I saw the twinkle of self-amused mischief in St. Clair's face as he said, "I know a nice little story about charity out of your favorite sayer of sooths, El-Din-Attar."

"Well," said Clayborne, "go on. It is not very long, I trust."

"No," laughed St. Clair; "I shall never compete with you as to quantity; as to quality, that is another affair."

"Oh, go on," said Clayborne.

"It is a story," cried Mrs. Vincent, drawing nearer.

"Harun-al-Rashid was again of a mind to play beggar. He betook himself to the gate of the palace, where, even after dark, many went in and out. Presently came forth the court poet, Mustapha, and with him the court fool. The calif made himself small as they approached, and said: 'Alms to the starving. The calif, men say, hath made you both rich to-day. Give as it was given.'"

"That were to want respect," said Mustapha, "to abandon so soon what his mightiness the protector of the poor has given. In the words of a wise poet of the infidel, 'Sing a song of sixpence,' which is to say, write a great poem like mine, and collect of lovers of song, such as Harun the Magnificent, thy proportioned pay, as I have done.'"

"What stuff!" said Clayborne.

"Said the calif, 'I understand sixpence to be a very modest sum; that must be the usual pay of infidel poets. Thou art not generous, but thou hast given me to-night the coin of reflection. The poor of soul are the poor of pocket.'"

"To give the coin of reflection," said the poet, "is my business and my delight. Thou art welcome to all that I have."

"Alas!" cried the beggar; "but will it buy me cabobs or so much as the tail of a fish?"

"Upon this he turned to the poet's companion, and said: 'O Fool, thou too art rich to-day. Let me have a penny; I am hungry.'"

"I must justify the proverb," cried the fool, "'A fool and his money—'" and gave him a handful of gold sequins.

"I shall pray for you at morning," said Harun. "And now, I have emptied the head of wisdom and the purse of folly."

"True," said the fool; "I have not a penny for supper; I gave you all. Give me alms, a trifle, I pray you."

"Not I," cried the beggar; "that were to show disrespect to the proverb you so wisely quoted. I, at least, am no fool."

"You rascal!" cried the poet, laughing, "give me back a little of my wisdom."

"I have given to both of you," returned Harun, "and ye know it not."

"By Allah!" said the fool, "the man must be a poet. Let us go to the tavern and drink of the wisdom called wine."

"Thus saying, they went away. The next day, in the divan, Harun said to Mustapha, 'Did a beggar ask alms of thee last night?'"

"Yes, Sustainer of the universe, Prop of the stars. It is as thou hast said."

"And you gave not! You also asked alms of him."

"I did, O Inventor of wisdom."

"What did the beggar give?"

"The poet shook in his sandals. 'O Calif, he said he had given; I knew not what he meant.'"

"A pretty poet!" cried Harun. "I too am a sufi poet. I will interpret. He gave you both the noble alms which Allah gives to all men, the alms called opportunity. Henceforth thou, O Poet, art my court Fool. And thou, O Fool, be thou my Poet. Abide now in the shadow of reflection, and find me a rhyme for opportunity."

"Immunity!" cried the fool, laughing; "forgive my brother!"

"Thy brother?" asked the calif.

"Yes, my foster-brother. We were both fed from the breast of folly; all poets are."

"How do you do it?" asked Miss Maywood.

Even Clayborne was amused, and called it wisdom, and so we strayed into other chat.

A few days later our friends dined with us. Clayborne and I played chess after dinner, and the rest were talking, when the servant brought me a large envelop marked "Immediate." I said, "Pardon me, Clayborne," and opened it. I looked around, and said: "Who wrote this? It is a sermon,—hardly that,—a something on Mrs. Vincent's text. Who wrote it?"

St. Clair and Clayborne denied any share in it; I certainly had none.

"Was it—is it yours, Miss Maywood?"

She said: "No, indeed. Read it; then we can guess."

"Let me see it," said Alice. "It is typewritten and mailed to you, Owen. Let us hear it."

"By all means," said Clayborne.

Upon this we settled ourselves to listen, and I read. It began with the text, "So Pilate, willing to content the people, released Barabbas unto them." "In four places this man, who says no word of or for himself, is spoken of. He, it is probable, was, like our Saviour, known by the commonly used name Jesus, Jesus Barabbas. The Jews desired his release, as Pilate knew. He is mentioned variously as a notable prisoner, a robber, a murderer during insurrection, a leader of sedition. It seems fair to infer that, if a Jew, he may have been one who, during unsuccessful revolt, had committed what the Roman rule regarded as murder. If so, the Jews would naturally have been inclined to think other than ill of him. He may not have been a murderer, or even a bad man. Before the Roman procurator, Pilate, in the hall of judgment, stood this Jesus Barabbas, the man set free, and that other Jesus, the Christ, in his white Syrian robe. 'So Pilate released Barabbas unto them.' What thoughts were in the mind of Christ as he looked on the man in whose place he was to die? In this tragic hour we seem hardly aware of any one but the silent Christ, who had said his say, and would speak no more to man. The released criminal, who may have been innocent of anything but hatred of the oppressors of his race, has for me a share in the historic interest of that memorable hour. He was free. Astonished and relieved, he too must surely have looked in turn at the unmoved figure before Pilate. He must have heard of him, and no doubt shared the disbelief in his message held by all in that judgment-hall. He could not have been human and remained without some thought of the strange situation which gave him back to hope and life. Then he turned and went out, glad of the fresh air of freedom. How can we fail to imagine the rest? Did his interest cease here? I cannot so believe. Among the many who stood to see the Christ go past to die, stood Barabbas by the wayside. As the Christ went past he set his eyes on the man Barabbas. I think they said, 'Follow thou me,' and the man arose and went after him. When the night was deepening around the mournful group below the cross, afar off sat the malefactor. Above hung the tortured body of the dead Christ. He too was released by a greater than Pilate—Death.

Then one touched the shoulder of the man Barabbas. He turned in alarm. 'Have no fear; thou art the first for whom he died, and he died for many. Go, and sin no more.' Upon this Barabbas arose and girded his loins, and went forth into the desert, and was seen no more of those who had known him."

"Is that all?" said Alice.

"Yes, all," said I. "It is hardly to be called a sermon."

"I do not think he was a robber," said Mrs. Vincent. "I like to believe that he was not."

"If," said Clayborne, "he were, as he might have been, only a rebel against Roman rule, he may have fallen in the great siege of Jerusalem, a leader of his ruined race."

"Or through life have followed forever those sad eyes. Who can say?" It was St. Clair who spoke.

"And who wrote it?" said I.

No one could or would say. We talked it over for a while, making vain guesses.

When, later, St. Clair had risen and was about to take his leave, he said: "I was stupid as to that text; but why did the writer end his sermon just when it had brought him to the point where the story, with an ever-enlarging moral, takes in so much of life? A lost chance, a lost chance!"

"What do you mean?" said we. "Go on."

"No," he said; "not I. Good night"; and that unstated wisdom never became ours.

Clayborne and I went back to our unfinished game, leaving the women still earnestly guessing at what St. Clair meant. Vincent watched us in silence. I won at last.

Said Vincent, "You went wrong with that knight, Clayborne."

"I did."

"I find it hard not to criticize openly a game when I am looking on," said Vincent.

"That reminds me," said I, "of what General Sheridan told me. I had asked him about the Franco-Prussian war. He said that, being with King William, he saw, and could not fail to anticipate, more or less of Moltke's plans and the results. He said he was like an expert watching a game of chess; that the failure to see how to use cavalry was remarkable on both sides, and that he sometimes found it hard to keep quiet."

"I am sure he did," said Vincent, "though he could be as silent as Grant."

"That is saying a good deal. Dr. B—— told me that in two years of constant inter-

course with Grant he only once heard him express an opinion of any officer on either side."

"And that once?" queried Clayborne.

"It was at Donaldson. Dr. B—— complained that his hospitals were so near the Confederate lines that a sally would certainly put them in peril. General Grant said: 'Be easy. I know the generals in command. They are thinking far more as to how they shall stay inside than how they shall get out.' And yet," continued I, "Grant liked to talk. But that was after the war. Another game?"

"No; we must go."

When we were alone, we three, my wife, my cigar, and this writer, I said to Alice, "You wrote that little poetic commentary. It is not a sermon."

"Yes; I thought you would know. I want you to like it."

"I liked it very much."

Although Alice found it agreeable to relate her thought on paper, she had no ambition to be seen in print. When I said that I liked what she modestly described as a shred of a possible sermon, she was pleased. She often complained that to express herself in speech was never satisfactory, but that when she wrote she felt assured of power to state her thought. This is also my own case. She said, "You will not tell?" I said no, but that the slow mechanism of Clayborne's mind would be sure to grind out the truth, and, in fact, this proved to be as I predicted.

V.

WE were again together after dinner, but this time it was in the Vincents' drawing-room. Miss Maywood was not with us.

"Tell us some new thing, Owen North," said Mrs. Vincent, turning round on the piano-stool. She had been singing capriciously, as birds sing, bits of songs.

"Some new thing? That is desirable," said Clayborne, "or not."

"What a challenge! Some new thing! I cannot. I was just now thinking over St. Clair's sermon. It took me back to my remembrance of a sermon I once heard. It was during the third year of the war. I was with Phillips Brooks on the coast of Maine. We went to a Methodist meeting-house on Sunday morning. I have been trying to recall the text."

"Can you recall the sermon?" said my wife.

"Yes; after a fashion."

"Then tell it, and let us find the text to fit it."

"Ah," said Mrs. Vincent, "given the sermon, to find the text. That might often be difficult."

"What the preacher desired was to make clear that we should always do our duty without regard to consequences. He assured his hearers that very often they would find it easier than to shirk it. He said: 'There is a ship ashore, we will say; got to get her men off. It's right risky. Well, so is shipwreck of a man's soul. You've got to choose.' He had many illustrations. He described the battle between the Israelites and the Amalekites. He said that Moses considered the fight through a telescope. This nearly upset even the technical gravity of the famous preacher, my companion. The fishermen and sailors were undisturbed. What more natural to them than a telescope? 'Do your duty,' he said, 'and you'll often find the Lord lettin' you off easy. I was chaplain last year to a Maine regiment. Our time was out. We were asked to stay on and volunteer for a fight next day. I told the boys, and some said no—only a few, mostly married men. The rest stayed right on. Next day at dawn I said a few strengthenin' words, and then we went on. It was a little out-lyin' fort, south of Petersburg. Well, we rushed it. My friends, the Rebs had left. There was n't no one there. We did n't lose a man, and we saved our souls alive. This is how God is good to a man that does his duty. Alive or dead, that man is safe. That's so whenever a man's got to take risks on land or sea. Just you think of that, my friends, when life is stormy, and your soul's on a lee shore. The right-doin'-man has always got two strings to his bow. You may get out and be none the worse, or you may die and never come to any shore but where the black waves of death break on the golden sands of heaven; and the hand that will be stretched out to you, there ain't need to tell you whose it will be.' This is all I can recall."

"That old proverb," said Vincent, "of the bowstrings, which comes down from the bowmen of Cressy or Agincourt, has had a long life. I found another in one of Queen Bess's letters. She says: 'He who seeketh two strings to one bowe may shute strong, but never strait.' There is a small literature of proverbs about the bow. I find your sermon much to my mind."

"And," said Clayborne, "you did not make it up?"

"No; I have tried to render it fairly. That it is verbally accurate I cannot say. Find me his text. That I have lost."

We discussed this want in vain. All that we could be sure of was that the text must have suggested the sermon. At last Vincent said to his wife, "You expect Le Clerc to-night, Anne?"

I knew that she did, as she had previously spoken to me of it, and was, as usual with her, greatly excited by the expectation of any quite novel experience. I had looked, as I entered, to see what fresh dramatic setting there would be, and had observed, as Vincent came in after our arrival, a look of mirth on his telltale face. Her habit of slightly changing her drawing-room to suit her sense of the fitness of things was well known to all of us. It was purely to satisfy herself, and was without the least affectation. I understood at a glance. Le Clerc was to talk about things mystical. The *mise en scène* was at times elaborate, as I had once had occasion to observe, and have elsewhere stated. To-night it was simple.

Years before St. Clair had sent from Japan two historically famous balls of crystal. These were well known in Japan as the Rock of Remembrance and the Rock of Reflection. They were fully ten inches in diameter. One was of smoky quartz; the other was a crystal sphere of delicate rose-color. When these reached Clayborne with a parlor bill, he paid with a groan, and sent them to Anne Vincent.

And now the Rock of Reflection lay to the left of the blazing hearth, on a cushion of fawn-tinted velvet, and was glowing like a glorious, ruddy moon, mysteriously beautiful. Midway in the room stood a small, round Chippendale table of dark mahogany. It was an unusual bit of furniture, because the rim was a narrow edge of silver. This table commonly held the roses Anne Vincent loved so well. On this occasion there was a shallow dish of pearl-gray china, and afloat in it half a dozen water-lilies. These were wide open, as they had no natural business to be at night, but, as St. Clair once remarked, flowers and people did for Anne Vincent what they never did for any one else. Beside this dish was a slim Greek vase, in which stood a few grotesque orchids, rich in color and as strange as gargoyles.

When, as I stood admiring this suggestive and, for Anne Vincent, quite moderate setting, she herself, replying to her husband's question, said:

"Yes; I think I hear Mr. Le Clerc's voice

in the hall. What a queer falsetto! He has promised, if Fred does not object, that I shall see a famous medium—oh, not now, of course."

"I think it all very silly," said Clayborne.

"At least it may amuse you," she said.

"It will not, my dear lady. But it may have other values."

The gentleman who entered was a tall man, slightly bent, a professor of physics, and well known in the world of science. He spoke to us in turn quietly, in a sharp voice of unpleasing tones. He apologized for being late, and added that he had only a few minutes' time, but had come to place himself at Mrs. Vincent's command.

Upon this we fell to talking about spiritualism, mind-reading, and the like. At last Vincent said: "Le Clerc, you have seen a good deal of these matters. Is there any one thing among them of which you are sure?"

He replied with evident caution: "I think I have seen a man read cards which he could not see. Thus, if you chose a card from a new pack, and held it up so that he saw only the back of your hand, and you the face of the card, he was often successful in naming the card. I cannot see how he could have tricked me, and in justice I should add that I have done it myself, but not nearly so well as he. He professed to be able to name also any card I had in mind. In this he was less fortunate."

"Let me say something, Mr. Le Clerc," said I. "This is an exhibition of so-called telepathy in its simplest form. Suppose we admit its truth. What one man can do must represent a power possessed in some degree by all men. It may be small in most men, or in abeyance. It must be in the mass of men a quality, a capacity, on the way to fuller development. All our abilities, all sensual perceptivity, must have gone through endless ranges of acuteness, and always, in their evolution, certain persons must have had this or that sense in a larger degree than the less-developed mass of his fellows."

"If we accept the fact as stated, that seems reasonable," said Clayborne, "but in the cases you mention the organ of sense existed. It was recognizable. What is the mechanism in this present case? Where or what is the new sense thus used? For it is through the senses alone that we get news from without."

"Who can guess?" said Le Clerc. "There are many parts of the brain to which we assign no function. I am not sufficiently sure of the facts to go further."

"Do you know," said Vincent, "how you do this thing?"

"I do not. I am rarely fortunate; at times I fail entirely. This makes it hard to condition, and thus unlike the facts of outside nature. I have given up its study for this reason, and, too, because it affects me disagreeably."

"Can you," said my wife, "tell us how you seemed to do it? It cannot be chance."

"No," said Clayborne, decisively.

"I seemed to see the card," Le Clerc said. "It looked larger than the real card. Once I stated the number, but was unable to tell the color. It requires a certain amount of time. I cannot succeed if the person who holds the card does not know the card and does not think of it. In fact, most of the larger pretensions as to this matter break down under severe tests, and I am still in doubt."

"I have," said I, "at times suspected myself of having a certain amount of capacity to know what people are thinking. It may have been that I was mistaken."

"For my part," said St. Clair, "I hope it will remain an undeveloped capacity. To read at will the minds even of those we love would be disastrous to happiness."

"Or at times quite the reverse," said my wife.

"But," returned St. Clair, "imagine a world from which speech was gone, and where this power had become universal. To lie would be impossible. The whole fabric of civilization would crumble; war would be impossible, love a farce."

"Even nonsense may suggest thought," said Clayborne, who was apt to take St. Clair literally. "Individual capacity to conceal thought is an essential of civilized life. The savage conceals nothing. This would be retrogression. The barbarian is willingly open-minded. We should be self-revealed unwillingly."

"Perhaps," said Vincent, "this power, if it be one, is, as we assume to have it, an abnormal thing, like those excessive attributes of the senses acquired in disease."

"But," said Clayborne, "this other could not be any excess of a sense known to us. It must be a radically different sense."

"Yes," returned Vincent, "you are right. Nor have I any, even the dimmest, consciousness of any unused power to apprehend another's thought. Owen North may have. He said so."

"Oh," cried my wife, "but I do not think Owen is in the least abnormal."

At this we laughed, Le Clerc also declining to be thus classed.

"At all events," said Clayborne, "no possible good can come of these investigations. If taken seriously, their study should be in hands which are competent for the work. Few are. The mere man of science, the physicist,—horrid word,—has been endlessly fooled by the trickery of so-called spiritualists. As Le Clerc has said,—I think you said that,—one cannot condition the facts."

"Hysterical and hypnotic telepathy," said I, "has repeatedly taken in some of the ablest of my profession. The study may some day be more fortunate. Now men in general get no good, and often harm, out of attempts along these lines of too vague phenomena."

"And yet," said Mrs. Vincent, "such small facts as we have just now heard do give one a sense of the possibility of mind directly communicating with mind, and so of the possibility of our minds being affected by those who, being dead, speak no more the ordinary tongue of man."

"No," said Clayborne, "that by no means follows. You infer too much."

"Let us then wholesomely stop here," said I; "I quite decline a plunge into the idiotic chaos of spiritualism."

"He," said Clayborne, "who needs that help to faith must strangely want the power to read aright his own nature and the great world."

This was gravely said by Clayborne, and was one of the frank statements of his calmly held beliefs which we rarely witnessed.

Said Le Clerc: "I busied myself once with many of these phenomena. Some I thought at one time honest facts; others mere obvious trickery. I gave it all up, and came to see that some, even of the ablest and most honest of the men given over to these pursuits, got at last into a condition of utter incapacity to disbelieve things which were clearly absurd, such as the so-called materialization of spirits."

"If," said I, "it be full of pitfalls for men of intellect, it is a slough of mental disaster for feeble minds. I have seen in the followers of these ways much sad disorder of mind."

"I have a very mild desire," said Clayborne, "to see once a spiritual display—séance, they call it, I think."

"Listen, Fred," cried Mrs. Vincent; "even Mr. Clayborne shares my curiosity."

"I am sorry for him, Anne. I shall not stand in your way, but let it be once, and only once."

"I could arrange for it," said Le Clerc. "I gave up all personal interest in this matter long ago, but I know many of these people."

"I should like," said my wife, "that we should be unknown to the medium."

"That is easily managed," said Le Clerc.

Like Vincent, I rather strongly objected to this folly. I agreed, however, that we would be present, and predicted that one sitting would satisfy all concerned. The famous Seybert commission was enough for me. Its report is as amusing as a volume of "Punch," and more instructive.

"I will see about it," said Le Clerc, "and now I must go. I called merely to know what Mrs. Vincent wanted."

As we too were about to leave, I said to Vincent: "I have had a visit from Xerxes Crofter, my Western railway brigand. You will grieve to hear that he is still entirely well. After a noble career of destruction in the West he moved to New York. He is here just now, to my amusement, to see Clayborne, who, as you know, owns a coal-mine in Ohio, and a little branch road, which is a feeder of Xerxes's great railway system. Clayborne thinks the rates on the main line excessive, and threatens a big fight. When Xerxes heard that Clayborne was my friend, he came hither to have a talk with him. Both are rather cross, and Clayborne happy over the imminence of a row."

"I should like to see that robber," said Vincent, "but not in my own house. Probably Clayborne will ask me to be present at their conference. One would like, Owen, to talk frankly with a man who has stolen fifty millions."

"It may be possible with Crofter. He is a man with no end of bad qualities, and an underlying stratum of something better."

"That of course," returned Vincent. "The giants of criminal finance are rarely without some fractional capacity to imitate their betters. That is no real gain. Men wholly bad are less dangerous."

"Well, you will be interested. That I promise. The man has learned many things since I first saw him. I think I said that Clayborne has asked him to dinner."

"Yes, it does not surprise me. He would ask a murderer if he wanted to study him. He has none of our feeling as to the social sacredness of the act of feeding. After it he will be as remorseless in his dealings with this potential scamp as if he had never given him of his salt. Your wife is waiting. By-by!"

(To be continued.)

THE MAHARAJA'S WATER CARNIVAL.

BY R. D. MACKENZIE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

BENARES is an everlasting garden of festivals. She unfolds them from day to day with all the freshness and beauty of new-blown blossoms, the petals of which are being constantly scattered in wreaths of color about the feet of her shrines, and gently floated away in winding chains of withered leaves on the surface of the broad Ganges. But from the midst of these numerous fêtes the maharajas of Benares have selected one, making of it a royal water carnival, and attracting many thousands even from great distances.

The little circle of Europeans resident in Benares received gilded cards of invitation to the "Burra Mungal Mēla," as it is called, which begins on Tuesday evening and lasts for three days and nights. It was for the third or last night that the invitations were issued. But fearing select and formal functions and their unnatural impressions, I decided to wander away with the multitude into the bright sunshine, seek my old studio, the house-boat, and resume my driftings on the bosom of the "Mother of Eternity," whose ceaseless flood transports the ashes of her beloved worshipers to everlasting peace.

"Does the sahib know that this is the week of the great Tuesday festival, and will the protector of the poor bestow upon his humble slave the accustomed bakshish?" This is the beseeching voice of my boatman, who does not realize how near paradise he is.

The "protector of the poor" is as clay in the hands of the potter; but the force of Oriental eloquence nearly awakened him from the dream of past ages, into which he was drifting.

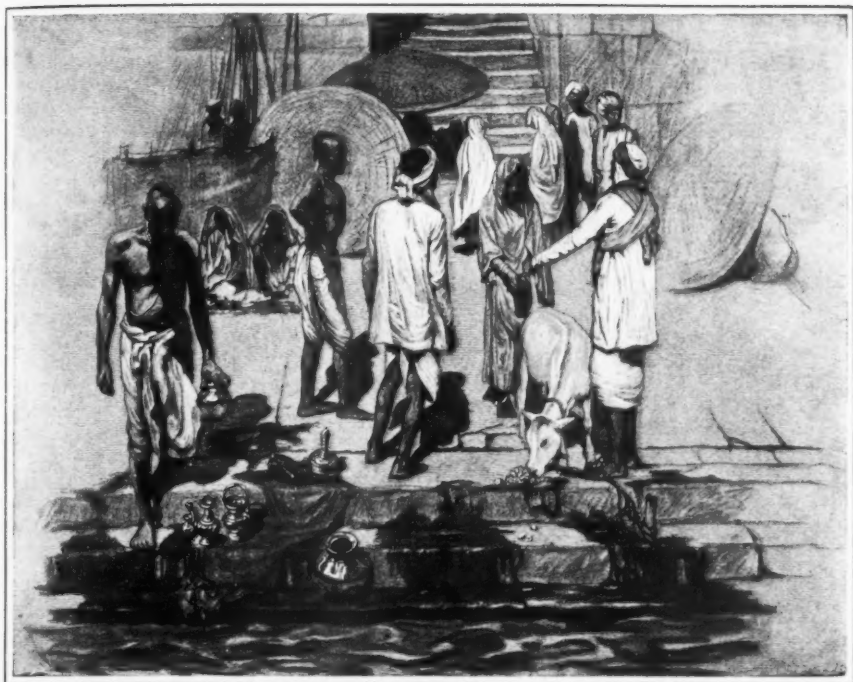
What is this? I rub my eyes to dispel the nineteenth-century haze that clouds the view. Yes, it is a most tangible reality, and in the clear morning light I see from the top of the boat, which has drifted lazily back to its moorings, a small group on the stone steps near the water's edge, within twenty feet of

where I sit—a Brahman priest, two pilgrims, a man and woman, and a cow, which is busy eating a handful of yellow flowers that the priest has just thrown down on the wet red sandstone steps, while he is earnestly trying to persuade the woman to accept a similar bunch mixed with grass, which he holds with the end of the cow's tail in his outstretched hand. She hesitates, and looks appealingly to her husband, who gazes helplessly at her. Seeing this, the priest becomes more vehement, and combines threat with entreaty, until the man at last slowly unrolls a corner of his waist-cloth and extracts a few coppers, which he hands to the priest. At this juncture the wife takes the end of the cow's tail with the flowers, and holds them tightly between her hands. The priest begins to chant, and at intervals he asks for more money. Seeing the old man hesitate and his wife trembling, he threatens to cease his prayers and deny them all the blessings of his priestly power. The poor old pilgrim falls a victim to the crafty Brahman, and slowly and painfully unrolls another hard-saved coin, which brings this part of the sacred ceremony to a close; the priest pats him affectionately on the shoulder, smilingly turns to the wife, and sprinkles some water from an earthen dish over her hands. Now she lets go of the animal's tail, and puts the flowers into the dish which the priest holds out to her. He then tells her to place them on the steps, which is done with much ceremony, and while the cow slowly consumes the dainty morsel, the priest, assisted by another brother of the sacred thread, escorts his two victims away to the shadow of their big umbrella, where they are further dazed and fleeced with a multitude of mystic forms and signs, which alone can completely free the weary pilgrim's soul from sin.

This little incident of the "City of the Gate of Paradise" passed before my eyes and vanished, without so much as attracting a glance from a passer-by.

As the boat drifted slowly along my atten-





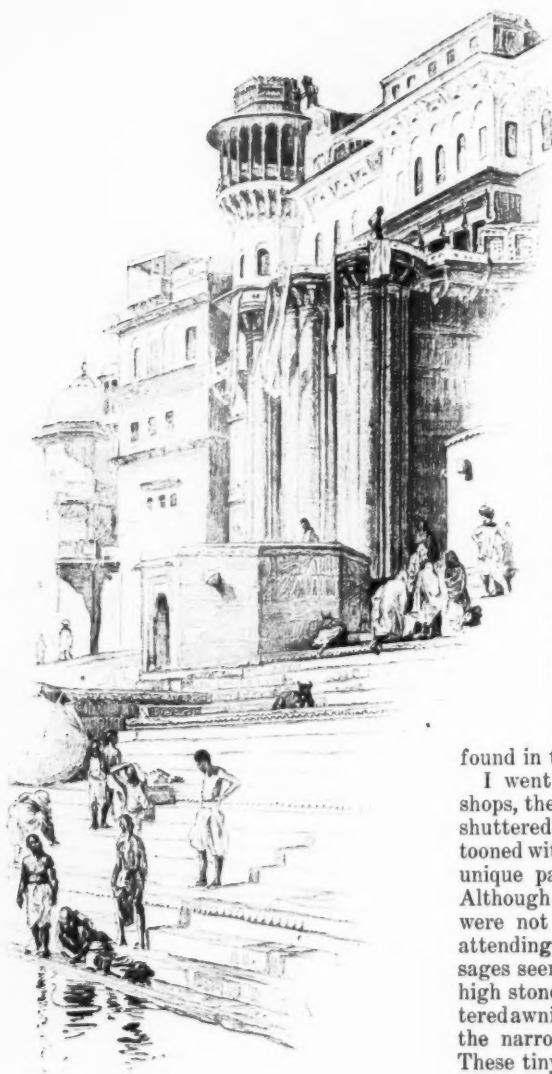
THE BRAHMAN PRIEST AND HIS VICTIMS.

tion was attracted to a ceremony which proved to be a funeral — the funeral of a man who had lived the most perfect life possible to the Hindu. He was a yogi; yes, even a sanyasi, a man who, by asceticism, rigid self-denial, and abstract meditation, had incorporated his spirit with that of the "Supreme Essence." His life perhaps had made as little impression upon the world in which he had lived as did the bundle of tan-colored cloth, his only garment and worldly possession, as it swung from a stick borne between two of his spiritual brothers down to the water's edge. That this rag could possibly contain the remains of a human being was a matter of conjecture only; there was no procession, no crowd, no mourners, nothing to suggest death, except, indeed, the spasmodic blasts from a conch-shell blown by one of the bearers. Nothing could have been more simple. The bundle of faded cloth was placed at the edge of the water; a portion of it was opened and the face turned toward the sun, while the body was held in a sitting posture and water was liberally thrown over it. The blasts from the conch-shell became more frequent and hollow; the body was placed in a boat and taken out to the middle of the stream, to be

let down into the water with large earthen jars attached to it, which slowly filled and disappeared. The privilege of being bodily submerged in the sacred river is reserved for incarnations of the Holy Spirit, so the yogi did not require purifying by cremation. To those who were taking an active part in the ceremony it seemed an occasion for mirth; the event appeared to afford them the greatest pleasure.

A desire to penetrate into the midst of the fifteen hundred temples and shrines that hide themselves from the curious gaze of the worldly and unbelieving eye caused me to leave the boat and follow in the footsteps of the dripping, straggling multitude that rose from the river, and mysteriously disappeared into the endless fissures or passages which curiously open out, when sought for, between remarkably separate sandstone structures, leading in all directions at once. No better strategy could have been devised than this labyrinth to confuse and baffle the intruder. Only he who has gained the right by constant devotion can obtain a knowledge of the key which gives the privilege of entrance.

I penetrated about one hundred yards



THE MUNSHI PALACE.

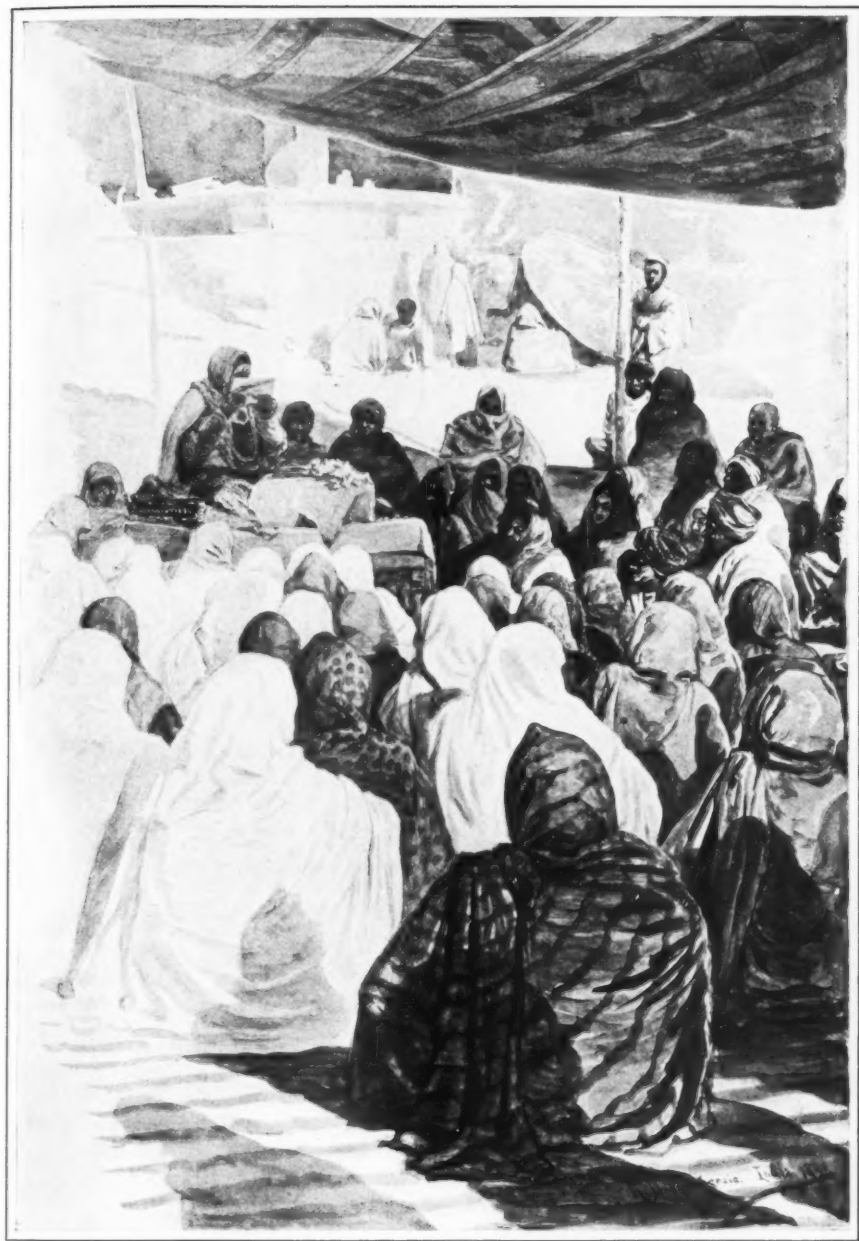
from the river, and in doing so alternately faced all the points of the compass. Every foot of the way was paved with flat stone slabs with spaces between some of them, through which not altogether agreeable odors arose; but I had not come with the expectation of finding Parisian boulevards or any form of Western sanitation. I was jammed in among men, women, and

children of all shades of color and social caste, representing as many individual pursuits, each wrapped in its little group of personal desires; but at the moment they were all actuated by one supreme idea—to perform their morning puja. First having bathed in the river and meditated on its banks in the warm glow of the rising sun, they were re-

turning with their little lotas, and other numerous graceful urns and baskets, all of brightly shining brass, laden with sacred water and little garlands of white-and-yellow jasmine, grains of rice, and other cereals, all to be scattered in precious drops and seeds in front of every shrine on their way—shrines as numerous as the turns in their ever-twisting path. These shrines are often only bits of rough stone, made into a niche or corner in the wall, and dashed with red, while again they assume the rudest mythological shapes. Very rarely indeed is there any artistic skill exhibited in the form of an idol, except those in brass

found in the temples.

I went on and on through passages of shops, the doors of which appeared like low-shuttered windows, and were literally festooned with bolts, bars, and padlocks of most unique patterns and gigantic proportions. Although it was near ten o'clock, the shops were not yet open, as the people were all attending to their religious duties. The passages seemed to grow a little wider between high stone walls with projecting bits of tattered awnings, like bats' wings, spread against the narrow strips of clear blue sky above. These tiny streets on every side were teeming with people in barefooted, noiseless procession. One single ray of sunlight seemed to have slipped by chance down between the flat-roofed houses, filling the moist atmosphere with light, and threading the edge of every figure with a radiant halo. It was all so quiet that at the angling sound of steel I quickly turned to see a group of fakirs (or sadhs), with a ghostly covering of ashes over their naked, originally black bodies. Horizontal white stripes across the forehead, arms, and breast showed them to be dis-

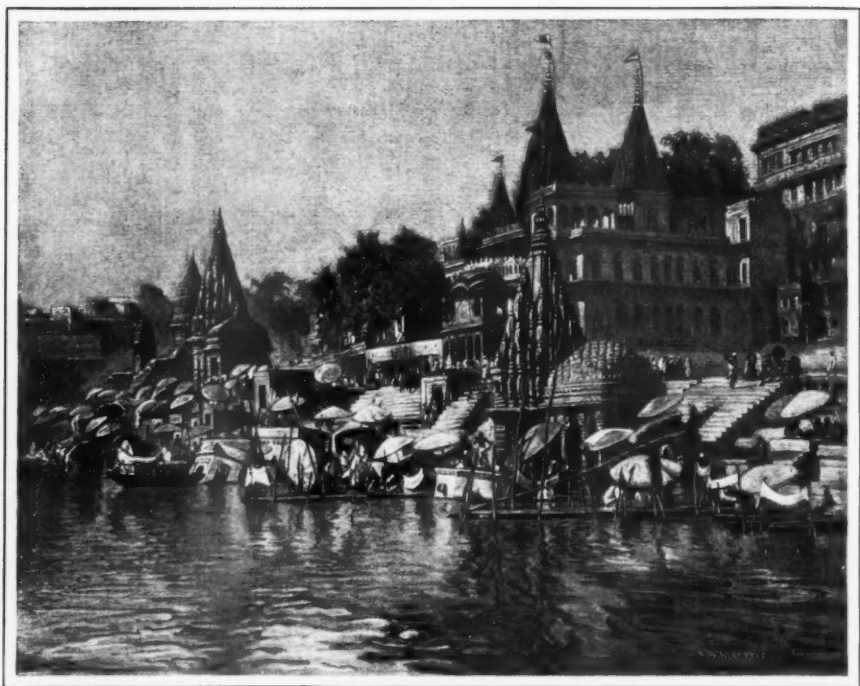


PUNDIT EXPOUNDING THE SACRED WRITINGS.

ciples of that dreadful god Siva, with hair coiled in ropy masses, or hanging down about their faces in long matted strings which have never known a comb. They passed with a

bold, consequential swagger, their iron tridents clanging on the pavement, like perfect incarnations of the devil.

On every side were fawning, grimacing



THE MANIKARANIKA GHAT.

beggars and huddled bundles of rags, disclosing the most miserable of all creatures, the leper. Then came a creature distinct from all the rest, with head and face clean-shaven; he bore a marked resemblance to an old Roman senator. In color he was a much lighter brown than the average native of that part of India. He wore a tan-colored cloth peculiar to his order; his forehead was marked with three vertical white lines, joined at the bottom in the form of a trident, the sign of a disciple of Vishnu, "the spiritual, the preserver." He came along apparently not observing any one, with eyes fixed in meditation, carrying in one hand his gourd of sacred water, and in the other the san-yasi's bamboo wand, which is never allowed to touch the ground.

A shimmer of gold shone through the branches of a pipul-tree that had forced its top above the gray, chilly masonry into the warm, sunny atmosphere. It was the golden temple, the house of Siva, the holy of holies. This mighty power is supposed to sit in eternal majesty on a mountain in the Himalayas. He is the god of the passions, the giver and destroyer of life. He is "endless time," and

when the shadow of his terrible trident sweeps the face of the world, his necklace of skulls rattles in grinning chorus, while the light from his lunar diadem casts ghostly shadows before his dancing skeleton attendants. He is death.

The brass door of the temple was open, in front of which sat some flower-sellers, half submerged in mounds of marigold and jasmine. The passage there was about five feet wide and was full of people, who were good enough to allow me sufficient space to see into the temple, which Hindus alone are permitted to enter; but I was not long left in possession before a sacred bull insisted upon getting me out of the way. However, I regained my post shortly, where with difficulty I watched the mysterious proceedings over the heads of the ever-changing kaleidoscope of men, women, and cattle. The god himself was represented by a large conical black stone, placed under one of the gilded domes of the temple, in front of which were suspended a number of large bells, and in several corners were to be seen various small brass images, the mythological figures of the court of Siva. About these were burning

dim, smoky flames, and everywhere the silent movements of the worshipers, disturbed only by the single toll of a bell at varying intervals, as each person paid his sacred tribute. On leaving the temple, as on entering it, the devotees sprinkled with water and grain the figure of Ganesh,—the god with the elephant's head,—and threw a few flowers on it, for his favor meant success in

all worldly undertakings. What remains of the offerings is generally bestowed with mystic signs upon the sacred cattle, that jostle about among the crowd with an air of self-possession and grave importance quite in keeping with their exalted position.

Behind the temple is the "well of knowledge," from which the most humble can drink if he has sufficient faith—and money.



THE BURNING GHAT.



THE MAHARAJA OF BENARES.

From the photograph presented to the author by the maharaja, whose autograph appears in the upper left-hand corner.

Next to it is a monolith of a bull, which is seven feet high, painted red, and sprinkled with flowers, the offerings of the devout.

Up the narrow lane from the golden temple, I should have passed a little opening in the wall had I not almost stumbled over a group of beggars clustered about the pavement and walls like so many fungi. It was the entrance to the Annapurna, or corn

temple. Looking in, I saw an open quadrangular court, in the center of which rose a temple of numerous stone pillars elaborately chiseled. The sandstone is almost black, and polished by two centuries of contact with animal life. The scene was a busy and a noisy one. Annapurna is the goddess of plenty, and her mission is to feed the world; but she evidently has her hands full with the cows and beggars that fill her temple. Round

the corner of the lane is the temple of Sak-hi Vinayak, the witness-bearer, where pilgrims, on completion of their visits of devotion, receive the crowning verification, and depart certain of entire cleansing and future bliss.

On my way back to the boat I stumbled into the brass bazaar, and got out again as soon as possible, for it is no longer a place where one can find graceful pieces of exquisite workmanship. This is one of the examples of the deterioration brought about by the opening up of Eastern markets to Western commerce. The former have arrived at the conclusion that the latter cannot appreciate a piece of good work, or if so, will not pay for it. The same must be said of those princely brocades known as kin-cob. From the days of Solomon to Jahan-gir it was in Benares that this royal cloth was loomed, but to-day only the most tawdry tinsel is spun and more tawdry patterns are woven. I am indebted to the maharaja for his kindness in permitting me to see the wardrobe of his ancestors. Then I saw the real Benares kin-cob, poems of color and design worth their weight in gold.

The palaces that rise from the ghats and form part of them, and give such picturesque views of river-front, are the property of rajas or wealthy Hindu gentlemen from all parts of India. They or their aged relatives come here to pass the remainder of their days, and peacefully await the privilege they will have of passing away from this world at the very gates of heaven.

Against the walls of the palaces and on the steps of the ghats in the gray, hot sunlight, hundreds of interesting groups were to be seen, all sorts and conditions of people, and every variety of complexion, from the darkest brown or black to a most delicate tea-rose, their forms revealed in classic lines of clinging white draperies, relieved with many passages of fluttering pinks, yellows, and greens. There were black coolies climbing the steep, sandy bank, carrying wood and stone from the barges, the men almost naked, the women draped in sunburnt reds and yellows of coarse cotton, while their ears, noses, necks, arms, and ankles were laden with silver ornaments—their pride and fortune—black with age and constant wear, dangling in the dust. There was the corpulent shopkeeper, banker, or clerk, proud of his rotundity, loosely and sparingly draped in white muslin, his only head-covering a luxuriant growth of short black hair. Beside him might be seen a group of tiny female

forms, a single piece of thin white cotton cloth, six yards long, enveloping each completely, and forming her sole garment, under which an occasional band of gold could be seen.

They had stopped in the shade of one of the thousand straw umbrellas that spring from the sand and stones of the ghats, like so many gigantic mushrooms, under each of which one or two Brahmins sit busily plying their priestly profession, which includes little dabs of pigment on the foreheads of all those who have completed their ablutions, and serves as one of the distinguishing marks of caste or creed. There at the mouth of a dark, cavern-like opening under a wall, dripping with water, and moldy with the smell of decaying flowers, crouched a group of old women, who had brought offerings of spring blossoms to be placed on a large black stone that could scarcely be seen in the depths of the dark hole, its temple. A few steps farther on were seen little congregations, almost entirely of women, all clustered in bunches, looking not unlike a gardener's bed of crocuses, so bright and varied were the colors of their garments, and so conventional the order in which they sat on rugs spread upon the sand or stone steps, listening to the sacred writings as read and expounded to them from quaint old manuscripts by Brahman pundits. A couple of fakirs ambled by; their shaggy, matted heads of sun-scorched hair, like a dangling mass of unraveled rope-ends, revealed occasional glimpses of half-buried, glistening eyes from the gray setting of ash-besmeared flesh, which is their only covering, winter or summer; a coil of rope round the loins, a gourd, and a rod of iron completing their outfit, their air of supercilious contempt for the whole world accentuated by their absolute indifference to money. Then came a bevy of nautch-girls to the accompaniment of tinkling anklets, the ample breadth of swaying skirts badly concealed beneath long saris, and the wearers still yawning from last night's dissipation. An army of peddlers of sweets, flowers, and fruits, and the open-mouthed, wonder-seeing pilgrim followed, all carrying their birthright of caste and country clearly marked in every line of cloth they wear, from the twist of a turban down.

To describe the background of palaces that rise or tumble along the sandy bank would in itself require a volume. An elegant bit of modern architecture, called the Munshi Palace, rises grandly from the ghat on massive stone pilasters. Midway is



THE MAHARAJA'S BOAT.

a graceful balcony formed of their capitals, and above a continuous horizontal line of exquisite little chambers and beautifully carved Saracenic arches as white as snow, making a striking contrast to the remainder of the massive sandstone building of which it forms the summit.

In passing along the ghats one wonders at the sight of magnificent structures twisted

into colossal heaps of ruin, side by side with monuments in a perfect state of preservation. The ruins are not all crumbling masses of decay, but many are tumbled lumps of cleanly chiseled masonry, deserted by the builders, rent asunder, and slowly sinking into the sand and the river, a testimony to some superstitious prejudice and to the Hindu's belief in predestination. He will



THE WATER CARNIVAL.

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not raise a hand to repair or prevent decay.

Manikaranika Ghat, with its group of beautifully massed temples, is undoubtedly the most picturesque spot, as well as the most famous of all the bathing-places, on the river-bank. One may hover about here for hours, instinctively attracted to the place, whether or not one has had previous knowledge of its identity and its legends. Next to Manikaranika is the Burning Ghat, which of all the scenes in this wonderful theater of human emotion possesses the greatest fascination. Here at last is the very gate itself through which all must pass to enter the great unknown. Here the last of a human form becomes a handful of gray ashes. The complete absence of artificiality precludes the possibility of theatrical effect. A red- or white-robed form rigidly bound between two bamboos is left for a few minutes at the edge of the water while the funeral pyre is being built. It is then placed upon the fagots, the torch is applied, and while the flames fiercely battle for possession, the bereaved huddle in a group a few feet away and sadly mourn. Few are the places in this world where death is wooed, but here, for hundreds of yards on each side of this burning pit, may always be seen long, irregular lines of miserable creatures calmly waiting and praying for that eternal rest.

On the morning of the water carnival a distinct ripple of mirth passed along the river during the preparations. The last Oriental splashes of red, white, blue, and green were daubed on the little Noah's arks and peacock boats that floated in gay clusters over their reflections, moored along the banks of the river. Pennants of crimson and gold fluttered from floats in various stages of construction. Midway across the broad stream was a gigantic tent, which had risen with the dawn, like a magic bubble, a floating fairy palace, awaiting the coming of the prince of the carnival.

The cool breeze gradually died in the sultry heat of noonday. The last Hindu wealthy enough to procure a boat sufficiently large and suitable in construction to carry him and his family to the carnival had arrived at an understanding with the astute boatman, and was guarding his prize until he saw it safely anchored in front of his own house. Then all Benares retired within itself to rest and dream, while gold and silver keys were busily plied by trusted maids, who brought from hiding the glittering orna-

ments of uncut clustering gems, and garments, gauzy fabrics of spun gold and silver, threaded into brocades of poetry, such as *dup-chan* (sunshine and shade), *chand-lara* (moon and stars), and *bulbul-chaan* (nightingale's eyes), with which the lady of quality is clad.

The hot afternoon slowly sank into evening, the river being like a sheet of glass; one almost gasped for air. The templed bank was slowly shrouded in the gray veil of evening, and something like disappointment hung in the sultry atmosphere, when suddenly the boatmen cried, "Here they come!" With difficulty I could make out some small gray spots about two miles up the river, just coming into view round the bend from Ramnagar Fort, the residence of the maharaja. Slowly they approached, until at last they were close upon us. The air seemed to grow cooler, and the heat was forgotten. All attention was fixed upon two lovely visions,—one could not call them boats,—the foremost a pair of dappled gray horses rising completely out of the water, supporting a canopy of red silk on silver poles, under which were seated, on the long boat of painted lotus-flowers, the maharaja and his princes, dressed in the most delicate harmonies of Oriental color, silver and gold, in the midst of which were a few dashes of scarlet. The crew, with pink-bladed oars, dipped into the liquid crystal of the river. The second float represented a gigantic peacock, carrying on its long, distended back a triple canopy of kincob, strawberry and gold, under which sat the maharaja's son and heir, the ministers and other state officials. Close on every side were numerous small craft hovering in their wake like dancing water-beetles.

Meanwhile my boat was lying anchored in the dim obscurity of the templed ghats, and not until the water pageant was almost lost to view did I realize that my boatmen were nervous to follow. The royal procession was soon overtaken, and as the last glow of light was fading away, the little Noah's arks that so mysteriously disappeared in the morning came quietly stealing out in clusters from their hiding, until, by the time the temples were reached,—which it was the purpose of the procession to visit,—the river was a chaotic mass of moving color, over which the curtain of night was rapidly falling. Without the least warning, a torch flamed up in the midst, and for an instant blotted out the whole spectacle in inky blackness. But gradually the eye became accustomed to the

change, the torch burned slowly down, and in its place a crimson, a green, and a yellow flare of artificial fire burst forth with spasmodic sputterings, illuminating one boat in green, another in crimson, while another passed in sable shadow. The deep-purple reflection from the semi-luminous sky alternated with the crimson and green as the maharaja's boats attempted to lead through the haphazard mass back past the temples, and out to the floating tents in mid-stream—a carnival indeed, and full of that picturesque accident which is seen to such perfection in the unconventionality of an Oriental gathering.

One by one the boats and barges attached themselves to the floating tents until the mass assumed enormous proportions; they were variously, illuminated with lanterns and crystal chandeliers, of which the native of India is very proud. The tents were crowded to their utmost limit; the weird, thin voices of the nautch-girls were heard on the still night air, with the perpetual accompaniment of their bell anklets, stringed instruments, and tom-toms. One of the most unique features was the bazaar of sweetmeat-sellers. Not to be done out of their business because the fête was isolated in the middle of the Ganges, they took their entire shops afloat, and the pyramids of light-brown lumps of sugared cream seemed to afford a continual source of comfort to the festive.

Had I quietly withdrawn ten minutes earlier I should have enjoyed the perfect illusion of having lived an evening in the sixteenth century; but alas! the incongruous nineteenth-century note so prevalent in the Orient was heard in a crash of rawhide and brass, and a blizzard of metallic discord out of which I was able to pick up fragments of "We won't go home till morning." I besought the boatmen, who seemed enchanted, to hurry me away into the blackness of the night.

ON Thursday evening the maharaja sent carriages for all the European guests. We were soon winding our way through the smoky bazaar to Assi Ghat, the appointed rendezvous, where we were met by his private secretary and escorted to the long line of brightly illuminated barges that were in waiting. It was a floating banquet. Tables were set the entire length of each boat, laden with European delicacies, including a plentiful supply of whisky and soda-water, champagne, and—the Anglo-Indian's elixir of life—tobacco. In the Indian climate ladies be-

came accustomed to the odor of tobacco, and the sterner sex take advantage of the indulgence.

Ladies in pretty evening toilets and gentlemen in the customary black and white do not give just the note of introduction that one would expect for a water carnival in the Orient. Little boats filled with all sorts of rockets and candles were being diligently set off. The most ingenious is a sort of water-rocket, which, being lighted and dropped into the river, dives down into the depths, and rises and dances along the surface, darting off like a fiery serpent, to be lost in the distant darkness.

Our boats began to move out in procession toward the middle of the stream; all sorts of mysterious propelling powers were at work, from the oar to the tread-wheel. We were gradually approaching a large floating tent. On our arrival the maharaja, assisted by his son, received and welcomed each guest in a most cordial manner. We were escorted to reserved seats, arranged in formal order to the right and left of the center, where the maharaja took his seat. While the ladies were casting covetous glances at the exquisite jewels and delicate-colored Oriental silks, the tent filled with all the gentlemen of the court. In the midst of all was a group of about twenty nautch-girls, who struck the only gaudy note in the assembly. One or two were pretty, but alas! they were all wearing European stockings or socks. The women of India, as they appear in public, are models of feminine modesty, and even the nautch-girl has no need to resort to such extravagance as stockings. One wondered why they had not put on gloves also.

The tent was a blaze of light from the numerous chandeliers hung to the ceiling. The nautch began, and as the atmosphere grew heated we were treated to zephyrs raised by the maharaja's beautiful fans, waved by his servants. From a Western point of view the nautch is not a very exciting dance, although when skilfully performed it is not without a certain fascinating grace and rhythm. One or two distorted attempts at English songs proved amusing. The nautch being over, the maharaja bestowed a graceful souvenir on each lady and gentleman present—a garland of pink roses. Soon after this the British commissioner, the most prominent guest present, rose from his seat beside the maharaja, and together they led the way back to the boats, followed by all the guests, each taking formal leave of their host as they embarked.

SIGNIFICANT IGNORANCE ABOUT THE BIBLE, AS SHOWN AMONG COLLEGE STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES F. THWING, D.D., LL.D.,
President of Western Reserve University.



SOMETIMES ask myself whether the American people are really aware how far the Bible has ceased to be a force in both their literature and their theology. The Bible might continue to be a great force in theology and cease to be a great force in literature; or one can easily think that the Bible might maintain a high place in literature and yet lose its primacy in theology. The critic is causing it to lose its theological value, and, apparently, among the people it is ceasing to be known as a classic should be known.

Such sentiments regarding the popular ignorance of the Bible are common, and such interpretations of current phenomena are frequently made; but exact evidence for such conclusions has been hard to find. In order to learn what might be their knowledge respecting the Bible, I have, on two occasions, made a certain examination of nearly a hundred college students.

In the early part of the college year of 1894-95, as the first exercise in a course of study in the Bible, I set for the members of the freshman class an examination-paper composed of extracts from Tennyson, each of which contained a biblical allusion. These extracts were as follows:

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It is to be noticed that the allusions contained in these extracts are not at all recondite. One might, indeed, have chosen selections which do contain recondite allusions. For instance, one might have

asked the class to explain this line [edition of 1833], taken from "The Palace of Art":

One was the Tishbite whom the ravens fed.

Or one might have taken these lines from "A Dream of Fair Women":

Moreover it is written that my race
Hewed Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.

But the allusions that were selected are of the more common sort.

And now let me ask, who and what were the men who were asked to explain these allusions? They were thirty-four in number, young men of about twenty years of age, born in the northern part of Ohio, in that part of the State known as the "Western Reserve," always distinguished for the intelligence of its people, or in the central part of New York State, or in western Pennsylvania. Every one was born in this country, except one, who was born in London. They were the sons of lawyers, preachers, teachers, merchants, and farmers. Every one, except one, expressed himself as having certain ecclesiastical affiliations, and more than half were associated with two churches which are supposed to represent an intelligent knowledge of the Bible. Of the number, nine were Congregationalists, nine Presbyterians, five Methodists, and three Baptists, two were of the Reformed Church, two were Jews, and one each belonged to the Free Baptist, the Unitarian, and the Roman Catholic Church, while one, as has been said, indicated no ecclesiastical relation.

And what did the men thus born and bred and trained know of the scriptural scenes and truths expressed in these verses of Tennyson? I venture to give the record just as it stands.¹ Nine failed to understand the quotation,

My sin was as a thorn
Among the thorns that girt Thy brow.

Eleven failed to apprehend the "manna on my wilderness." Sixteen were likewise ignorant of the significance of striking the rock. Sixteen, also, knew nothing about the wrestling of Jacob and the angel. No fewer than thirty-two had never heard of the shadow turning back on the dial for Hezekiah's lengthening life. Twenty-six, even, were ignorant of "Joshua's moon." Nineteen failed to indicate the peculiar condition of Esau's hand. Twenty-two were unable to

explain the allusion to Baal. Nineteen had apparently never read the idyl of Ruth and Boaz. Eighteen failed to indicate the meaning of "Pharaoh's darkness." Twenty-eight were laid low by the question about Jonah's gourd. Nine, and nine only, had knowledge enough to explain the allusion to Lot's wife. Twenty-three did not understand who "Arimathæan Joseph" was. Twenty-two, also, had not read the words of Christ sufficiently to explain, "For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine." Twenty-four had apparently not so read the account of Christ's first miracle as to be able to explain the reference. Eleven did not understand the mark which Cain bore. Twenty-five were as ignorant as a heathen of the foundations of the church on Peter. Twelve, and twelve only, had gathered up knowledge sufficient to indicate certain truths about the serpent in Eden. No fewer than twenty-seven were paralyzed by the allusion, "A whole Peter's sheet." Twenty-four were unable to write anything as to Jephtha's vow. Eleven only, however, were struck dumb by the allusion to Jacob's ladder. Only sixteen were able to write a proper explanation of "the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb." In a word, to each of these thirty-four men twenty-two questions were put, which would demand seven hundred and forty-eight answers. The record shows that out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers only three hundred and twenty-eight were given.

Some of these answers were of great interest. To the question of explaining the line, "For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine," one said: "Good opportunities given but not improved." Another replied: "The devil was adjured into swine." A third brought forth the ethical truth, "Do not expect too much"; and a fourth found an explanation in the counsel "not to expect to find gold in a haystack." The allusion to Jonah's gourd produced a bewildering variety of literary, ethical, and hygienic illuiveness: "uncertainty of the length of life"; "the occasion of Jonah's being preserved by the whale"; "an allusion to the emesis of Jonah by the whale"; and also "the swallowing of Jonah by the whale"; and further, "things grand, but not worthy of worship because they are perishable." One student said, in allusion to Baal, "Christians were put to death by the priest Baal." Another affirmed that Hezekiah stopped the sun. "Arimathæan Joseph" is transmuted into "Joseph, the son of Jacob," and also

¹ Certain paragraphs were printed in the "Independent" in 1894.

"Joseph, the son of Mary." One said that the keeping of the best wine till the last means, "waiting until the last moment to be baptized." Another affirmed that the mark on Cain is explained by saying that Cain was a farmer and had to work hard.

So much for the first test. Five years later I made a like test of college girls. The questions were identical, with a single exception: in the later paper, "For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine" is omitted, and its place is taken by the allusion, "Not red like Iscariot's."

The request to explain these references was made to fifty-one members of the freshman class of a college for women. These students had the following ecclesiastical relations: thirteen were Presbyterians, ten Methodists, nine Congregationalists, five Baptists, four Episcopalians, three Catholics, two Christians (Disciple), and one each belonged to the Unitarian, Jewish, Universalist, Lutheran, and Friends churches. It may also be said that their residence was in one of the States which is regarded as one of the most civilized and intelligent of the Union.

It is fitting to add a word regarding the social or other condition of these students as embodied in the employments of their fathers. Therefore let me say that of twelve the fathers are deceased. Of the other fathers five are merchants, four ministers, four doctors, three retired, three manufacturers, three treasurers or cashiers of companies, two farmers, two teachers, two bookkeepers, two traveling salesmen, two railroad agents, and one each is employed as chief grain-inspector, express company division superintendent, steel-maker, builder, lawyer, watchman, and contractor.

Of all these questions every one was answered correctly by just one girl, and, what is rather more remarkable, her knowledge was so exact that to her replies to a good many of the questions she added the book of the Bible in which the reference is to be found. Another girl omitted the reply to the reference to Hezekiah, and gave incorrect answer to the one about the miracle at Cana of Galilee. Another omitted the references to Hezekiah and to Peter's sheet, and answered incorrectly the question of Pharaoh's darkness.

The poorest paper was that of a girl who gave replies only to the questions referring to Joseph of Arimathea and Jephtha's daughter, both replies, however, being correct. Another answered only the references to Christ's

crown of thorns, Lot's wife, and the condemnation to eat dust as a serpent. Fifty-one students were in the class, and therefore, with the twenty-two questions, there was a possibility of eleven hundred and twenty-two correct answers. The following tabulation shows, however, that only five hundred and fifty-two correct answers were received, or less than one half of the possible number.

CORRECT.		INCORRECT. NOT ANSWERED.	
1.....	38.....	4.....	7
2.....	39.....	2.....	8
3.....	35.....	2.....	12
4.....	32.....	1.....	16
5.....	6.....	4.....	39
6.....	15.....	1.....	33
7.....	25.....	7.....	17
8.....	23.....	3.....	23
9.....	30.....	5.....	14
10.....	21.....	12.....	16
11.....	11.....	19.....	19
12.....	46.....	1.....	2
13.....	26.....	10.....	13
14.....	9.....	12.....	28
15.....	26.....	13.....	10
16.....	21.....	4.....	24
17.....	21.....	9.....	19
18.....	39.....	3.....	7
19.....	15.....	1.....	33
20.....	19.....	3.....	27
21.....	31.....	1.....	17
22.....	24.....	7.....	18

As may be seen, nearly all who felt ignorant or doubtful of the proper answer allowed the question to pass unanswered rather than to hazard a guess. It is also evident to one who reads the papers that many of the answers that are tabulated as incorrect are guesses at an answer, based many times on catchwords. In the reference to "Arimathæan Joseph," for instance, many students caught at the word "Joseph," and attempted to cover their answer by some reference to his many brothers or his coat of many colors. The mistakes in replying to the reference to Jonah's gourd indicate that while all know more or less about his experience with the whale, few are acquainted with the gourd incident. Lot's wife is well known.

These papers present, also, quite a number of queer or unexpected replies. One girl, for instance, replying to the reference to Hezekiah, stated that "Hezekiah's shadow always ran backward." This is evidently a guess. Another, referring to this same reference, attributed the quotation to David, with the remark that "David said this when bewailing the death of his son Absalom." Another girl evidently confused it with another incident, for she said, "Hezekiah commanded

the sun to stand still in its course until the battle was finished."

"Ruth among the fields of corn" was interpreted in an unexpected manner by one student, who made it refer to "Ruth grieving for her children," while another added even to this by referring it to "Ruth mourning for her children in the corn-field!"

"Pharaoh's darkness," said one, means that "Egypt was in deep darkness in respect to the teachings of Christ"; and another stated that it "refers to the passage of the Red Sea when the sea was closed upon Pharaoh." In making the event one of the plagues, the answers were varied in respect to their number, some giving three, others seven, and others ten.

"Arimathæan Joseph," replied several, "refers to Joseph's coat of many colors." One made the astounding statement that "Arimathæan Joseph was Christ's father," and another said, "Joseph was called Arimathæan because he had a coat of many colors before being sold by his brothers." Three of the correct replies, instead of stating that Joseph of Arimathæa cared for the body of Christ, referred to the Catholic teaching that he held in his possession the Holy Grail. These answers probably came from the three whose ecclesiastical relations are Catholic.

The quotation, "Not red like Iscariot's," brought forth the reply that "Iscariot means the cross on which Christ was crucified."

"The Church on Peter's rock" brought forth the following replies: "Peter built the church on a rock"; "Peter's rock was strong and immovable"; and "Peter fished when his net was full."

Interesting replies might be expected from the reference to Peter's sheet, but, as the table shows, most of the girls failed to venture a reply to it.

"Let her eat it like the serpent, and be driven out of her paradise," said one, "was one of Christ's speeches to unbelievers."

Several, possibly guessing, or perchance thinking of Jairus, said that "Jephtha's daughter was raised from the dead by Christ."

Jacob's ladder was explained by these two statements: "Jacob wished to climb to heaven, but failed"; and "Jacob committed a series of wrong-doings in the hope of obtaining Esau's birthright."

Now, the simple inference to be derived from these statements is that the knowledge of the Bible as literature is exceedingly meager among people whose knowledge is supposed to be most ample. To the Chris-

tian this fact is significant, for the Bible is the corner-stone of the Christian system. To the moralist this presentation is significant as evidence that the most important treatise on ethics is not adequately known. To the scholar it is also significant as standing for the failure of the better class of people of scholarly environment to know the most important piece of literature.

Between these two sets of answers, it must be confessed, there is not much to choose, although, on the whole, the advantage does lie with the women. In the first instance, out of a possible seven hundred and forty-eight correct answers three hundred and twenty-eight were given, or forty-three per cent.; in the second instance, out of a possible eleven hundred and twenty-two correct answers five hundred and fifty-two were made, or forty-nine per cent. A gain of six per cent. over forty-three is certainly worth while.

These evidences are exceedingly significant. In a graphic passage in his "Short History of the English People," Green interprets Puritan England as a people of a book, and that book as being the Bible. In his history of American literature Professor Moses Coit Tyler writes of the dominating influence of this same book over the Puritans who came to New England, and over their immediate descendants. In his little book, "A Layman's Study of the English Bible," that Cambridge scholar, the late Professor Bowen, says:

These books contain a body of history, poetry, and philosophy, the study of which has done more than any other single cause to modify the course and happiness of thinking men on earth, and to color and direct the whole course of modern civilization.

In an editorial article in the New York "Evening Post" it has lately been said:

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the Bible as a promotive influence in English literature. Its variety of style, its marvelous felicity of phrase, and its dignity and impressiveness early entered into the very fiber of our literary expression, and long remained there a potent force. Everybody read it from childhood, every one quoted from it, every one's memory was stored with its incidents and its forms of words.

John Ruskin has put on record the greatness of the debt which he owes to the Bible in the formation of his incomparable literary style.

Now all this is changed. The Bible societies may print the book by hundreds of

thousands, but the people do not read it, or if they do read it, they are not impressed by it. Its history, whether received as veracious or as fabulous, is not known. Its heroes are less familiar than Jack the Giant-killer or Jack the House-builder. Its poetry is not appreciated. The majesty and the magnificence of its style, its deftness of phrase and sweetness of allusion, its perfection of literary form, as well as the profound significance of its ethical and religious teachings, are ceasing to be a part of the priceless possession of the community. Explain the condition as best we may, point out the results as one ought, yet the first emotion is one of grief over this impoverishment of humanity.

There is one somewhat unique element of this condition. One not acquainted with French literature is surprised to learn to what a degree the literature of a people which so many are too free to call "godless" is colored and qualified by biblical allusions. But every French scholar knows that no one can properly read the French literature of the seventeenth century without knowing his Bible. Refer to any compendium of this literature, like Professor F. M. Warren's, and one can hardly read a page without finding a reference to an incident or a character of the Bible. The French people are called less religious than the German, but their early literature is far more biblical. As the French scholar cannot know French without knowing Latin, so he is likewise limited if he is ignorant of the Old Testament and the New.

The causes of this general condition are manifold, and most of them are not obscure.

One of the causes is the fact that the world has become a world of books and a world of magazines and a world of newspapers. The world is no longer Puritan England or Puritan Massachusetts Bay Colony—a people of one book. Were there not fifty-five thousand volumes published last year, and about one eighth of them in the United States? Are not the newspapers and magazines printed by the hundreds of thousands? People have a hundred books and five hundred papers to the one book and the one paper of two hundred years and more ago. People read more, far more, but they read the one book less, far less. Green affirms that the Bible in Puritan England was virtually the whole literature which was accessible to the ordinary Englishman. "The mass of picturesque allusion and illustration which we borrow from a thousand books,

our fathers were forced to borrow from one." "No history, no romance, no poetry, save the little-known verse of Chaucer, existed for all practical purposes in the English tongue when the Bible was ordered to be set up in churches." What a change! As other books have multiplied, the Bible has ceased to be, in certain relations, unique.

The second cause lies in the decline of family life. Individuality of the members of the family is becoming developed. The interests of individuals are growing; the place of the family as a family is narrowing. Commercial and professional life draw on the domestic forces. Life exterior to the home was not so intense, so competitive, so fascinating, two generations ago as it now is. In the conditions of the old simple family life fathers and mothers read the Bible to the children. Portions of the Bible were memorized. The stories of the Bible were told and listened to. To-day this custom has not entirely passed away, but it has largely ceased. Mr. Ruskin tells us that in his childhood he was required to commit to memory and to repeat passages of the Bible. The list he gives contains the fifteenth and twentieth chapters of Exodus, eight of the Psalms (among them are the Ninetieth and the One Hundred and Nineteenth), the Sermon on the Mount, and others.

It is also to be noted as a characteristic of the family life that family prayers are less common now than formerly. The daily reading of the Bible was a practice followed in the Christian homes of the early part of this century. To-day there is reason to believe that in thousands of homes nominally or really Christian the Bible is not opened oftener than once a week. Family devotions are not a sufficient opportunity for securing a proficient knowledge of the Scriptures; but they are far better than no opportunity at all.

A further cause of the decline in the knowledge of the Bible as literature is that the Sunday-school has not taken the place of the family as a teacher of the facts and truths of the Bible. The Sunday-school is now often called the Bible school. The series of lessons known as the "International" is based on the plan to study every part of the Bible once in seven years. In this period, it is supposed, one should acquaint himself with the varying literature of this book. The supposition does not represent the performance of a large amount of labor. But the supposition is one contrary to what proves to be the reality, for the students who have

been through the Bible in a course of these Sunday-school lessons twice—in other words, have been through the Bible twice—seem still to possess an alarming ignorance of some of its most conspicuous facts. The teaching of the Sunday-school is exceedingly inadequate. The teachers themselves are ignorant of the book which they are set to teach.

Yet another cause may be said to lie in the elimination of the Bible from the public school. Even if the Bible were read in the daily service of devotion of the public school, the knowledge of its contents thus secured would not be large or intimate; but a certain knowledge would be gained by even the most stupid or indifferent. But even this possibility is now, under ordinary conditions, removed.

It is also evident that the decline of the observance of the Sabbath through attendance on the services of the church has naturally tended to increase the ignorance of the Scriptures. A relatively smaller number of people are attending the services of the church. Sunday is becoming, has already become, a holiday, and has so far ceased to be a holy day. The Protestant Church does not hold the unique place in the community which it held two generations ago. The Bible, the book of both the church and of the church's chief day, has therefore suffered.

May it not also be added as a further cause that the religious emphases of our time have been changed from a book to a life and to life itself? Bibliolatry has ceased. Men formerly worshiped the Bible; they no longer worship it. The Bible has come to be regarded as an agent, and not as in itself a purpose. The more intense religious thought of our time has come to center about Christ, who, though he be the one of whom the Old Testament is a prophecy and the one whose deeds the New Testament records, whose words it reports, and whose doctrine it expounds, is still apart from the book itself. Christianity might exist without the Bible, for it did exist without the New Testament for more than a generation; but Christianity cannot exist without Christ. The world now directs its worship to a divine person, and not to a divine book.

And what is to be done toward removing a condition which is generally recognized to be

fraught with evils manifold and serious? It is easy enough to suggest means and methods of improvement, such as the reading of the Bible in the family and by each person, the securing of better teaching in the Sunday-school, the preaching of sermons of a more biblical character, and the giving of courses in the Bible in the college; but what if such remedies will not be taken by those for whom they are designed?

It is the purpose of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" to prove that the intellect cannot correct itself, but that it can be corrected, if at all, only through the essential manhood, of which the intellect is only one function or faculty. An adequate understanding of the Bible can be gained, not by superficial corrections, but only through a more adequate appreciation of the literary excellences of the book, through a just understanding of the place which it occupies in the betterment of the nation and of the individual, and through a proper conviction that it bears to humanity, in some peculiar sense, a revelation from God himself. To change our ignorance of the Bible into knowledge, we are to change ourselves. A change so fundamental and so general is to be made only through years, and even through generations.

Yet be it said that the prospect is not so dark as this interpretation might suggest. To know the evil is to the American the first condition for removing it. The evil is known, and known generally. The most hopeful method now employed for this removal lies in the discrimination among the various sorts of literature which compose the Bible, and in the consequent printing of these various sorts of literature in volumes by themselves. The history of the Bible is one type; the poetry of the Bible is another type; the letters of the Bible are a third; the prophecy of the Bible is still another. What book could endure, without loss, such an irrational division into chapters and verses, such a commingling of poetical and prophetic, of biographical and historical narratives, as are found in this one book? By giving to the Bible such a rational treatment of its contents as it deserves to receive, we should aid in its restoration to the intellect as well as to the heart and conscience of man.

TENTS OF A NIGHT.

BY MRS. NEILL ROACH.



WILLA BROUGH was seen to be a school-girl from the pencil, with a care-worn rubber and a feminine sharpening, which ran through her braid. She was seventeen, slim, sallow, and with large, luminous eyes. One young man suspected her potentialities, and claimed her by right of discovery.

Love she had heard described as the kindred vibrations of two souls. The flexibility of soul in its current uses she did not analyze, and love she thought the definition of a primary state; she had not learned that there is love—and love.

The possibility of never marrying had not yet occurred to her. Already her mind was fixed against "a tour of the East" on her wedding-trip, or a black silk gown in her outfit.

Consequently the experience dawned on her naturally. They exchanged vows "for ever and ever." Oh, the brave blindness of youth that believes in the always or never of its joy or despair! They told each other the pretty parable of a soul divided and launched upon the universe, seeking reunion, completion. They trusted in the affinity and fate that compel unerringly the two fragments of a soul each to its elect.

It was all very lyrical and sweet, and it lasted a whole summer, one of those rapid-fire, three-times-a-day affairs.

Then just in the heat and glory of it all she danced too often with Another Man, because he obeyed too literally her instructions for deceiving the gossips. There followed a snow-storm of returned notes and small favors. He spent a tragic night handling his revolver (with great care), and toward morning wrote a sonnet "To Dead Love and Despair," and felt better. She danced more and more with the Other Man, and was dazlingly vivacious. When they encountered at the end of a couple of weeks, he begged her to call on him "if ever she needed a friend," and she assured him he would "some day find the right girl."

Roused by this experience, she was caught in the sweep of the Other Man's

feeling. This lasted six weeks. When they had exhausted the conversational topics of lovers they found nothing else of mutual interest. Like so many young couples, they had, in truth, nothing in common but youth and its warm vitality and a similar social veneer.

"I did n't love *him*," Willa explained to her chum when quiet was restored; "I was simply in the mood yet, and he happened along. It was a sort of transference of the adjective; the *dear* really applied to Dick—and I half knew it at the time. Do you know," she went on meditatively, "I was completely captivated with that Dick." What an impersonal past tense! "Wonder why. Probably it was like in the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream': *Titania* waked, and straightway loved an ass. A typical first affair, I guess." She sighed. There was no bitterness in her spirit; but the quotation was rather neat.

Dora, this chum of hers, was a most satisfactory confidante. Nothing entertained her more than hearing Willa analyze aloud her own psychology. Moreover, Dora delighted in her as a child gloats over fairytales for their personal impossibilities. For, so Dora complained, *she* could never be exciting and wicked; she was unfairly handicapped by a Puritan conscience. Lacking not so much the desire as the courage for naughtiness, she got her sins and her sensations second-hand. In Willa's exploits she cherished equally a sense of indirect participation and the remorse it brought.

A slow winter followed. Willa had no resources in herself. She found things tedious indeed unless something was constantly "going on." She could not create her own experiences, nor realize that life is more from within than from without, is less in what you do than in what you think about what you do. While she still submitted to the convention of a dilatory schooling, most of her time was passed in a lounging-robe, cultivating the pale half-moons of her shapely finger-nails and dreaming of empire. Through her restlessness she blossomed out radiantly, and got a knack of saying things that made the men open their eyes and wait for more.

Then summer found her again—summer with its demoralizing moons; and she craved incense. There were several to offer it (from the first there always were several about Willa), but her theory even now did not allow her to love more than one man—at a time.

Her third engagement was the outgrowth on the man's part of a thoroughgoing friendship, on hers of an almost subconscious pique at his imperviousness to her strictly feminine charms. She had none of the mettle of the modern woman clamoring for recognition merely as a human being. With Willa the omission of any expected chivalry plunged her into the depths of self-disgust. She was getting old, ugly, and odious—and so forth. Most often a loud lack of personal esteem is self-love baiting its snares. Yet with Willa was no formulated intent to kill. Her little lures and tricks worked automatically in a masculine atmosphere, and nothing set them going like indifference; for her spirit of conquest never took a dare.

Thus it was inevitable that the "friend" should succumb. It was equally inevitable to the girl's temperament that so complete a surrender should waken in her a flickering response. But now he was not half such comfortable good company, and his adoration lacked the tantalizing individuality of his earlier attitude.

As usual, directly after the benediction, Dora was on hand—Dora, sternly disapproving and highly entertained.

"I was lonely," Willa explained, "and he cared so much. It was just one of those echo-loves. I could n't go on living a mistake, could I? It would be unfair to him."

"Don't you think," suggested Dora, "that you might make sure before—"

"Dear me!" Willa cried. "How am I to know whether or not I want to marry a man until I have been engaged to him? Besides, if a man thinks he can fill the bill it is n't polite to contradict him without giving him a chance to argue his point."

Dora chuckled.

"I hated awfully to hurt him," Willa went on. "I tried my best to comfort him. I said everything on earth I could think of."

Dora groaned.

"And I miss him dreadfully. He has made himself so necessary." She was growing plaintive. "And it is a big disappointment to me. I did so hope he was to be the one."

"You mean the next one." Dora hardened her heart. But a quiver of Willa's chin brought her to her knees.

"I was in love," Willa justified herself, tremulously—"a little. I wonder why, now." And she was off in pursuit of her own mental processes, Dora following eagerly through that labyrinth of byways and blind alleys. "I know it is a comic-paper joke: 'Why do you love me, George?' But really it's a puzzle-question. It is n't anything you do or don't, have or have n't—just what you are. You can say, 'I like this trait,' but never, 'This is why I love you.' Queer." She was drifting out to sea.

Dora quoted softly, "Out of the dark It wrought the heart of man."

"How very pretty!" said Willa, and her eyes were thoughtful and sweet.

"Well,"—Dora took up the talk again,— "who is the—a—alternate?"

Willa sighed and shook her head. "I am through with the whole business. I mean to keep out of it myself. I would n't dare marry after seeing other folks' mistakes. There seems to be no way without probable calamity. Marry for love, and, they tell you, you may love your own reflection or you may change. By the way, do those who grow always grow apart—or do they? Marry without love, and you may fall in love with some one else or be bored to death. Life seems a choice of two evils,—to be married or to be unmarried,—and I have concluded that it is better to be lonely than bored. Besides, for a woman, marriage is a life-work. Any life-work ought to be an unmistakable vocation. Marriage is certainly not my vocation. I am going single-file."

She meant it then. Even quarreling and making up had lost its possibilities for her. Eighteen is so sure of itself and of to-morrow!

"I mean to keep out of it myself." And she stood to her word for a year, literally. She kept out of it herself; but few of the men who came within the circle of her influence found themselves immune.

She began by seeking the proverbial safety in numbers, counting popularity by the array of silk hats on her rack, and marking with stars on her calendar those evenings when she danced least, and, near the door of the ball-room, magnetized all the "extra" men to keep them from forming a dado around the wall or from escaping to the smoking-room. That was at the beginning of her first season. Soon she found that fewer shots with better aim did greater execution, and long before Lent she had become a tête-à-tête girl, and was counting her war decorations.

"At least you might spare the unavailability the humiliation of refusal," preached Dora, the mentor.

Willa looked withering. "It is n't modest to know whether you want a man or not till you know you can have him. And it certainly is conceded to suppose that sofa-talk is for you alone."

"Oh, but—"

"My dear infant," she condescended patiently, "when a man has something to say he *will* say it. To hang out a danger-signal only makes him lose his head and brings the crash sooner. There is only one way to head him off. That is by disillusionment. Self-respect forbids anything deliberate in that line. Besides, lost ideals are worse than lost causes, to my thinking."

Still Dora, unmollified by all this subtlety, threatened the poetic justice of an unreturned affection. "You'll see," she warned. "You'll pay for it yet." She said herself that she had been brought up on consequences. When, as a child, she begged a second "help" of pie, her mother would say: "If you eat this, it may give you a pain. If you don't, in half an hour you will forget you wanted it." The principle became Dora's philosophy. She never took her pie; but Willa never missed hers even if a peepsin tablet must follow.

Of course Willa's fame as a flirt spread—a reputation not strictly accurate, for her conduct was not so much skill or hypocrisy or cruelty as a variable emotionalism. Her coquetry was more instinct than purpose.

Her popularity was due largely to a sort of mild hypnotism, by suggestion—a tribute accorded, in part, because of her serene consciousness of charm, in part the result of the advertising of eager devotees stimulating the curiosity of a wider circle. Men were ashamed and disappointed to miss recognizing such evident delightfulness. It roused a spirit of wholesome competition.

A reputation eclipses some persons and paralyzes some, but Willa was game. Were they criticizing? So much the better. One day the lips of a girl passing her on the street framed the words, "That is Willa Brough." "Oh, is it?" said the other before they were quite out of earshot. "Do *you* think her *so* pretty?" And Willa knew she had touched fame. For to be discussed, defended, and disparaged are negative proofs of fame, just as fame is to be known over the land by an affectionate front name, or to have the appellation inherited from dignified forefathers twisted into advertising jokes.

Even plain persons blossom under admiration, and the women themselves admitted Willa's charm.

The winter she was twenty there was one man of whom she was half afraid. All the season, with eyes like a St. Bernard dog's, he watched her—watched her across the ball-room, or, sitting with his own face in shadow, listened while she entertained her company. All her meaningless trifling he translated into text of gold, until the girl was bewildered by his expectations and the multiplicity of her fictitious virtues.

Her small brother's pun was that she "knew all the phases of the moon." Certainly so many lovers round her had taught her the signs and seasons of their state. There were certain tactics she had used for strategic reasons. When a partner began picking at her gown in their twilight talks she assumed the grandmotherly air. When it came to the use of the all-suggestive "we," and the omission of any salutation heading notes, she grew more comradely. Kissing her hand for good night made her brutally talkative over bachelor plans for the future. She knew that her attitude was oftenest taken as a pose or a dare; but this time the impulse to flight was sincere, for she was half afraid of the man. He, however, considered her shy and maidenly, and the temporary discouragement only gave his feeling time to assure itself.

One night, as she gave him her hand for good-by, he reached for both and drew her to him, in his eyes a dumb confession and appeal. The glow of the fire was in her mood. She yielded, and he stooped to her lips. Then the cold tremor of his hands startled her, and looking up, she realized the glory in his face. She dared not draw back then. Afterward, the man, nothing doubting, said: "What need was there for words? We both understood."

It is to Willa's credit that Dora never learned how it came about. "He is so good and strong," Willa told her, with a look of solemn elation. "I did not know love was like this. It is so grave and steady. It lacks the blue-and-gold fever of a first emotion, but it is a nobler love."

"A nobler love!" How often that is the brave self-deceit of disappointed hearts when the fires are burned out!

At first the new play went well. She was finely sensitive to the effect of everything she did and said, and the same sense of the dramatic and artistic, that kept her from being a bald flirt, made her plastic to each

man's ideal. But she found herself fagged after an evening spent with him picking her phrases and listening for her cue. The good-by brought no clinging regret.

Her friends began to find her irritable, unaccountably unlike herself.

"Three things," said a joker one night, "I cannot understand: a girl, a married woman, and a widow."

"There's a fourth class," put in Dora, glaring at Willa, who immediately became preoccupied—"an engaged girl. She's an inscrutable providence all by herself."

Yet Willa was making the most unselfish effort of her life, and it was at this time that she assured him oftenest in words of her devotion.

Then one afternoon she swept down on Dora and carried her off for a spin at so mad a pace that Dora at last dropped panting from her wheel. But Willa stood, and flung up her arms. "I could n't stand it any longer," she said. Dora woke up. "Think of being perched so high you can't breathe, and are afraid to move for fear of losing your balance and spoiling the effect! I can sympathize now with the Winged Mercury. What a strain! No wonder all the little gods topple from their pedestals." Dora was alive with interest. "What right had he," Willa raged, "to choose to imagine me cut after a little model woman in his idea? I'm just as good—the real me—" Then she paused. "No; I'm not, either. And," with deep relief, "I don't want to be."

"One more unfortunate!" groaned Dora.

"Oh, he'll get over it," Willa assured her from experience. "They all do. And it makes better men of them, you know."

"Do I?" smiled Dora.

"Besides, he says love is not love unless it is mutual."

"Affinity again," commented Dora.

"Affinity? What nursery talk! It means that love is flattered vanity. Without reciprocity it dies. But I tell you," she added, her lips growing frightened again at the remembrance, "it's an awful thing to see a man lose his—god."

"What did you do?" whispered Dora, feeling deliciously creepy.

"Told the truth," said Willa. "I was n't mean enough to blame him nor pretend a quarrel."

This man proved one of the few who never forgot nor forgave and never stopped loving her; but whether he continued to love the real or the fictitious her would be hard to discover.

Natural reaction turned her to The Boy, a debonair young dare-devil who talked in a way half boastful, half ashamed, of the life he had seen. He was not nearly so bad as he tried to make others (and himself) believe. He went at his wickedness a little gingerly, finding it less entertaining than he felt it ought to seem. But he cherished the youthful fallacy that women most love and admire a rake, and thus their carelessness or curiosity or amusement all contributed to his sense of prestige and the glamour of an adventurous name. However, for feeble fun, it came high in after settlements. His darling, too, he found, must constantly increase to keep up the excitement. It palled. Consequently he discovered that the radiance of a pure woman had shamed him.

To Willa he protested: "If you will love me I'll straighten up and make a man of myself. If not, what's the use of my trying to be a decent fellow?" The appeal of this argument to a "womanly nature" he had anticipated as one of the inducements to perseverance in ill-doing.

Willa troubled herself little over the possibilities of such morality. The rôle of mentor was balm to her recently hurt self-esteem. She enjoyed his enthusiasms about everything, herself especially. She relished the freshness of his feelings, for hers were age-withered and custom-staled. His impetuosity almost swept her from her growing boredom.

But The Boy went away. Letters Willa found a poor medium. Her facility was not for words, her art of a kind not reducible to black and white. Besides, it was hard to be true to a distant love, because a memory is less convincing than a presence.

"Fact is," she confided to Dora when the time came for balancing accounts once more with her "latest lamented," "I'm disgusted with the whole subject. Love is so vulgar. It's the same disease for you and for your cook."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes! You have always hung a rosy veil of silence and evasions and fine fancies between your eyes and the elemental facts of life. But love is simply a habit of the race. They all say the same things, and"—hiding her eyes—"do the same things." Willa still had the grace to get embarrassed sometimes. "I could give them all hints on method. And each one wants me to meet *mother*, who introduces me to some family friend as *Our Willa*, like the heading of an obituary notice."

"I should think it would be shop-worn to you," Dora agreed with emphasis. You always knew when Dora was going to say something dangerous by the quiver at the corner of her mouth—the flash before the report.

"You are shop-worn yourself. If I were you, I would wear a sign for the future, 'Please Do Not Handle.'"

"Pray, don't be coarse," said Miss Brough.

"Is evil," asked Dora, "only to him who evil *thinks*?"

To Willa the mood of "the morning after" had become permanent. There weighed on her the tedium that shadows selfishness and satiety, the dreariness of lacking wholesome interests in life. In her listless, dun-colored mornings she thought things over to Dora. "I'm old," she said. "That I ever had a Santa Claus age seems incredible now. Why, I used to believe in things—fate and affinity, for instance!" Her laugh showed no special amusement. "Fate and affinity! At different times in life you find what you need for the moment in different persons. Even Emerson says, 'Our affections are but tents of a night.' Some fortunate souls find a dozen affinities. I can't care for any one. I never shall."

"Poor burned-out two-and-twenty!" groaned Dora, in elaborate sympathy.

"I'm not burned out!" flashed Willa. "I never had any emotion—any independent emotion. And the men's protestations always tired me shortly like fireworks. I'm abnormally cold by nature, it seems."

Dora looked a bit skeptical, but she asked, "Then why don't you really keep out of it?"

"Oh, my dear, I ought to marry sometime. On the average and in the long run married people have the best chance for happiness. And think of *my* being an old maid!"

"You need n't be an old maid nowadays," Dora told her. "There are so many other professions for the unmarried woman."

But Willa shook her head.

"I see," said Dora, "Willa, like nature, abhors a vacuum." And she waited developments.

Often the necessity for action to escape herself came over Willa, and usually even yet a "new man" served as stimulus to her artificial enthusiasms. She had come to take interest only in big game. Rivalry was a necessary zest to her hunts. She no longer loved the sport for its results, only for itself, and for the triumph of the flattered brush.

The old instinct had become conscious purpose.

It was thus, by a magnificently executed plan, that she brought down *The Catch* of her third season. She dazzled him with her electrical eyes and live gestures, as the matador in the arena uses his *muleta* and juggling passes.

Some say that approbateness is more frequently developed in woman than in man. Possibly so. From the beginning her power has been gained only through rousing the admiration that tenders privileges. Such, at least, was Willa's conclusion from her philosophy of history. When a mere child, she had learned to consider charm the magic word for acquiring all things. And latterly the "all things" to be thereby acquired had come to sum up in one term, ducats—ducats, which she had always lacked and consequently overvalued; ducats, a sort of collective noun signifying ease, and fine linen (elaborately hem-stitched and embroidered), and the center of an elevated stage from which to radiate.

"Of all flimsy reasons for marrying," she announced to Dora, "*just* that you are in love is the flimsiest."

"Oh, really!" commented Dora, without raising her voice or her eyebrows.

"Because," Willa persisted, "love is merely a matter of the susceptible age and association, urged on by gossip, and brought to a climax by a rival or an objecting papa. There are so many other things to consider—real congeniality, suitability, responsibility, what is most important to your happiness and usefulness in life."

"I never knew any one like you," said Dora, "so clever at adapting—a truth."

They were in Willa's morning-room.

There followed one of those silences, filled with the crunching of chocolates and the slow turning of pages, when each waited for the other to open the way to confidences. Neither knew how to begin. Dora hated to ask, Willa to offer unasked. At last Dora broke through the middle of her thoughts: "You know you don't care for Hardy Chester."

"I thought you had guessed about it," said Willa. "No, I don't. But he is very anxious, and I have no special objection. As I shall *never* care for any one, it will at least be a comfort not to need ask the prices of things. He understands perfectly how I feel, and is still urgent. After all, it is n't such a bad way to begin operations, for with men love is a pursuit, with women a response."

"Ah!" said Dora. She knew that, once started, the talker needed no assistance. She was, as it were, self-feeding.

"It's going to be very satisfactory. We're great chums. To be sure, he is cleverer than I, but then a man's choice of a wife is a matter of taste, not of mind. I can satisfy him, and as for me—"

"You'll never see it through," said Dora, with conviction.

"But I will."

"Well, I do hope it will be a short engagement. A long one is so trying for your friends."

"October 30." Willa dropped the words carelessly, enjoying the effect from the corner of her eye.

"Six weeks! NO!"

"Yes."

"I certainly sha'n't order my gown until the 25th."

"But I tell you it is going to hold."

Dora may be pardoned her skepticism. However, when the papers announced it, and the shops and dressmakers took all Willa's time, she felt safe in putting herself in the hands of her own modiste.

They were examining some laces one morning, when the flash of Willa's ring attracted both girls. Willa paused, and turned it in the light.

"Know all men by these presents," is your motto nowadays, eh?" said Dora.

"I'm not mercenary," Willa answered, "but I take all such things as signs of the proper spirit. If woman's sphere is always to be missionary to man, then her chief duty is to manage him, not only for his good, but for her own."

As she spoke, she felt herself observed, and looked up to meet the eyes of a quiet, blond man farther down the counter. The two regarded each other for a moment as if both were groping for some recollection. Then Willa woke to the conventions, and passed out.

As she turned away, a whiff as of fresh sea air struck her. Her usual morning languor, which the tedium of shopping always made heavier, lifted. She went on buoyantly, wondering to Dora why that snatch of melody from Gustav Lange's "Blumenlied" haunted her that morning.

When, next day, the same rush of salt air struck her just before she turned a corner and encountered again the slight, fair man, she called it vaguely association of ideas, and passed on in a glow, humming softly under her breath:



She felt his eyes following her, and hoped her belts were all properly connected in the back.

All day her mind searched for remembrance of the man, with that tantalizing sense of snatching after a vanishing dream. Finally she played the "Blumenlied" over and over in all sorts of impossible tempos, to drive the insistent refrain from her thoughts. Soon the briskness of the walk left her, and the old shadow drifted down over her eyes.

That night, when Hardy Chester dangled before her a diamond pendant, she put up her hands as if in defense from the gift. "I wish you would n't give me so many things," she said, "when I have nothing to give you. It's humiliating."

"You are giving me the one thing I want that I could n't get without you, dear," Hardy told her.

And Willa leaned her forehead against his coat-sleeve in silence.

When she encountered her familiar stranger next day, Willa felt distinctly vexed. But at their first glance his puzzled look suddenly expanded. He came directly toward her. The girl stood passive, as if held. Light had flashed on her memory.

"Miss Brough? Your pardon." He was quietly and unmistakably the gentleman. "It has just come to me. An evening at Cape May—some years ago—in the concert-stand at the end of the pier—the wind came in from the sea—and one of the Clovis sisters was playing that little 'Flower-song' of Gustav Lange's—"

"Yes," said Willa's lips, without a sound.

"No one thought then to present me to the little girl in white. But I am George Deland, Mrs. Harry Carruthers's brother—"

"Oh, yes."

"May I ask Grace to bring me to call—with your kind indulgence? May I?"

Willa bowed her head. She felt remote from herself, wondering at her own conduct as at a stranger's.

The pleasure in the man's face blotted out his verbal thanks from her remembrance.

Several days later she was holding forth to Dora and the chocolates.

"It's a great mistake to care for a man," she announced oracularly, "because then you

can't use your weapons. You want to please him. Most girls are too eager to please, anyway. And then you are always the one to give up, because that is the only way a woman can love. Why is it always the woman who gives up?"

"Is it?" smiled Dora. "I did n't know."

Willa had been fidgeting about the room. Now there came a silence. Then Willa turned sharply. "Well?"

Dora looked at her.

"Some one called me," said Willa.

"I did n't hear it. I have n't spoken for ten minutes."

Willa stood looking at her curiously. Then she turned back to the window. A moment later she spoke in a peculiar dry tone to her mother in an adjoining room. "Mama, there comes Grace Carruthers with—a man. I have too bad a headache to meet strangers."

She flung herself on a couch and drummed her fingers and tossed about until Dora went over to smooth her forehead and sympathize. "Worn out with all this shopping, are n't you?"

"Oh, that's not the sort of tired that kills," said Willa. "Think of going all your life without caring—all your life!" She turned her face from her mystified chum.

The callers gone, Willa went down to dinner. Her unsociable silence at the family board was too long accepted to cause notice.

In the midst of the meal her spoon stumbled on its way to her mouth. "U-m,"—sniffing,—"*who has violets?*" she asked.

"There has n't been a violet in the house this fall," said her mother.

"That's queer." Willa sniffed again. But no one else caught any odor.

It was half an hour later that the houseman brought in a florist's box. As the girl raised the lid, the perfume of violets filled the room. There was a general exclamation at the coincidence. But Willa picked up a card, read, "With sympathy," and a name. "Oh, take the things away!" she cried petulantly, tearing the pasteboard to bits. Her people stared. "The odor makes me ill," she explained lamely. But after dinner she slipped down the back stairs and got the box again.

That evening, when Chester stooped for his good-by, Willa drew back. "Not to-night," she said.

"Why, Willa, are you angry?"

"Not at you, Hardy. But please—not to-night."

She went up to her room, where Dora was

preparing to stay with her, and swept, as in a whirlwind, from desk, dresser, and cabinet, the blood-offerings, rich and trifling, of a long line of worshipers. Early in her career she had recovered from what she called "the childishness of shipping back every little gift after a quarrel."

"What now?" gasped Dora, as, thunder-struck and indignant, she watched their destruction by hand and fire. "This is a rather late funeral sacrifice to your old victims—your living dead. Trying to sweep the place clean even of memories for the future lord and master? What is the matter, Willa? Being adored seems to make you destructive as well as conceited."

"It does n't make me conceited to be loved," said Willa. "It makes me ashamed."

Dora sat thoughtful for a while, putting two and two together. "Well, it's a queer world," she remarked at last. "The idea of your falling in love with the man you marry!"

A sleepless night left the girl with dark circles under melancholy eyes. In the crisp of the fall morning she went out to walk off her heaviness, cutting through side streets to a scant suburb for escape and solitude.

Some one came behind her, whistling softly:



She did not turn her head. He stopped the tune at sight of her. When he caught up, without greeting him, she turned homeward. He walked beside her, and they talked vague and feeble evasions.

Not until they reached her gate did he sweep down her reserves and barriers. "You will not ask how I always know where to find you."

She answered hastily what she would not have said with forethought: "You are trying to hypnotize me."

"I? It is you! Wherever I go I am conscious of you like a presence. There is a hand on my shoulder that turns me where you are. I saw you at the opera the other night with Mr. Chester. I knew when something he said hurt you, though you smiled. I knew when the music made you shiver. You are part of myself. It has been only two weeks since I—found you, Willa, but I recognized you—what you were to me—at sight. Now I know why all women have been blanks to me, as women. It is you."

She shrank as if struck, but the blow came from her own memory. "And you say this to me now—*now*," she cried—"now, when my cards went out yesterday, and I am to be married in two weeks?"

"I learned that only this morning." It was his one word of justification. "But it could not have mattered in the end." Indeed, it did not occur to his absorption that there needed any justification for this wooing, this claiming his own, however swift and unconventional.

He leaned toward her. "*Willa!*" That was all; but it rang to her like a call, and drew her look for one flash to his. Then she put up blind hands of defense from his eyes, and ran from him into the house.

"Still a headache?" said her mother. "Why, Willa, I did n't expect you to be so excited over it. And it is telling on you, my dear. You know how unbecoming white is when you are sallow and hollow-eyed. So go to bed early to-night, daughter. Surely Hardy can spare one evening."

Thus Willa, strangely meek, went to her room before it was fully dark.

In the first sweet sleep of night she stood on rocks surrounded by the "swinging, smoking seas." Across a foaming gap *he* appealed to her with his arms. But when she would have leaped, she could not, though nothing held her except a sense of faces pressing before her—faces cold with reminder. Still he appealed with his arms. She gathered her strength and leaped—into a rush of salt air, a thrill of light and music. It swept her up in waves, then receded slowly with her dream-consciousness.



And she realized herself standing in the middle of her room, that was flooded with the early moonlight.

She knew that the dream had revealed her to herself. Making her way to the window, she leaned out.

"Willa!" No answer.

"Why are you asleep so early? It is only ten o'clock."

But Willa did not speak.

"Dr. Redin is expecting us at the rectory. I'll wait for you here," he said in the same cheerful tone. "And I'll time you, too," with a little laugh. "Fifteen minutes for the lightning-change artist."

She had no thought of resisting. She was tame to his word.

Dora went gaily the next afternoon to call at the hotel on Mrs. George Deland.

She waited, bubbling with fun and interest. "Ah, madame!" she began elaborately as Willa entered. Then her amusement faltered, for Willa looked taller, with an unusual white pallor and shining eyes.

The old friends looked at each other a moment. Then Dora, flung back on her honest thought, broke out: "Willa! How could you? You have n't known him two weeks."

"I have known him all my life," said Willa, quietly, "only I did n't know it." She did not join Dora's laugh at the bull. "I know him heart and soul." And she believed that, of course. They always do.

Secretly Dora was impressed. Willa's tragic powers were always so satisfactory. Why, Willa had often lain awake a whole night worrying over her lovers! "Well," she said, still attempting her old smile, the appreciative and encouraging smile of the professional interlocutor—"well, you'll find it harder to strike this tent than any of the others."

There was a pause like a rebuke. Then Willa said slowly: "There never were any others. He is the one I have been groping for all my life. I never knew what—love—was before. I was only trying to find out. But all that belongs to another life." Dora sat helpless. "I wonder," Willa ended, "why so many people laugh at—love. Is it because they are ashamed to admit sentiment, or is it sacred only when it comes into your own experience?" And Dora felt that she had been ill bred and evil-minded.

They talked in circles and at arm's-length. Even when Willa kept her eyes on her guest they seemed to look beyond, and often they wandered.

Dora cut short the call. The young woman let her go with an urgently affectionate invitation to "come down soon for luncheon." It choked Dora. They had never known the need of demonstration before.

Now she saw between them a great gulf fixed. She was familiar with the abstraction of lovers; the shy, troubled sweetness of the young wife's eyes, the reserve in a new life; but she felt herself excluded from Willa, less by ignorance of her new experiences than by too great knowledge of her old ones.

"All that belongs to another life." I see," she said to herself, tremulously flippant. "'Our affections are but tents of a night.' Tents of a night. I am struck with the rest."

A DERELICT.

BY ELLEN MACKUBIN.



SINCE the fall of the tower of Babel no more bewildering confusion of tongues has been heard among the children of men than that with which the polyglot crew and deck-passengers of the Yellowstone steamers were wont to clamor. French, German, Swedish, Chinese, and Chipewewa so adulterated the English which they attempted to speak that these forms of the most wide-spread of languages would not have been understood by the illustrious professors of its purity at Oxford or Harvard. Almost as varied in color as in speech, the red, white, black, and yellow crowd struggled across the gangways during the final hour of embarkation. There was a climax of noise, in which mingled the shrieking of whistles and the clanging of bells. Then the ropes which had held the *Great Northwest* to her moorings splashed into the muddy river, and she backed pantingly out into the stream.

"The end of civilization, and the beginning of the wilderness," murmured a pleasant voice beside young Gascon, who, leaning upon the rails of the upper deck, had watched the hurly-burly.

He lifted his eyes—a boy's eyes, eager with curiosity and amusement, yet just now a trifle wistful, because of a pang of homesickness both sharp and unexpected.

"Exactly my thought!" he exclaimed, looking at the worn, middle-aged face of his neighbor with an odd sense of mutual comprehension that was very agreeable among these strange surroundings.

"Sufficiently obvious to be visible from widely different points of view," the other said, smiling—a smile somebody had declared to be as remunerative as a fortune in ten per cents.; but that somebody had been an enemy. "No beginning or end more effectual than the splash of those ropes," he continued, "until one comes to the handful of earth upon a coffin, when, if one discovers whether it is an end or a beginning, one keeps the secret."

"Is this your first trip up the Yellowstone?" Gascon asked hurriedly. His new

acquaintance's imagination was outstripping his own on a path which he did not desire to follow.

"I've got beyond first experiences in most things," the stranger answered, still smiling; "and I am known among the oldest inhabitants at Zenith City, which is a precocious infant town of some five years."

"I leave the steamer there also."

"Ah! Fort Fletcher?"

"Why do you guess Fort Fletcher?" Gascon asked, glancing naïvely at his tweed clothes.

"West Point has other hall-marks than brass buttons," the elder man replied, while his eyes dwelt kindly on the erect young figure beside him. "Pretty place, the Point."

This fitted a key to the gates of Gascon's eloquence. Tender regrets and glorious aspirations were stirring his heart too deeply for revelation, even to an old friend instead of a chance traveling-companion. But the Point made a safe outlet for his boyish desire to assert his identity in the midst of an unfamiliar world.

The two did not part until the gong called them to the dining-saloon.

"Your seat, I dare say, is at the captain's table, with the army ladies and others of defined rank," Gascon's acquaintance said unenviously, as they entered. "Mine is at the farther end of the room, among the nobodies, some of whom, however, are right good company."

This description Gascon found inapplicable to his own surroundings. The captain vanished speedily; the army ladies, who had passed even the elastic age of garrison flirtation, were absorbed by nursery interests, and, after a brief greeting, the young lieutenant remained unnoticed until during the cheese and coffee period of the repast. Then he received an admonition from the military matron whom he was supposed to be escorting, though ever since joining her in Chicago he had been irately aware that he himself was being chaperoned.

"You must forgive a warning, because I have boys almost of your age," she began with unappreciated graciousness. "You can-

not be too careful in choosing your associates on these Yellowstone steamers. Dr. Roberts, with whom you were talking, is a gentleman, of course, but he is also one of those exceedingly dangerous persons who are described as being nobody's enemy except their own."

"Thank you very much," Gascon replied, flushing as he rose.

Stiff with West Point decorum and youthful offense, he bowed to each departing lady in turn, and escaped to the deck, a cigar, and his detrimental acquaintance.

Thirty-six hours later the army ladies discussed a subject which temporarily banished their nursery tales. They felt a sincere sense of responsibility for the newly fledged lieutenant until he should reach the protection of their liege lords at Fletcher, and when, to a merely momentary appearance at dinner on the second day, was added his absence at supper, they reported certain rumors to the captain.

That blunt person proved inaccessible to their demand for interference in a matter beyond his jurisdiction.

"If Doc Roberts is with the party, the play will be straight," he declared between final gulps of his third cup of tea, ending, as he scrambled to his feet: "I don't keep a Sunday-school, madam; I run a river steamer—leastways, that is my business, and I come as near doing it as sand-bars and fighting deck-hands and other interferences will allow."

For once rumor did not exaggerate. Poker had begun soon after breakfast, because the deck, under a copper-colored, airless sky, was no place for loafing, and a mild game was suggested as the only possible occupation for the long hours down-stairs. Gascon, influenced by the wholesome vigilance of his home and of West Point, believed that cards held no temptation for him, and joined the players from a rather bored desire for amusement. But there is nothing so infectious as fanaticism, and his companions worshiped in fierce earnest at the shrine of their Juggernaut.

They played in Roberts's cabin, within the tiny space of which the guests were accommodated with camp-stools, while the host sat upon the edge of the berth. When they paused to go to dinner, stakes had risen, likewise the thermometer, and the novice was aware of a new self-importance as he reckoned his winnings. Before the supper-gong sounded, stakes were yet higher, success was evenly balanced, and through the

stifling twilight flashed the lurid gleams of a coming tempest.

Supper was voted to be a needless interruption. Somebody ordered more drinks, and the blind-doors leading to the deck were closed against prying eyes. Under conditions of increasing heat and excitement, in the midst of such a pandemonium of noise as a thunder-storm means between the towering bluffs of the Yellowstone, the gambling continued for many hours.

At length, during the interval required for a shuffle, one of the party became aware that the turmoil of the elements had ceased, and that the steamer was wrapped in silence.

"Four o'clock!" he exclaimed, glancing at his watch. "What do you say to bed, gentlemen?"

"I say no!" cried a shrill voice, which, even to Gascon, did not sound his own.

There were haggard circles beneath his eyes. His fresh complexion was patched with pallor. His parched lips quivered as he added vehemently, "I have the right to speak, being the chief loser."

"Suppose we take count of stock," another suggested. "I will open the deck-door, doc, and make this den of yours less like an oven."

Through the doorway the morning appeared,—pure as when, on the first day, God, looking upon his new-created world, declared his content,—and across the serene outer stillness floated the clear voice of a negro deck-hand chanting a hymn which Gascon's mother had sung beside his bed in his childish illnesses.

The boy shut his teeth hard with something dangerously near a sob, and confronted three pairs of observant eyes.

"I'm solvent so far," he said. "For the next deal I will stand this amount on my pay-account."

He pushed toward Roberts, who was the principal winner, a slip of paper upon which he had scrawled his promise to pay, and his signature.

At this paper Roberts stared dumbly an instant, while a grayness, which might have been merely the effect of intruding daylight on the dull glimmer of the lamp, flitted over his face.

"I believe I am used up," he exclaimed presently, with a laugh. "See how my hand shakes. I shall leave off."

"The winner cannot leave off," Gascon stammered hotly, "if he is a man of honor—"

"I'll settle him," Roberts interrupted, addressing his other guests in a tone they

considered decisive. "Good night, gentlemen."

With jocular but hurried farewells they departed, while Gascon stood glaring in the helpless rage of defeat.

"So you are another Robert Gascon," his host said coldly. "Bound upon the same devil's highway followed by your—name-sake?"

"My father!" Gascon cried, a part of his pain and shame finding utterance. "Understand that I permit no ill spoken of my father."

"Forgive me! I used to be fond of your father," Roberts murmured, while he tore the slip of paper he held into tiny pieces. "Except for this signature I should have continued to think your name Gascoigne."

Then he laid a hand on Gascon's shoulder.

"Let us go outside," he said. "I have something to tell you, and we shall each feel steadier after a breath of cool air."

The lofty beauty of the scene which surrounded them when they stepped upon the deck smote the lad's heart with mingled reproach and soothing. He turned from his companion, and folding his arms on the railings, steeped his soul in its purity, his lungs in its refreshment. From a bench near by, Roberts watched the humiliation and bafflement fade out of Gascon's face, and a wistful serenity replace them.

"Go to bed, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed briskly. "You are dead tired."

Gascon glanced toward him with a start of remembrance.

"I am grateful to you for ending that game just now," he said frankly. "I think it must have been a case of temporary insanity on my part."

Roberts clasped the extended hand limply, and dropped it at once.

"A case of heredity, as of course you know—" he began.

"I know almost nothing of my father," Gascon interrupted. "He went West to make his fortune when I was a baby, and his death there was such a grief to my mother that she cannot speak calmly of him to this day."

"Your father is dead?" Roberts asked after a brief silence, during which Gascon wondered eagerly as to what this stranger would tell him of the father who was merely a name to him.

"He was drowned by the flooding of a mine in Idaho."

"Yes? I recollect. Many lives were lost. Well, I am glad to meet his son under cir-

cumstances that enable me to pay a portion of the debt I have owed him for years."

He proceeded to explain that he was indebted to the elder Gascon, or his heirs, for nearly double the sum of the younger man's losses, and he assured his astonished creditor that he should make immediate settlement.

Both explanation and assurance Gascon accepted undoubtingly, and with a thankfulness which overpowered for the time his bodily exhaustion. Swayed by a passion of blended remorse and relief, he was eloquent on themes the sacredness of which would in ordinary moods have rendered him silent. And Roberts listened with an occasional word or smile of sympathy while he talked of his mother, of her sacrifices for his establishment in the somewhat extravagant cavalry regiment to which he had been assigned on leaving West Point—sacrifices which that night's madness had so nearly rendered vain.

A term was put to these confidences by a humiliating faintness, which he strove to deny, but which forced him to lean on Roberts's arm to his cabin door, and left him no recollection of how he got to his berth, where he awoke, half a day later, as the gong clanged for dinner.

NOTHING can be more uncertain than the duration of a trip up the Yellowstone on a steamer in August. Summer droughts develop snags and sand-bars that further impede navigation, always difficult against the mighty current with which the stream rushes to lose itself in a yet greater river. Upon this journey everything occurred which could test the captain's skill or try the patience of his passengers. In the consequently unamiable community neighborly criticism became the chief amusement. The sight of Roberts and Gascon pacing the deck, or loafing contentedly in shady corners, was at first a lament and finally a wonder to such widely separate strata of society as the army ladies and the habitual associates of Roberts. For ten days that impassioned gambler neither touched a card nor vouchsafed an explanation of the phenomenon, while, when Gascon attributed his own resistance of temptation to his friend's abstinence, the reply was a self-contemptuous murmur:

"If there is no stronger stuff in you than in Doc Roberts, God help you!"—a reply which wounded Gascon's loyalty, but enabled him to acquiesce with vague relief in Roberts's refusal to talk to him of his father.

The journey of the *Great Northwest* came

finally to an end, and Gascon was surrounded by the gay and busy novelty of life at Fletcher. The fair visitors whom summer brings from far-away civilization were holding a sway which annually transforms the dull frontier garrison into a "court of love and beauty." Just from West Point, adorned with the newest graces in dancing, wise with the latest fads in amateur theatricals, and able to compete brilliantly at target practice and hurdle-races with his prairie-roughened comrades, Gascon became the hero of numerous peaceful victories. But in spite of long absences from home, he had been to an enduring extent home-influenced. Through the midst of his general popularity he craved some special affection, and this affection he persistently sought with Roberts. That person possessed an office in Zenith City, where a sign announced his profession, though his practice was irregular and unprofitable. At Fletcher he was known as a rather discreditable crony of the bluff old post-surgeon, who invariably added him to card-parties, and declared that on medical subjects he had forgotten more than his champion had ever learned. His first appearance, however, at any of the larger social functions was made at a "hop" a month after Gascon's arrival, when he created a small sensation; for, shabby as was his evening dress, he wore it with a careless grace which condoned its lack of fashion.

The object of this debut was a presentation to the fair star whose dawn upon the heaven of Gascon's enthusiasm had induced his confidant to resume clothes and manners which, that confidant asserted, were equally prehistoric. The result was a monopoly of Elsa Falconer's much-sought society that surprised even Gascon's appreciation of his friend's attraction. But when, an hour later, the young fellow led her to the broad veranda which adjoins the club-rooms at Fletcher, she accounted for her graciousness to Roberts in a way that divided him between rapture and doubt.

"He is an enthusiast about a subject which interests me also—for the present," she said with a gay laugh.

Nor did Roberts prove less oracular. "The rôle of confidant is to see all and hear all, and reveal nothing," that gentleman declared placidly. "Fortunately, like most benevolent elders, I am well amused by the vagaries of youth."

A couple of days after the dance Gascon rode over to Zenith City.

Roberts was lounging languidly through a

belated toilet, yet his attention was at once aroused by his visitor's evident depression.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked sharply. "More poker?"

"No," Gascon replied briefly, while his wistful glance drooped.

Roberts stared at him an instant; then he walked to the bed and threw himself upon it at full length.

"You have received letters from home," he said.

Gascon followed him to the bedside.

"How do you always guess what concerns me? It is marvelous how readily you understand me!" he exclaimed, with the innocent belief of a transparent nature in its own impenetrability.

Roberts turned his face away on the pillow.

"My magic goes further," he said. "Your mother disapproves of our intimacy."

"You must not blame my poor mother. I never knew how much she has suffered until now."

"She has told you your father's story at last?"

"She has told me that his passion for gambling destroyed the finest, tenderest—"

"Cut that!" Roberts gasped thickly. "I remember your father."

"She has written to you also—" Gascon hesitated.

Roberts stretched back his hand for the letter.

My son has written me of the noble way in which you interposed between him and ruin. I am convinced that his father's friend wishes to save him, but I appeal to your knowledge of his father to agree with me that for my boy there is no safety except in avoiding all contact with a temptation which his inherited madness cannot resist. I have considered the living less than the dead. Rather than dim his reverence for his father's memory, I persuaded myself that he had escaped this danger, and I exposed him to it unwarned. Will you help me to save him now, though it is late? Will you stand aside from his affection and surrender him to the wholesome influences which surround him at Fort Fletcher? And will you believe that this entreaty, which may seem an insult, is indeed the proof of my trust in your friendship for my boy, of which he is sure?

AGATHA GASCON.

The cheap little clock upon the mantel-shelf ticked away the time for which one of those two silent men felt that he had no further use. The logs on the untidy hearth fell together, as with the crumbling of a last burnt-out hope.

"I am the whole world to her; she may

ask anything of me," Gascon exclaimed presently; "but to make such a demand of you, when I promised—when I swore to her—"

"You are the son of Robert Gascon, with whose promises and oaths she was familiar."

"If my poor father had lived—"

"You should thank God for his death!" Roberts cried with a strange rage of scorn. "It was the only boon he ever bestowed upon those whose misery had been to love him. Better the oblivion of utter shipwreck than to drag on existence a—a derelict, worthless, objectless, dangerous. Your mother is right; there are dangers from which courage itself must run away."

"But you have put me on my feet; for my sake you have held aloof from—"

"I lost every cent I possessed or could borrow last night!" Roberts interrupted fiercely. Rising swiftly, he walked to the door and opened it. "Go," he said, "and come back no more. I will never speak to you again."

Gascon grew white.

"You are angry," he murmured. "You have cause to be. I beg your pardon for my mother and for myself; but I obey her—and you."

He paused on the threshold. He was unused to suffering, and the eyes that met Roberts's stolid gaze were full of tears.

"Will you shake hands?" he faltered.

Dumbly Roberts thrust both clenched fists into his pockets, and Gascon went away.

With unsteady steps Roberts crossed the room to a travel-worn trunk, in which, after some search, he found an old portfolio. It held perhaps a dozen letters, from the yellow pages of which words of passionate love, of changeless faith, confronted him, and he placed the letter he had just received among them. Then he laid the package very softly in the lingering fire, watching its slow disappearance with haggard patience, as mourners watch the filling of a grave.

That summer will be long remembered at Fletcher, it was so gay, and it ended so abruptly. After Gascon's break with his friend came a fortnight which, in spite of the young fellow's regret on this subject, seemed to him a road through paradise, where Elsa Falconer's capricious sweetness was daily more enthralling.

During this time he did not meet Roberts again.

Then came a never-to-be-forgotten change at the fort. All day telegrams of increasing menace came pouring in from one post

after another along the whole stretch of frontier. Toward afternoon the tale, with supplements, began to be repeated from Washington. The Northwest was ablaze with a revolt, into which long-smoldering Indian discontent had broken forth at widely scattered points, and spread like a prairie fire the path of which has been prepared by a drought. To prevent the union of these various flames, troops were to be collected from far and near. Twenty-four hours must reduce Montana garrisons to numbers barely sufficient for the defense of the posts in case of attack. No precedent for such a possibility existed, however, and no fear for themselves formed part of the women's suspense—those waiting, praying women, whose life during the ensuing weeks would be cruelly harder than that of the men, who, should the worst befall, would

Flash their souls out with the guns,
And take their heaven at once.

There was not an idle hand or a quiet foot at Fletcher that evening. Through the midst of this bustle, which was not confusion because each one knew what was expected of him, Gascon, like many another, was haunted by a vision quite unconnected with his duties.

Two tender eyes which made bewildering contradiction to two laughing lips—would those lips laugh now? would those eyes grow yet more tender for farewell?

At length he was able to seek the answer to these questions, and having found that answer, found something which would hallow whatever lay before him, whether of time or eternity.

After a hasty and tardy mess he was rushing back to Elsa, when he met Roberts. Every lamp burned bright on the parade that night, and from the open window, beside which Elsa watched for her lover, a stream of light fell across the faces of the men. Gascon paused eagerly.

"Roberts!" he exclaimed. "Say good-by. We march at dawn."

The only reply was a haughty stare, and the tall figure passed him briskly.

"It is my fault," Gascon said presently to Elsa's astonished resentment of the insult, which she had seen.

"Then go to him, for a moment, and tell him," she began softly, but broke off with sudden tears on her lashes. "No," she whispered; "these are my moments. I cannot spare one even to him, though he is so fond of you."

With which, according to love's exquisite

selfishness, they straightway forgot the rest of the world.

During those busy hours no officer was busier than the surgeon. Looking about the limited resources of Zenith City for the necessary acquisition of an assistant, his choice fell promptly upon Roberts, who, rather to his surprise, accepted as promptly.

"He drinks no more than you or I," he declared to a demur from the colonel at this selection. "Cards? Black Hawk intends to leave us scant leisure for any game but that which he is playing. As for doc's coolness under an emergency, I saw him among those half-burnt wretches when that big fire nearly wiped out the town last year, and you may trust him."

Thus it came to pass, in the early days of the expedition, that the constant confronting of Roberts's estrangement mingled a solitary regret in the joyous excitement which possessed Gascon. A first love must be confident of happiness, a first campaign must be assured of glory, or neither lover nor soldier is worthy of the title he claims.

Though September was on the wane, summer was departing with a final assertion of power. Long marches through blazing sunshine and stifling dust exhausted men and horses, without bringing them into contact with an elusive enemy marvelously subtle at this prairie hide-and-seek. After a week the general divided his forces. The object of the division was to cut off from the main body of Indians another band which was reported to be hastening to the assistance of their allies. Very small was the detachment to whom the general assigned this mission, but, with a command limited by an economical government, he was accustomed to expect audacity and endurance to replace numerical strength. It was partly formed from a battalion of the — Cavalry, including Gascon's troop, and Roberts accompanied it as surgeon.

On the following morning, after an all-night ride, the column found itself at the entrance of a valley, through which stretched an encampment of the much-desired enemy — an encampment the extent of which trebly exceeded the estimate of negligent or treacherous scouts.

If any heart sank, there was no token of it in the unflinching eyes which stared down at the sudden death-sentence that fair valley revealed to most of them.

A crisis which could not be avoided must be encountered unhesitatingly, the elder officers decided. As for the youngsters, the

ancient reproach that Anglo-Saxon youth loves fighting for fighting's sake echoes wondrously of glory.

THE brief autumn afternoon was yet golden when the survivors gathered upon the summit of a low, bare hill. Though worn by rage and grief and fatigue, not a man faltered. The few wagons of their commissary, which had been ordered to this point before the battle, made the basis of a rampart, hurriedly supplemented by the bodies of horses and mules slain for that desperate purpose. If they could hold out thus partly sheltered until nightfall, they hoped that the reinforcements long since besought from the general might arrive in time to prevent the renewal of hostilities, which would be resumed with daylight.

But the Indians, mad with unfamiliar triumph, charged at short intervals almost to the muzzles of the soldiers' rifles, whose deadly work was limited by a failing supply of ammunition, while from the crown of an adjacent hill the more liberally provided savages poured volleys upon the troops, who escaped annihilation only because of heedless marksmanship.

Within the least exposed portion of the defenses, the wounded had been assembled. A pause came at length to Roberts's occupation, and he stood wiping his stained hands, — there was not water enough in the canteens to spare for washing, — when another long, limp figure was laid at his feet.

"I—I heard his voice just now," he muttered, looking down on the ghastly, dust-grimed face of Gascon.

"Yes, sir; them popping fools up there did it by the devil's luck," one of the bearers answered, lingering for the surgeon's verdict.

"Bring me my tools, Brown," Roberts called to a hospital orderly, as he tore open the flannel blouse and bared the blood-drenched neck and shoulder. "It means life or death whether we can stop the hemorrhage in five minutes."

Firm fingers and sure knowledge were busy with the severed artery even while he spoke. But the brief term he had set was not passed, the work was yet half done, when the sibilant whistle of bullets cut the air, and he sank forward across Gascon's inanimate body.

Instantly he rose to his knees again, stretching out two shaking hands.

"Enough left of me to save him," he said, picking up his instrument.

When the artery was safe, the bandages adjusted, he kissed the brow, still so boyishly fair above the sunburnt line to which a jauntily worn cap had sheltered it.

Then he fell back helplessly.

"You must try to carry out the instructions I hope to give you for him—and the others," he murmured, as the orderly bent over him.

"For yourself, sir, what can I do?"

"The whole College of Physicians and Surgeons could n't mend my spine," he said serenely. "You may tie me up a little; I shall look less like a butcher at the end."

Through that night, which brought to those weary soldiers quiet for the present and hope for the future, Roberts, though more and more incapable of movement, from a gradual paralysis, maintained, by clear directions, his charge of the wounded.

Gascon, without fully recovering consciousness, had sunk into a profound slumber of exhaustion. Not until anxious eyes were scanning the dim horizon of dawn for the general's approach did the lad awake.

A phantom world of shadowy stillness surrounded him as he struggled to his elbow, and in the midst of his languid bewilderment he heard the voice of the friend who had vowed never to speak to him again.

"My boy! Can you drag yourself a bit nearer to me? I'm just going."

"Going? Where?" Gascon faltered, feebly obeying.

"Ah! Where?"

"You are hurt?"

"I am dying. Hush!" Roberts muttered, a sudden vehemence interrupting the calmness of his tone as Gascon broke into helpless sobs. "Stop that! You must get well. The general will be here soon; the Indians know it, for they are decamping. You must go back to your mother, and tell her that I sent you. My Agatha! She will forgive me once more. No, no! Forget that! My mind is wandering."

He ceased abruptly, for Gascon leaned over him with discovery in his startled eyes.

"Liedown," he continued softly. "Take my hand,—I cannot give it to you,—and I've a fancy for dying with my hand in yours."

"Father!" Gascon murmured, pressing the nerveless hand to his breast. "My father!"

"You have guessed? I never meant you to know!" Roberts exclaimed with momentary force. "But I am glad to hear you call me—that name—as though you liked it—"

"My father, who saved me—" Gascon's voice sank in tears.

"Your father who loved you," Roberts whispered, and passed into the presence of that Fatherhood whose love is all the plea which either saint or sinner can claim.



POPULAR ILLUSIONS ABOUT TRUSTS.

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.



HE platforms of both parties in the coming Presidential contest are likely to ring with express or implied denunciation of trusts, in order to minister to the popular outcry against them, many of the people having been led to believe that great aggregations of capital must be inimical to the interests of the masses who have little or none. While this policy may be more or less successful for the moment, from a party point of view, it must be ephemeral, because, as the writer hopes to show, trusts cannot permanently thwart the laws of competition, and hence must prove beneficial agencies for the people.

The world does not spin round any faster

in our day than it has for ages past, but undoubtedly new ideas in the world come into view and flash past with a rapidity hitherto unknown. It seems as if, in our time, man were chiefly absorbed in obeying the injunction to try all things. Fortunately, we evolutionists know that in the end he must and will hold fast only to that which is good for the organism known as human society. His attitude hitherto toward new things or new ideas has been one of suspicion and hesitation. We see traces of this yet in the older countries and older civilizations; but the bounding, irrepressible, "cock-sure" spirit of Western civilization seems possessed by an entirely different tendency. It grasps everything new with avidity, and is sanguine be-

yond measure of its merits, ever ready to discard the old, and to see in any new thing the golden bow of promise. The American is the modern magician, ever exchanging old lamps for new. Panaceas for all the ills of life are more numerous than the ills. Not one doctor, but a hundred, arise, competent to cure every defect in the body politic, and none is without patients or—may we write?—dupes. We must all have our toys and our fads. "It is natural for man to indulge in the delusions of hope."

The day is not far past when the industrial world saw its millennium in the joint-stock idea. Every department of industry was to be captured by it. Shares in every conceivable enterprise were to be distributed among the people *en masse*, thus insuring the much-needed redistribution of wealth, where every man was no longer a consumer only, but his own manufacturer, his own transporter, clothier, butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker. There was nothing to prevent him being in one sense his own undertaker through shares in the "Burial Company, Limited," or the "Crematorium Company," thus carrying out to his very end the grand joint-stock corporation panacea. Every employee in mill or factory, in railway or steamship service, was soon to become an owner, with a possible future seat on the board.

Though all these over-sanguine expectations have not been realized through the laws establishing corporations, thus encouraging the massing of the innumerable small savings of the public in general, yet few new forms have been productive of so much benefit to the thrifty and aspiring people with small savings, who are the salt of the working millions and of the country, as the corporate idea.

Another highly important step forward in this domain resulted from the authorization of limited partnerships, by which the undoubted advantages of individual over corporate management could be secured without danger of ruin to the members, whose liability is limited to the amount of the capital stock of the partnership. In the great corporation the shares are generally bought and sold upon the stock exchange, and the real owners are unknown. All depends upon salaried officials, who may or may not have a dollar in the enterprise. In the limited partnership, on the contrary, only shareholders can be members; the shares are not sold to outsiders, and thus is insured the eye of the master over all. With proper, but absolutely necessary, provisions, it is possible,

under this system, to create owners from among exceptional but poor employees, from whom no capital is required, the partnership agreeing to permit the profits to pay for the interest given, the capitalistic owners reserving the right to discontinue the partnership by a two-thirds vote, or a three-fourths majority vote, should the new partner not prove desirable. By this plan it is possible to provide for the rise of the poor but able employee, thus neutralizing, to some extent, the acknowledged difficulty of men rising to ownership in our day, because of the enormous amount of capital required for successful operations under present, and probably enduring, conditions. The day of small concerns within the means of many able men seems to be over, never to return. The rise to partnership in vast concerns must come chiefly through such means as these permitted by the laws of limited partnership.

To-day we hear little of the joint-stock corporation, which has settled into its proper sphere and escapes notice. It was succeeded by the "syndicate," a combination of corporations which pulled together for a time, and expected to destroy destructive competition. The word has already almost passed out of use, and now the syndicate has given place to the trust.

We see in all these efforts of men the desire to furnish opportunities to mass capital, to concentrate the small savings of the many, and to direct them to one end. The conditions of human society create for this an imperious demand; the concentration of capital is a necessity for meeting the demands of our day, and as such should not be looked at askance, but be encouraged. There is nothing detrimental to human society in it, but much that is, or is bound soon to become, beneficial. It is an evolution from the heterogeneous to the homogeneous, and is clearly another step in the upward path of development.

Abreast of this necessity for massing the wealth of the many in even larger and larger sums for huge enterprises, another law is seen in operation in the invariable tendency from the beginning till now to lower the cost of all articles produced by man. Through the operation of this law the home of the laboring man of our day boasts luxuries which even in the palaces of monarchs as recent as Queen Elizabeth were unknown. It is a trite saying that the comforts of to-day were the luxuries of yesterday, and conveys only a faint impression of the contrast, until one walks through the castles and palaces of older countries, and

learns that two or three centuries ago these had for carpets only rushes, small open spaces for windows, glass being little known, and were without gas or water-supply, or any of what we consider to-day the conveniences of life. As for those chief treasures of life, books, there is scarcely a working-man's family which has not at its command, without money and without price, access to libraries to which the palace was recently a stranger.

If there be in human history one truth clearer and more indisputable than another, it is that the cheapening of articles, whether of luxury or of necessity or of those classed as artistic, insures their more general distribution, and is one of the most potent factors in refining and lifting a people, and in adding to its happiness. In no period of human activity has this great agency been so potent or so wide-spread as in our own. Now, the cheapening of all these good things, whether it be in the metals, in textiles, or in food, or especially in books and prints, is rendered possible only through the operation of the law which may be stated thus: cheapness is in proportion to the scale of production. To make ten tons of steel a day would cost many times as much per ton as to make one hundred tons; to make one hundred tons would cost double as much per ton as a thousand; and to make one thousand tons per day would cost greatly more than to make ten thousand tons. Thus, the larger the scale of operation the cheaper the product. The huge steamship of twenty thousand tons burden carries its ton of freight at less cost, it is stated, than the first steamships carried a pound. It is, fortunately, impossible for man to impede, much less to change, this great and beneficent law, from which flow most of his comforts and luxuries, and also most of the best and most improving forces in his life.

In an age noted for its inventions, we see the same law running through these. Inventions facilitate big operations, and in most instances require to be worked upon a great scale. Indeed, as a rule, the great invention which is beneficent in its operation would be useless unless operated to supply a thousand people where ten were supplied before. Every agency in our day labors to scatter the good things of life, both for mind and body, among the toiling millions. Everywhere we look we see the inexorable law ever producing bigger and bigger things. One of the most notable illustrations of this is seen in the railway freight-car. When the writer

entered the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad seven to eight tons were carried upon eight wheels; to-day they carry fifty tons. The locomotive has quadrupled in power. The steamship to-day is ten times bigger, the blast-furnace has seven times more capacity, and the tendency everywhere is still to increase. The contrast between the hand printing-press of old and the elaborate newspaper printing-machine of to-day is even more marked.

We conclude that this overpowering, irresistible tendency toward aggregation of capital and increase of size in every branch of product cannot be arrested or even greatly impeded, and that, instead of attempting to restrict either, we should hail every increase as something gained, not for the few rich, but for the millions of poor, seeing that the law is salutary, working for good and not for evil. Every enlargement is an improvement, step by step, upon what has preceded. It makes for higher civilization, for the enrichment of human life, not for one, but for all classes of men. It tends to bring to the laborer's cottage the luxuries hitherto enjoyed only by the rich, to remove from the most squalid homes much of their squalor, and to foster the growth of human happiness relatively more in the workman's home than in the millionaire's palace. It does not tend to make the rich poorer, but it does tend to make the poor richer in the possession of better things, and greatly lessens the wide and deplorable gulf between the rich and the poor. Superficial politicians may, for a time, deceive the uninformed, but more and more will all this be clearly seen by those who are now led to regard aggregations as injurious.

In all great movements, even of the highest value, there is cause for criticism, and new dangers arising from new conditions, which must be guarded against. There is no nugget free from more or less impurity, and no good cause without its fringe of scoria. The sun itself has spots, but, as has been wisely said, these are rendered visible only by the light it itself sends forth.

The benefits, therefore, which have come to the world through this law of aggregation and increase take several forms, to some of which objection is made.

One form of aggregation is the growth of establishments constantly extending their field of operations, the special form which has been most criticized being the department store. We look back to the time when one petty establishment sold one class of

articles. The subdivision of labor is seen in its fullest development throughout the Eastern world, where many servants are required, each restricted to doing one part of many operations required to produce one whole. Traces of this system still linger among us. In dealing with department stores the first question is, Do they provide articles at less cost for the masses? Upon cheapness, indeed, depends the wider distribution of desirable articles among the people, the enjoyment of which is greatly to be desired as inevitably carrying with it elevation to a higher stage of civilization. Increased comfort means increased refinement, and this means a higher standard of life. No one questions the fact that these great stores do furnish more value for the money than it was possible for small separate-selling agencies to do. The increased scale of operations all under one management insures much cheaper distribution. That they are so generally patronized is the best proof that they are beneficial, and, what should not be lost sight of, they are relatively more advantageous for the general public than for the few rich. In like manner it is the masses of the people, not the few, who are most benefited by the growth of huge and all-embracing establishments in every line of production and distribution. It is inevitable that the introduction of a new system should disturb and finally overthrow the older and less desirable system.

The chief complaint made against the department stores is that, while under the old system of small separate establishments there were secured as valuable citizens to the State a hundred independent owners, the department store may have only five. In the writer's opinion this is a mistake, as experience already demonstrates that the great and successful establishment is dependent upon numerous active members participating directly in the results. It may be accepted as a law that the store which interests the greatest number of assistants, other things being equal, will prove the most successful, and it is a matter of common knowledge even to-day that in these vast establishments it is already the rule for all those in charge of the numerous departments to be directly interested in the profits. In other words, the small, petty master in his little store has given place to the bigger, much more important manager of a department, whose revenues generally exceed those of the petty owner he has supplanted. Nor is this all: the field for the display of exceptional ability is

much wider than it could possibly be in the smaller establishment, and will as often win partnership in one of these establishments, or at least an equivalent of partnership, as the owner of the small store achieved success. This bigger system grows bigger men, and it is by the big men that the standard of the race is raised. The race of shopkeepers is bound to be improved, and to become not only better business men, and better men in themselves, but more valuable citizens for the State. Dealing with petty affairs tends to make small men; dealing with larger affairs broadens and strengthens character.

We have taken department stores as the form most under criticism, but what we have said here may be taken as said for all other branches of business, that the larger the scale upon which it can be successfully conducted the better it is for the race as a whole, and in greater degree better for the masses of the race than for the few.

We come now to another phase of aggregation: the consolidation of various works scattered in different parts of the country into one solid company. These consolidations are now classed as trusts.

As far as the consolidation of various plants engaged in one branch of manufacture is concerned, this is only obeying the great law of aggregation, which, we have seen, is beneficial, although the real object of the consolidators may, in some cases, have been the belief that through these consolidations ruinous competition might be ended. Color is given to this belief because it is obvious that the cheapening of product cannot result to so great an extent by combining works in scattered places as when one establishment enlarges itself. On the other hand, something is to be allowed for the claim that each separate work may be utilized to supply the wants of a tributary region, thus saving cost of transportation. The one solid enlarged establishment will, however, probably be able to manufacture its surplus not needed in the region tributary to it at a cost so much less than is possible at the small scattered establishments as to enable it to pay the freight upon what it desires to sell beyond its natural territory. In so far as consolidation of scattered works is intended to save cost of transportation, and thus to produce more cheaply, the consolidation is to be hailed as beneficial for the country; for the foundation upon which we rest is that cheapness of articles leads to their wider distribution among the masses, and is a gain when attained. Reduced cost

of production, under the free play of competition, insures reduced prices to the consumer.

The people are aroused against trusts because they are said to aim at securing monopolies in the manufacture and distribution of their products; but the whole question is, Have they or can they succeed in monopolizing products? Let us consider. That the manufacturer of a patented article can maintain a monopoly goes without saying. Our laws expressly give him a monopoly. That it has been wise for the state to give an inventor this for a time will not be seriously questioned. So beneficial has it proved that the nations of the world are one after the other following our patent laws. Our chief industrial rival, Great Britain, has done so as far as possible, and the chairman of the British Patent Commission expressed to me the regret that it was found impracticable, at present, to go further in the same direction.

There are only two conditions other than patents which render it possible to maintain a monopoly. These are when the parties absolutely control the raw material out of which the article is produced, or control territory into which rivals can enter only with extreme difficulty. Such is virtually the case with the Standard Oil Company, and as long as it can maintain a monopoly of raw materials it goes without saying that it can maintain a monopoly in the product. This is a fact that the public must recognize, but what legislation can do to prevent it is difficult to say. Citizens of the United States have a right to buy anything they choose. This right could scarcely be restricted, nor, upon the whole, would it seem wise to restrict it, since that of the Standard Oil is the only case in which monopoly of an article has been secured. It has been rendered possible only by exceptional ability and in circumstances not likely ever to occur again. The price of its continued success is a line of such able men as its originators. Its second source of strength lies in the fact that through its extensive operations it has been enabled to reduce the price of its product to the consumer. It is a unique organization, for there is nothing like it in the world, and therefore it is not to be classed with the ordinary trusts, which are numerous and are constantly increasing.

Within the last few months a wholly new and surprising development of the trust idea has appeared in the railway world—one which reflects much credit upon the brain

which conceived it. This is the purchase by the leading trunk-lines of large amounts of the stock of their less prominent competitors. We now see a vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railway Company sitting on the board of the Baltimore and Ohio. The possible outcome of this movement, if pursued, assumes portentous proportions, far surpassing in their effect any previous phase of the trust, and may lead to an extension of the powers of the Interstate Commission, and perhaps to other legislation at present unthought of. The subject is too far-reaching for more than mere mention in this paper. The country must see its future development, which will be waited with deep concern by the thoughtful student of economic problems.

The genesis of trusts is as follows: Manufacturers of most staple articles (especially of iron and steel) are subject to long periods of serious depression, succeeded by short intervals of high profits. Because during depression no increase is made in capacity, and the world's population and wants are constantly growing, one morning it is discovered that demand has overtaken and outrun supply. But the production of an increased supply is no easy matter. It usually means beginning at the beginning, obtaining the raw materials from mine or soil, passing these through various processes for which the necessary machinery and facilities are wanting, and it is a year or eighteen months, or even two years, before the supply of most articles can be materially increased. Demand becomes imperious and unsatisfied, and prices bound upward. Many new men are induced to build new works. The extensions of the old works supply all demands, and even a shade beyond; then comes the collapse. It is during one of these long periods of depression, when many of the manufacturers are on the verge of bankruptcy, that there arises in the heart a hope, soon crystallized into a belief, that a new way has been found to avoid the natural consequences of the unchanging economic laws. It is soon felt that savage competition should cease between those enduring a common affliction, who should be brother manufacturers, and that the lion and the lamb should lie down together. They forget, in the hour of their misery, that the moralist has expressed the fear lest the one may be found inside the other. First, all kinds of understandings and fair promises are made—alas! only to be broken; and finally the promoter makes his appearance, and our unfortunate manufacturers fall an easy prey. Enormous sums are

offered for antiquated plants which may not have been able to do more than pay their way for years. These are tied together, and the new industrial makes its appearance as a trust, under the delusion that if a dozen or twenty invalids be tied together vitality will be infused thereby into the mass. This is not true of all that are classed as trusts; there are exceptions. I speak only generally.

Should these combinations be made upon the eve of a period of activity, as was the case recently, then there is a triumphant vindication of the new nostrum, the industrial world has found its panacea for all ills, and there is never to be ruinous competition again. The public is alarmed; it hears for a time of the advance of prices in the products of these gigantic concerns which temporarily control the market, and demands legislation against them. Generally speaking, as in the present instance, the advance in prices would have taken place even if no trusts existed, being caused by increased demand. The very name of trust stinks in our nostrils. We believe the public to be needlessly alarmed upon the subject, for the following reasons:

Few trusts have a monopoly through patents or through the supply of raw material or of territory, and what happens is this: For a short time competition is hindered, but rarely, if ever, completely stifled. The profits of the trusts are high, and capital, ever watchful for an opportunity to make unusual gains, seeks its level by a law of its being, and needs only the opportunity to engage in this highly profitable manufacture. A relative of one of the principal officials or one of the chiefs of a department in the trust, knowing its great profits, gets some friend with capital to build new works in coöperation with him, and the result is that we soon see springing up over the country rival works, each of which has the great giant trust more or less at its mercy. A threat to reduce prices, and the trust, to which this may mean millions of dollars of loss, will sooner or later come to an agreement with the little David who threatens to attack the Goliath, and the rival concern is arranged with or purchased. This only whets the appetite of others who see the success of the first innovator, and other works soon spring up. No sooner has the trust purchased one threatened rival than two appear, and the end is disaster. The people may rest assured that neither in one article nor in another is it possible for any trust to exact exorbitant profits without thereby speedily undermining its

own foundations. It is not long since trusts first made their appearance, and already many have disappeared. Many still existing are being assailed, the names of which will readily occur to our readers. Only a few survive to-day, and none have secured the coveted monopoly. Most of the metals and many of the staple articles have been formed into trusts, which, although yet living, are rapidly being attacked to their final destruction. The press used to tell every morning of the organization of some trust or other, and even to-day we still hear of proposed additions to the list of these attempted gigantic monopolies, which enjoy a brief ephemeral existence. Upon most of them can already be written the appropriate epitaph:

If I was so soon to be done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

Every attempt to monopolize the manufacture of any staple article carries within its bosom the seeds of failure. Long before we could legislate with much effect against trusts there would be no necessity for legislation. The past proves this, and the future is to confirm it. There should be nothing but encouragement for these vast aggregations of capital for the manufacture of staple articles. As for the result being an increase of price to the consumer beyond a brief period, there need be no fear. On the contrary, the inevitable result of these aggregations is, finally and permanently, to give to the consumer cheaper articles than would have been otherwise possible to obtain; for capital is stimulated by the high profits of the trust, for a season, to embark against it. The result is very soon a capacity of production beyond the wants of the consumer, and as the new works erected are of the most improved pattern, and capable of producing cheaper than the old works, the vulnerable trusts are compelled to buy and capitalize at two or three times their cost. There is thus no danger ahead to the community from trusts, nor any cause for fear.

The great natural laws, being the outgrowth of human nature and human needs, keep on their irresistible course. Competition in all departments of human activity is not to be suppressed. The individual manufacturer who is tempted into the unusually profitable business of the trust will take care of the monopoly question and prevent injury to the nation. The trust, so far as aggregation and enlargement go, is one day to be recognized as a grand step toward cheaper

products for the people than could have been obtained by any other mode than the aggregation of capital and establishments. Already the ghosts of numerous departed trusts which aimed at monopolies have marched across the stage of human affairs, each pointing to its fatal wound, inflicted by that great corrective, competition. Like the ghosts of *Macbeth's* victims, the line promises to stretch longer and longer, and also like those phantoms of the brain, they "come like shadows, so depart."

The earth hath bubbles as the water hath,
And these are of them.

The masses of the people, the toiling millions, are soon to find in this great law of aggregation of capital and of factories another of those beneficent agencies which in their operation tend to bring to the homes of the poor, in greater degree than ever, more and more of the luxuries of the rich, and into their lives more of sweetness and light. The only people who have reason to fear trusts are those who trust them.

THE ALL-AMERICAN ROUTE TO THE KLONDIKE.

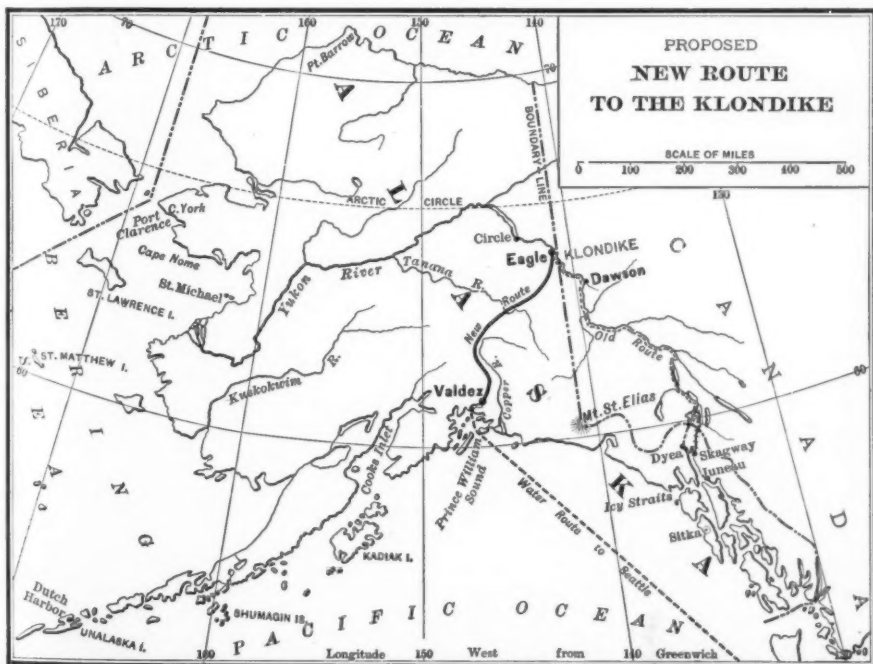
BY EDWARD GILLETTE,

Chief Engineer of the Exploring Expedition.

PROBABLY no portion of our country is making history for itself so fast as the Territory of Alaska. It is not surprising that the interior of this country, away from navigable waters, is virtually unknown. The southern coast, from Icy Straits to Cook Inlet and beyond, presents a most forbidding aspect to the explorer. The cañons

and valleys of the coast range are filled with ice and snow, or with a dense and almost impenetrable growth of vegetation where the soil is exposed.

During the field season of 1899 I was chief engineer of the exploring expedition sent out by the War Department to determine the most practicable route to



the Klondike region all within United States territory.

The result of former years of exploration pointed to Valdez Bay, at the head of Prince William Sound, as the best harbor on the southern coast, and it was desired, if possible, to locate a railroad route of reasonable cost of construction and maintenance from this port to some point on the Yukon River near Fort Egbert or Eagle City. At the head of Valdez Bay is the small town of Valdez, mainly the residue of a large stampede of prospectors to this region a few years ago. At that time the only route into the interior was that which the Indians were known to have used, by way of Valdez Glacier. The hardship, toil, and suffering, to say nothing of the dangers, endured in traversing the forty miles of this glacier, were something appalling. The country east of Valdez was virtually unknown. A few explorers had climbed to the divide, and on looking down into the valley beyond had mistaken the upper valley of Lowe River, the main stream emptying into the head of Valdez Bay, for a lake. The scant maps of this region were very misleading.

However, the recent discovery of a gorge, since named Keystone Cañon, connecting the upper valley with the coast at Valdez, developed a new route to the interior, which the War Department was not slow in opening up by the construction of a pack-trail. This brought about the immediate abandonment of travel over Valdez Glacier, and opened up a practicable route to the great drainage basin of Copper River, the head waters of the Tanana, a tributary of the Yukon, which gave cheaper and better communication between the Forty Mile Creek mining region and the coast. The glaciers along the coast range of Alaska leave very few possible routes across or through the mountains. Where the larger streams, such as Copper River, empty into the ocean, deltas and shoal waters exist, the result of the depositing of vast quantities of the earthy matter which is always to be found in glacial streams, and fills up any harbors which might otherwise furnish a good port for shipping.

The large streams which cut through the coast range have, in addition to the shoal water at the mouth, for a part of the cañon wall overhanging glaciers which make them impracticable as routes for transportation purposes. It was only after the most thorough search that a good route inland from Valdez was found, and this, in connection with a fine harbor open or free from ice the

entire year, furnishes conditions which do not exist elsewhere on the Alaskan coast as far as is known.

The ruling part of the route for a railroad from Valdez to the Yukon River was considered that from the harbor to the divide of the coast range. The interior of the country is undulating, with no great elevation to be overcome, and with much of the line in smooth valleys. The line as located runs from Valdez Bay up to the level valley of Lowe River, for twelve miles with very light work to the mouth of Keystone Cañon, thence with three miles of heavy work through the cañon to the upper valley of the river, thence four miles through this valley to where the climb to the summit begins. The maximum grade for this distance of nineteen miles is one per cent., or fifty-three feet to the mile, and the heavy grade to the summit consists of twelve miles of three per cent., or one hundred and fifty-eight feet per mile. The maximum curvature is ten degrees, and the cost of construction, as a whole, is light for mountain work, being probably thirty thousand dollars per mile. The position of the first part of the line in the valleys away from the slope of the mountains makes it possible to avoid snow-slides, while the climb to the summit is along a succession of benches which so interrupt the slope of the mountain as to render the line equally easy to keep open in this particular.

The pack-trail, including bridges, has been built for a distance of eighty miles from Valdez, the whole distance to Eagle being three hundred and sixty, and it is expected that the entire trail will be completed during 1900. It is probable that this summer droves of cattle will go through to Dawson by this route, which offers an abundance of grass. Already the government has built stations every fifteen miles, which are stocked with provisions, and are permanently manned by two soldiers each, and this policy is to be extended as the route advances.

The route from Thompson Pass, or the divide of the coast range, follows northward down Ptarmigan Creek, named from the great flocks of ptarmigan always found there, thence to Teikhill River, where, in 1898, a large prospectors' camp was burned by forest fires. At the site of this camp, guns, shovels, picks, and other utensils ruined by the fire may still be found. The outfits taken by prospectors into the Copper River country over Valdez Glacier included almost everything from a pin to a sawmill. One party had a boring-machine with which

to sink a hole to bed-rock, and an electric-light apparatus, so that the lamp could be lowered to the bottom of the hole for the purpose of discovering gold. The line extends over the great grassy plains in the Copper River basin, and crosses many streams, such as the Tonsena, Klutena, Tazlina, and Christochina rivers, thence follows up the Slahna River to Mentasta Pass, thus crossing from the Copper River drainage to that of the Yukon.

In the Copper River valley one can see to the eastward of the river many high mountains, including Wrangel, Tillman, Drum, and Sanford, ranging in height from thirteen to seventeen thousand feet. Mount Wrangel is an active volcano nearly surrounded by immense glaciers. It is thought that the eruptions here last year were the center of the earthquakes which shook violently nearly the whole of Alaska. From Mentasta Pass to the Tanana River the distance is sixty miles, and the grade is light. Once the coast range is passed, the elevations to be overcome are comparatively slight. At the crossing of the Tanana River the stream is six hundred feet wide. This river, the main branch of the Yukon, opens up a great country tributary to this route, virtually unexplored, but known to contain an extensive mineral belt. From the Tanana River the line crosses the divide to Forty Mile Creek, where extensive placer-mining is now being carried on, and thence to the Yukon River close to the boundary-line between Alaska and British Columbia.

Copper and gold deposits are being found in the interior, as well as extensive coal-measures, and future explorations will doubtless demonstrate the fact that the building of this railroad line in the near future will be a paying investment. It means much for the permanent development of Alaska, and the route, being entirely in United States territory, will avoid much of the unpleasantness which arises from using a route partly on foreign soil. The Indians living on the Copper River drainage use native copper for their spear- and arrow-heads. It is interesting to listen to these Indians while at work singing "Marching through Georgia," or "There 'll be a hot time in the old town tonight." They all call themselves McKinley men, probably owing to the fact that the big chief of the white man furnished them with food when their supply of salmon ran short. The rapidity with which these natives adopt the white man's food and manner of dress, as well as some of the energy of our

prospectors, is astonishing when compared with the slow progress made by our reservation Indians.

The agricultural possibilities of this country do not appear great at present, though I have eaten fine potatoes and other vegetables raised at Valdez. Grass grows luxuriantly over most of the country, and berries and small fruits are much more abundant here than in any other part of the United States. It seems at present that mining and the fish and fur interests of Alaska would be the controlling industries in the future, though it would not be surprising to see the agricultural interests able to supply the home market.

Game in this region is somewhat scarce, a few moose, caribou, and mountain-sheep being found; great sport, however, can always be had here in bear-hunting. Dense undergrowth, great quantities of berries, and numerous streams well stocked with salmon and trout, make this region the ideal home of the bear. These animals attain their greatest size in this country, and are found frequently weighing over two thousand pounds. While making the survey we were continually running across them, and their signs were ever present. I remember measuring a fresh track of one of these animals, and found it to be ten inches broad by sixteen inches long. A little later, one of the members of the survey party saw this bear in the act of knocking a salmon out of a stream. The man's statement that a horse would look small by the side of this beast could readily be credited. On Kadiak Island, just off the coast, bears have been killed weighing as much as twenty-two hundred pounds. A dense growth of alder-brush and the usually savage nature of these brutes make conditions extremely hazardous in hunting them. A sure shot, steady nerves, and good judgment are absolutely requisite in the hunter to cope successfully with them.

As a Northern resort for summer tourists, Prince William Sound bids fair to assume great prominence in the future. With good hotel accommodations and a fast line of steamers from some one of our Western ports, a new and wonderful country would be conveniently opened to the public. The sound, being ninety miles long and equally wide, affords ample room for boating.

The result of the season's work was the construction of the government trail to a point eighty miles back from the coast and crossing some of the main western tributaries of the Copper River. Numerous bridges

were constructed on this route, the main ones being over glacial streams. The survey of the railroad line developed a route over a lower summit, on lighter grades, with less curvature, and at a cheaper cost in construction and maintenance than now exists elsewhere in Alaska. Explorations in the interior, at the head of the Tanana and Copper rivers, gave information which renders it necessary to change completely the maps before made of this region.

A comparison of water routes from points on Puget Sound to Skagway and Valdez, Alaska, is somewhat as follows: The route to Skagway is mainly through the inside passage, and practicable for steamers only, while the route to Valdez by the outside passage is perfectly feasible for sailing-craft as well as for steamers. The inside passage is more hazardous for navigation, on account of the narrows, shoal water, and swift-moving tides. As a result of this, insurance rates are much lower on the outside route. In Seymour Narrows, situated off the east shore of Vancouver Island, the velocity of the tides at times exceeds that of the speed of the fastest steamers on the Western coast. It is therefore necessary to wait for a favorable time in the tides to make the passage. In Wrangel Narrows, the extreme crookedness of the narrow channel makes it too dangerous to navigate at night except with the most experienced pilots, and with the

aid of a search-light on the boat to light up the buoys along the channel. In dense fogs, which are frequent along this coast, the usual method of guiding the steamer is to sound the whistle and to listen for the echoes from the neighboring hills. Full speed is generally maintained, as steerage-way could not otherwise be obtained in the swift-running tides. It is a high compliment to the pilots that few accidents occur. The inside passage is beautiful and comfortable, but it does not afford a cheap freight route.

Stampedes, such as the one to the Klondike and the coming one to Cape Nome, pay high rates for the time being; but they are like a flash in the pan, soon over, and the country settles down in its development.

If Alaska is to amount to much in the future in the permanent and regular output from her mines, the route by way of Prince William Sound and across the country to the Yukon River will probably command the larger part of the traffic, and will furnish supplies at the minimum price.

Moreover, the United States will not have to make concessions along her coast-line for the privilege of opening up central Alaska through a foreign country, but can have a better and cheaper route entirely within her own borders, which will aid vastly in the development of the interior. The history of Alaska in the future bids fair to be as startling as it has been in the past.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Real Danger in Trusts.

THE trust question has two aspects, one material and the other moral. If we were able to separate these aspects completely, and look at the material side alone, there can be little doubt that we should find the merits of combination of capital far outweighing its evils. It has often been shown—and never more cogently than in Mr. Carnegie's article in our present number—how these combinations are attended at once with economy of toil and increase of production; how the gain which results from this change is not monopolized in a few hands, but is distributed among the masses of the people; how the effort on the part of the promoters of such combinations to keep the gain to themselves, instead of thus distributing it, results in failure; and how, in all probability, the chief

loss from trusts falls, not on those who have dealings with them, but on the deluded investors, who suffer from such misjudged efforts.

But there is another side to this whole question. We have to consider not merely the aggregate effect on the comfort of the people, nor the relative effect on the comfort of different classes, but the effect on American ideas and institutions. Our social order is based on the principle that we should try to give every man a fair chance. We strive above all things else to secure independence of thought and action. We should rate very low a community which, in providing its members with comfort, failed to provide them also with public spirit. We are far from realizing all our ideals in actual practice. Yet we have come nearer to their realization than any other people in the world; and we cannot but regard with

grave distrust, from the standpoint of national development, an industrial change which threatens to crowd us away from such realization.

In the recent development of combinations there is undoubtedly such a threat. Even though the actual danger may have been exaggerated, it remains sufficiently great to be a large factor in our judgment of the situation. The present tendency to concentrate control of capital beyond the limits of single factories or individual transportation lines puts into the hands of a few men a power over the industrial life of the country such as they never possessed before. By manipulating the securities of these large corporations they can deprive the small investor of his fair chance of profit. By manipulating the market they can not only exercise those advantages over their small competitors which are given by their superior size, but can enforce a boycott which prevents these competitors from all use of independent methods, however good in themselves. By manipulating our legislatures they can add artificial advantages to the natural ones which they enjoy, and perpetuate for years a power which might otherwise be numbered by weeks.

All these are real dangers, which have been frequently illustrated in the recent history of the United States. The defrauding of investors by what is virtually breach of trust has been so common as to become a byword. The exercise of unfair trade advantages over competitors has been brought to light over and over again in the history of railroad discrimination; while, in the more recent organization of manufacturing industry, the inventor who, working outside of the trust or combination, seeks to utilize a new process or a new product, finds his access to the market blocked by means yet more subtle and wide-spread, and all the more dangerous because unknown. The manipulation of the legislature, it is true, is nowise peculiar to large combinations; but it is a power which, when placed in their hands, becomes an instrument against which it is more hopeless to contend than against the same power when placed in the hands of smaller concerns of an older type. Admitting that much of what is regarded as manipulation of the legislature by the trusts is really blackmail of the trusts by the members of the legislature, the danger to the community is nowise lessened on account of the partial shifting of moral responsibility for its existence.

The truth is that we have witnessed a survival, into an age of combination, of legal and moral ideas which were based on the existence of free competition. As Jevons well said twenty years ago, at the time when these modern ideas were first developing themselves, our social arrangements are based on the assumption that individuals will act as individuals. The traditional law of property protected us fairly well against those evils which would arise under such a system of independent initiative, and our public sentiment with regard to the use of property followed closely the general lines laid down by the law. Neither law nor moral sentiment would tolerate for a

moment the spoliation of a ward by his guardian, because that was a case for which competition furnished no corrective. It would, however, tolerate for a moment the spoliation of the consumer by the producer, because that was the surest way to call an independent producer into being. Times have changed in this last respect. In spite of all that is said in Mr. Carnegie's article, the process of evoking a competitive agency to protect men from the abuses of a modern trust is a very slow and uncertain one. To give anything like a fair chance to the weak we must develop a wider conception of the responsibilities of property and of the duties of trusteeship, which shall prevent those abuses that commercial processes are now so slow to correct. We must recognize, in a way that shall be binding on all who would stand well in public opinion, that the rights of the monopolist are less and his duties greater than was the case before he became a monopolist.

Whether this recognition can be secured by public sentiment alone, aided by those requirements with regard to openness and truthfulness in the affairs of corporations which are now generally conceded to be wise, or whether some more concrete legislation will be necessary, it is as yet impossible to say. It is earnestly to be desired that the former may prove sufficient: for an educational process, if it works at all, habitually works better than a repressive one. But in one way or the other the result must surely be achieved, if the democratic ideals of our country are to be preserved. The distribution of mere material comfort among the people, however wide-spread, will not compensate society for this sacrifice of independence. Nay, this very diffusion of wealth may, under certain circumstances, prove to be a loss rather than a gain, so far as it bribes men to let their personal comfort reconcile them to the sacrifice of their liberty of action, and sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

It will not do to ignore the material prosperity which has been attendant upon combination of capital, and the difficulty of securing this prosperity in any other way. But it is necessary to accentuate the fact that there are other things besides material prosperity to be taken into account, and that the nation which first learns to combine a higher degree of individual independence with the same, or approximately the same, advance in collective wealth will take the lead in the industrial race which the different peoples of the world are now so closely contesting.

"His Accidency the Vice-President."

THERE is probably no other of our governmental officers with the choice of whom the people of the United States have so little to do as with that of the Vice-President. For months in advance of the national conventions the claims of prominent candidates for the Presidency are thoroughly sifted in the newspaper press, in the councils of party leaders, and in every forum of debate from the merchants' exchange to the corner grocery of the cross-roads village. The contestants for

the great political "prize" are discussed from every point of view. For eight months or more the topic of discussion is whether this, that, or the other man will be smart enough to "get it,"—not, be it noted, whether the country will be fortunate enough to get the best service,—and, undue influence aside, the resulting nominations are no doubt a fair outcome of public opinion. Thus in the State conventions, where there is every opportunity for ascertaining the will of the people, the instruction of delegates, or at least the drift of opinion, as to the Presidential candidate is likely to be definite and clear.

With the question of the nominee for the Vice-Presidency, how different! Except a complimentary vote here and there for a "favorite son," there is little or no expression in the State conventions. The choice of the people is not canvassed, and if it were, the result would be "scattering," for usually no one of the first rank in political importance has been prominently mentioned for the place. As soon as the search for a good candidate has become close, he has hastened to decline. Both by such men and by the people the second office in power in the nation is treated as a negligible quantity.

Save in the inner circle of the party (which, if there be one candidate for the Presidency whose chances are predominant, means his intimate advisers), the rank and file of the politicians seem to have little more to do with the matter than the people at large. The overwhelming issues connected with the policy or personality of the Presidential candidate leave little inclination to consider his companion on the ticket. It is thought to be time enough for that when the main choice shall be made. Meantime a few little men, who harken to the beguiling adage that "in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed are kings," start little booms, which the indifference of the public makes both ridiculous and dangerous.

Two considerations forecast the inner circle's secret selection of the "running mate." The greater the probable strength of the Presidential candidate the less need of ability of a high order in his associate, whose essential points are, first, geographical availability, and, second, financial resources or, more often, cohesive strength, by which is understood the ability to bring to the support of the ticket all the disappointed elements. Usually this man can be picked out only tentatively, for the convention develops unforeseen antagonisms and emergencies, and "slates" are often broken. Moreover, the victorious line becomes weak by its very success, by reason of the resulting need of caution. It must provide not only for the nomination but for the election of its man.

Hence in the convention the interests of the country are usually left to accident or sacrificed to expediency. The moment after the first choice is made is the opportunity of the trading politician. The disaffection of the defeated is exaggerated for commercial purposes. Promises are made by certain of the victors who are assumed to act "by authority." Bargains are consummated

with the celerity of the stock exchange. In the excitement of the moment, with chagrin on one side and complaisance on the other, and in the fatigue of a long struggle, the delegates forget that they may be choosing *two* Presidents. When their ticket is announced the country considers itself fortunate if it has been given a chance to choose as Vice-President an honest man of minor prominence.

As a matter of fact, since our national candidates began to be chosen by convention the instances in which two Presidents *have* been chosen have amounted to a very considerable per cent. of the number of Presidents elected, and in general, counting all parties with a possibility of success, there has been a frightful percentage of poor timber. The risks actually incurred are largely outnumbered by the remoter chances blindly taken. The earlier candidates for the two offices, with one notable exception, were men of first-rate ability and character. The later candidates for the Vice-Presidency have been much inferior, and, with a few exceptions, have been men who would not have been selected for the Presidency on their merits. The four who succeeded to that office were not to be mentioned with the others in the point of high initiative and positive progressive strength.

The comparatively recent injection of commercialism into politics ought to be an additional warning against the danger involved in neglecting to choose as Vice-Presidential candidates the ablest men it is possible to procure. In an era when the influence of the greed of gain upon national politics is unblushingly making itself felt, it is to be hoped that in the conventions of all the parties men will be found to stand fast against the degradation of this high office. No man should be considered of whose personal honor, force of character, and statesmanlike qualities the country could not be proud were he to become President.

The Present Need of Shakspeare.

THE unusual interest in the theater shown by the American public during the past season, and the calamity which, for a time, has deprived the Comédie Française of its historic house, alike help to emphasize the present need in the United States of a revival of the Shaksperian stage. Only by the cultivation of its classic drama can a people insure the presentation of elevating themes and maintain the traditions of good acting; by no other means can the public taste be held to any standard higher than that of novelty for the sake of distraction, and of whimsicality in the styles of actors and actresses, who, without classic discipline, must depend upon the catching trick and holding power of individual vagaries and physical charm. Such accidental aids have their value, but when they are not ballasted by a confirmed taste they dissipate rather than concentrate the moral and intellectual influences of the stage.

With proper allowance for a difference in the racial point of view and in artistic sense, one may estimate the decline which would have fallen upon

the French stage in the last twenty-five years had it not been for the Comédie Française. That firmly rooted institution, in some respects the most remarkable of the several academies which have made the French paramount in the arts, has faded over a period of sensual appetite and moral decline by dint of compelling the seekers after novelty, and the lawless among the delineators, to strive at least after a certain excellence in form and style.

The Théâtre Français has enabled the larger part of the cultivated public—the part which always prefers to have its amusements based on common sense and animated by an elevated spirit—to renew its youth in a repetition of the inspiring lessons and stimulating emotions of the masterpieces of the French stage; and, better than that, has enabled the new generation of theatergoers, if they would, to get their first impressions of theatrical teaching and sensation amid surroundings of serious striving after excellence and good taste. But we of America have long had the products of modern French stagecraft poured upon us without the bulwark of an active Shaksperian theater to counteract the bad effect.

We are not overlooking the efforts of many writers, artists, and managers to attract the public to new plays of value, and to those of standard excellence; but the intervals are too wide and too indiscriminate to fix the attention of the great mass, which must profit, if it profit at all, through habit and example. With rare exceptions, our actors and actresses have lost the knack of making the Shaksperian drama seem important to a modern audience; and the latter, perhaps from disuse of its higher dramatic senses, would appear to have lost, in a measure, the power of serious attention.

Experience proves that people will flock to the theater whether it is deserving of patronage or not, and it is idle in this day of untrammelled thinking to argue against the elevating and civilizing influence of the stage. The important fact to take note of is the natural appetite of the American people for theatrical amusement. This has been obvious from the time that a population of five millions, near the Atlantic seaboard, lent encouragement to dramatic effort. This craving has more than kept pace with the expansion to seventy-five millions, until, to-day, there is probably as much theatrical activity in the United States as in both those great fields of the drama, France and England.

Unfortunately, at the present time most of the best of the American stage—and there has been no lack of the highest and best—comes to the mind as a matter of history. This is because the delineators of Shakspeare are inevitably the ones who are remembered with greatest fondness, both for a brilliancy to which only the votaries of a classic drama may attain, and also for having conferred the greatest benefits on the public.

In an age when the best of every national literature has cosmopolitan vogue, the Shaksperian

drama is only one feature of the dramatic life of an English-speaking nation, but surely it is the leading and the essential feature. Weakness in that highest line of effort will betray a general lowering of vitality and taste, qualities for which mere activity and novelty and a high excellence of modern production are poor substitutes. With the finest dramatic heritage of the ages,—which the heirs of Shakspeare may fondly claim to possess,—there is great need in the United States of organized effort to keep the Shaksperian word and tradition upon the boards.

France's Open Door to Scholars.

It is good news to American students that the hospitality which France has always given to foreigners in matters of art, science, literature, and education is to be systematized and greatly extended in connection with the Exposition of 1900. In such services France is the creditor of all other nations, and it is matter of congratulation that she is now to present to the world an open door and a facilitated entrance to her vast intellectual resources. This counterpoise to the material side of the Exposition is to be on a scale never before attempted. The program of "The Paris International Assembly," issued by the International Association for the Advancement of Science, Arts, and Education, and to be had of the United States Commissioner of Education at Washington, shows a comprehensive range of congresses, to be increased to over two hundred in all, dealing with a variety of subjects in science, pure and applied, medicine and hygiene, industries, social science, economics, etc., to an extent never before attempted in conjunction with a World's Fair. What is more to the point, the University of Paris, which is, so to speak, the host of all visiting scholars, is making, through the assembly, arrangements whereby any student may be directed in the channels of personal acquaintance best adapted to the continuation of his work. The object is to remove every obstacle to the access to what Paris and the Exposition have to offer of knowledge or research. The coöperation of British and American universities and colleges, which is also being invited by the University of Paris (having accredited, for this purpose, Professor Patrick Geddes, the secretary of the International Association), is likely to induce many English-speaking scholars to avail themselves of this rare opportunity to pursue their specialties in the bright light afforded by the Exposition and the enlightened city in which it is being held.

Dr. Mitchell's Characters: A Note.

IN response to inquiries as to whether "Dr. North and his Friends" has any relation to "Characteristics," we are able to say that all of the characters of the latter reappear in "Dr. North," which is a continuation, though in no sense a sequel, of the earlier book.

OPEN LETTERS

Harry Heth's High-strung Horse.

AN ANECDOTE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

THE late Major-General Harry Heth, formerly of the Confederate army, had the distinction of being the only man in the service whom General Robert E. Lee was ever heard to call by his Christian name; for although the commander-in-chief had two sons serving under him, he invariably addressed both of them as "General." Even officially it was noticed that he called Heth "Harry," and this was all the more remarkable because, while General Lee possessed a kindly heart, yet he was a formal man, who kept most people at a distance, so that probably no human being ever took a liberty with him.

General Lee had known Harry Heth from the latter's earliest youth; both were from the same State, had been educated at West Point, and had served together in the Mexican war as well as in several Indian campaigns. Consequently General Lee had a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of his lieutenant, and showed his faith in Heth on several very critical occasions by placing him in a position of the greatest responsibility. Just before General Heth was struck down by his final illness he recounted to the writer an anecdote illustrative of the manner in which General Lee could administer a stinging rebuke without saying a single unkind word. "In fact," said General Heth, "his words and manner were almost affectionate; but I never slept a wink that night, and for days afterward I ached as though I had been beaten with a club."

It was on the fighting line in front of Petersburg one day that General Lee rode up to General Heth's headquarters, and as the latter emerged from his tent and saluted, said, "Harry, I should like to ride down your line."

Heth expressed pleasure at the proposal, mounted his horse, and as they rode along side by side he called the attention of his superior officer to what he considered the positions of vantage and the points of danger, when suddenly they came upon a space where for several hundred yards no breastworks had been thrown up. Surprised, General Lee turned to Heth, and asked why the defenses were not completed. The latter replied that he had given instructions to the engineers, and until now was under the impression that his orders had been obeyed. "See that the works are completed at once, Harry," said General Lee, and turning his horse, he rode back to his own headquarters.

Two or three days passed, and again he appeared at General Heth's tent, with the same expression of his desire. Delighted, Heth once

more accompanied his chief; but when they arrived at the ill-fated spot where General Lee had previously noticed the unfinished fortifications, they found, to Heth's dismay, that nothing had been done since their last inspection. The position was one of great strategic importance, and General Grant was a most vigilant, active, and pugnacious commander, always on the lookout for just such weak spots in his antagonist's lines. General Lee was evidently much annoyed; without uttering a word, however, he rode back to Heth's quarters, and, much to that discomfited officer's astonishment, he dismounted, entered the tent, and sat down. Heth remained standing, silently wondering what his fate would be. At last General Lee said, in the kindest tone of voice:

"Harry, that chestnut horse your wife rides worries me more than I can tell. The other day she passed by my quarters on that plunging brute, and he was as much of the time in the air as he was on the ground. He kicked and at the same time fought the bit until I thought he would either break her delicate wrists or pull her arms out of their sockets. I do wish that you would not let her ride that horse again until he is somewhat toned down."

"But, General," said Heth, feeling much relieved at the turn the conversation had taken, "my wife is a splendid horsewoman, and she is not a bit afraid of the animal."

"Yes," replied General Lee, "but it worries me to see her on the brute, and keeps me anxiously fearing that some dreadful accident is going to happen. Now, Harry, I was once the colonel of a dragoon regiment, and some of the smartest and most knowing horsemen in the command held the opinion that the best way to take the wiry edge off an excitable or nervous horse is to give him plenty of exercise—regular exercise, morning, noon, and night, until he quiets down. For the sake of your wife, as well as for your own, I beg of you to try the experiment; and I know of no better place for you to ride the horse while taming him than just up and down in front of that gap I ordered you to have closed, until a good breastwork has been completed. Good afternoon, sir."

James Morris Morgan.

A Singular Coincidence of the Civil War.

I AM able to make some corrections and additions to the very "singular historical coincidence" mentioned in General Horace Porter's "Campaigning with Grant," regarding the McLean family of Manassas and Appomattox. The facts I have direct from Major McLean, who frequently stated that the war began on him and ended on him. After the death of Major McLean and his wife

I acted as administrator of the McLean estate, and knew all his family personally for many years.

In July, 1861, the McLeans lived at "Yorkshire," on a plantation of fourteen hundred acres, situated on both sides of Bull Run, about half-way between Manassas and Centerville, extending along Mitchell's Ford, Blackburn's Ford, and McLean's Ford, all of these crossings at the time being carefully guarded by detachments of Beauregard's army.

On the morning of July 18 the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia confronted each other for the first time under their respective commanders. McDowell had his headquarters at Centerville, and Beauregard at Manassas, seven miles distant. Early that day McDowell moved Tyler's division directly toward Manassas, and at 10 A. M. Beauregard moved his headquarters to the McLean house on the southwest bank of Bull Run. Soon after, McDowell's batteries opened from the northeast bank, and put a shell through the Yorkshire mansion. This may be considered the first of the compliments passing between the commanders of these two great armies, and the opening of the first pitched battle of the war; for the battle of the 18th of July, called by Northern historians the "battle of Blackburn's Ford," was really preliminary to, and part of, the first battle of Bull Run, which culminated July 21 in the rout of the Union forces.

When Beauregard evacuated Manassas, Major McLean removed his family to Upper Fauquier. During the summer of 1862 the tide of war began again to roll round them, and they made a second removal to Lunenburg County. In 1863 Major McLean appeared to his household, and told them he would move them where the sound of battle could never reach them more, so he took them to Appomattox Court House, where he rented a brick house. Into this house, April 9, 1865, entered Grant and Lee to draw up the articles of surrender. Of course there was fighting in a small way before Bull Run and after Appomattox, but it is nevertheless true to the letter that the dramatic opening of the first great conflict, and the still more dramatic closing of the last great conflict, occurred on properties in the actual occupancy of the McLean family.

A few days since I visited Yorkshire, and near the site of the former mansion I picked up a piece of shell, marked it, "With regards of McDowell to Beauregard," and shall send it to a national museum.

George C. Round.

MANASSAS, VIRGINIA, JANUARY 23, 1900.

A Further Glimpse of Mark Twain's Hero.

I WAS much interested in reading recently an article in the November CENTURY by Mark Twain, called "My Début as a Literary Person." In concluding his unique narrative, Mr. Clemens says of the captain of the *Hornet*, by whose superior will and pluck the small boat which put off from the burning vessel was brought to shore: "And I remember him with reverent honor. If he is alive he is eighty-six years old now."

In July, 1876, ten years later than the events referred to by Mr. Clemens, it was my good fortune, while returning from a two years' trip in foreign lands, to meet this remarkable sea-captain in Callao. While I was waiting for the steamer, I presented my letter of introduction to the American consul, through whom I made the acquaintance of Captain James Hall, to whom Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," refers as the "enterprising Yankee from down East." Captain Hall took me by the arm, led me to where sat a most painfully emaciated man, and introduced me to Captain Josiah Mitchell, who also was going home on the steamer, remarking, "This is the Captain Mitchell whom Mark Twain made famous a few years ago in his story told in 'Harper's Magazine.'" In a few moments we went on board.

By Captain Hall's desire I was assigned a stateroom opposite the one occupied by the sick man, Captain Hall having requested me to look out for Captain Mitchell's interests and have a general oversight of his comfort. A malignant disease had already made dire inroads upon the vitality of this once sturdy sailor, and he was fast yielding to its relentless ravages. It was my privilege to wait upon him and minister to his comfort during the trip to New York. In his moments of freedom from pain he delighted in talking to me of his wonderful experiences in the open boat with the two passengers and part of the ship's crew after leaving the *Hornet*. He told me also of his illness in Honolulu, and attributed his present sufferings to the starvation and exposure incident to this experience.

In spite of his agony, a sort of grim humor ran through all his conversation. Once, when he was unable to retain the clam-broth that the steward had prepared for him, he remarked, after the paroxysm of pain had passed: "Strange I can't keep that nice broth down, after eating my boot-tops and digesting them! However, conditions were somewhat different then."

We were delayed over one boat on the Isthmus, and I feared he would not hold out until we could reach the States; but he did.

When on the steamer *Acapulco*, steaming toward home, Captain Mitchell, seeing the anxiety in my eyes for him, for I had learned to love him well, remarked, "Don't worry, doctor; I'll make it." The firm, square jaw was set, and the glint of an old-time fire shone in his eyes as he added, "I'll live till I see my Susie." Susie was his wife, and I think it was only this wonderful man's determination to see his wife once more that kept him alive.

The last four days of the trip Captain Mitchell could retain no nourishment or stimulant whatever, and was in constant agony day and night, yet he was never impatient or complaining.

We arrived in New York about the middle of July. I obtained a carriage, took him to the United States Hotel, and telegraphed for Mrs. Mitchell to come immediately. She arrived the next morning, and the reunion was most pathetic. The next day he died.

Again had this intrepid captain, by sheer force of will and indomitable courage, stood Death off until his object had been accomplished. I also say, "I remember him with reverent honor."

B. F. Hawley, M.D.

The "Rabbi with the White Turban."

ORIGINALLY conceived by a purely local society known as the *Arti et Amicitiae*, Amsterdam's recent Rembrandt Exhibition has naturally proved of international significance. Owing to the participation of numerous royal, private, and municipal owners, the exhibition was enabled to outrank in completeness and continuity all previous displays of Rembrandt's work. Although the number of canvases brought together in the new Stedelijk Museum was not large,—these were only one hundred and twenty-three in all,—their quality was, without exception, of the very first order.

Chief attention of course centered in the great corporation pictures—"The Sortie of Frans Banning Cocq's Company" (erroneously called "The Night Watch," for the scene is depicted in bright sunlight), and that greatest of Rembrandt's achievements, "The Syndics."

Among the portraits one of the most masterful and striking was the little-known "Rabbi with the White Turban," loaned from the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chatsworth (see page 11). Though an early work, and hence painted with obvious care for detail, it would be ingenuous to assume that this is the portrait of an authentic rabbi of Amsterdam. Beyond doubt the personage here represented is only another of those reverend gray-beards of the *volks* classes whom Rembrandt loved to bedeck in whatever Oriental finery he happened to have at hand. Dr. de Groot's contention that Rembrandt perhaps meant to give this portrait biblical significance is amply sustained by the presence of the brazen serpent on a niche in the background. By thus suggesting Moses it was unquestionably the master's intention to raise the picture out of the province of mere portraiture.

The "Rabbi with the White Turban" presents a combination of the sacred and the secular. Bristling with the indices of a definite personality,—note the shrewd eyes, the vigorous modeling of face and hands,—it is none the less full of Old Testament flavor. It personifies that union of elements real and ideal, individual and typical, which is found in the greatest art.

Christian Brinton.



Moriarty and McSwiggin.¹

"BEIN' a lawyer by profession an' requirin' a great deal of rest for me brain, I took a shmall room on the fourt' floor of a tiniment-house raycently, an' I had the pavement privilege o' keepin' a pig, but I did n't avail meself of it. Afther I had been livin' there for about three weeks, I had the pleasure o' makin' the 'quaintance of a gintleman by the name o' Moriarty that was livin' on the back o' the same flure that I was residin' on. He was very well educa'ted an' a man o' a great deal of politie'cal infloo'ence. He was a very wealt'y man. He was a contrahactor. He does be drivin' a cyart for the man that 's fillin' them vacant lots round the corner. Some o' youz may know 'im.

"I also had the opportunity o' meetin' a gintleman residin' directly below me, by the name o' McSwiggin. He was a very wealt'y man also'. He was a banker. He does be carryin' a little black bag round for a man that has a bankin' house down in Wall sthreet.

¹ The accompanying sketch will be recognized by many of our readers as the text of an amateur recital which has given pleasure to many, on private occasions, in Philadelphia, New York, and other cities. It has been written out by the author at our request, and he desires it to be understood that the nucleus of the story

"Well, one mornin' about half-past six,—we was all very early risers in the house on 'count of our healt',—I heerd thim two havin' a kind of deecussion in the hallway about the transmigration o' souls. Now, that 's a subject, ye know, that no man wants to tackle unless he knows all about it. But bein' interested in the subject meself, I went out in the hallway to hear what kind o' an arrgyment they w'u'd use. I heerd Mr. McSwiggin makin' use of an arrgyment to Mr. Moriarty that was calc'la'ted to convince any one that was n't too sthubborn. But there is some people it makes no difference what you tell 'em, they 'd be o' the same opinion sthillo. I heerd Mr. Moriarty makin' use o' the arrgyment that he 'd kick a lung out of 'im. Mr. McSwiggin answered this arrgyment by shtatin' to Mr. Moriarty that he 'd hit 'im a puck in the forehead, an' have his hide dryin' on the fence in the mornin'.

"Well, one arrgyment like that led on to another, until finally they got kind o' excited. Mr. McSwiggin went out on the sidewalk, an' says he, 'Moriarty, come out.' Well, Moriarty, like a is not entirely original. It may be said, in fact, to have taken shape by evolution. In this connection it might be noted that, extravagant as is the incident, a lawyer of one of our Eastern cities was recently committed to jail as a punishment for his ignorance of the law.—EDITOR.



MORIARTY AND McSWIGGIN.

dum fool, went out to 'im. In about five minutes I helped carry 'im in the house, an' the next mornin' they was down at the court, an' bein' a lawyer, an' 'quainted with the gentlemine that was implicated, I went down to the court-room. The judge he kind o' half rose up when he seed me comin' in, an' says I to him, says I, 'Yer Honor, I am 'quainted with the prisoner at the bar,' says I, 'an' wid yer kin' permission,' says I, 'I 'd like to shpeak a few words in his behalf.' Well, the judge said I could do it.

"Now, the first thing that any first-class lawyer 'u'd do would be to ketch the jury, an' then you have, the whole case right undher your t'umb. So, says I, 'Gentlemine of the jury,' says I, 'I never had the pleasure,' says I, 'of addressin' a more intelligent-lookin' jury in me life,' says I, 'but I observe that there's a few of those in the jury-box,' says I, 'that don't seem to understand exactly what I am talkin' about,' says I. 'But,' says I, 'on the other hand,' says I, 'there's a few very extraordinary intelligent-lookin' men in the jury-box,' says I, 'an' I'm led to believe by the manner in which they gaze upon me,' says I, 'that they don't understand what I'm talkin' about also,' says I, 'an' for that reason,' says I, 'I'll elucidate.'

"Well, when I give 'em that word, they give a kind of a le'p, an' they seen the kind a man they had to deal with, an' that I was no slouch, an' that I was well posted. 'Now,' says I, 'gentlemine of the jury,' says I, 'I will give you the law in the case,' says I, 'an' to illistrate that to you,' says I, 'I'll tell you a little anecdote' (an anecdote will go a long way wid a jury). 'I was takin' dinner a Sunday week wid his family,' says I, 'an' I heard him makin' use o' the remark to his wife, "Maryann," says he, "I am a mild-mannered man," says he, "an' I'd scorn to rise my hand to strike a woman," says he, "but if you ever have corn-beef

an' cabbage ag'in on a Sunday dinner," says he, "I'll take that chair," says he, "an' I'll break your back." Now, this anecdote, gentlemine of the jury,' says I, 'will illistrate to you,' says I, 'that he is a mild-mannered man,' says I, 'an' a man that would think twice before he would do a thing wance,' says I, 'an' he put it to 'im,' says I, 'in a mild-mannered manner, an' he had no right to go out if he did n't want to,' says I, 'an' he has nine pints of the law in his favor,' says I, 'an' you can't touch 'im.' Then I seen that I had the jury completely wid me, an' I could shway them this way or shway them that way, an' that's the time you dhrop the jury.

"I then turned me attention to the judge, an' he bein' a man more like meself, of course I would not undertake to give him the law in the case. I says to him merely, says I, 'Yer Honor,' says I, 'this is a simple case,' says I, 'o' habus corpus, fiery fracas.' 'Take your seat,' says the judge.

"I sthuggled on for about tin minutes, an' gave it to 'im very heavy, an' then the judge says to an officer sthandin', 'There, officer,' says he, 'put that man down.' He thought I was tired. The officer laid hold o' me and held me down in a chair.

"D' ye know, the ould judge never give the jury a shot at the case at all? He turned right to the pris'ner, an' says he, 'Prisoner at the bar,' says he, 'I'll give you twelve years at hard labor, an' if that man there had shpoke another half-minute, be heavens! I'd 'a' hung you.'

James Mapes Dodge.

Dat Ol' Mare o' Mine.

WANT to trade me, do you, mistah? Oh, well, now, I reckon not. W'y, you could n't buy my Sukey fu a thousan' on de spot—



An' she would n't let me wandah, ner she
would n't let me roam:
Dat 's de kind o' hoss to tie to w'en you 's seed
de cidah's foam—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

But she's gentle ez a lady w'en she knows huh
beau kin see,
An' she sholy got mo' gumption any day den you
er me—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

She 's a leetle slow a-goin', an' she 's moughty
ha'd to sta't;
But we 's gittin' ol' togethah, an' she 's closer to
my hea't,
An' I does n't reckon, mistah, dat she 'd sca'cely
keer to pa't—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

Yes, huh coat ah long an' shaggy, an' she ain't
no shakes to see.
Dat 's a ring-bone. Yes, you right, suh, an' she
got a on'ry knee;
But dey ain't no use in talkin', she de only hoss
fu me—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

Co'se I knows dat Suke 's contra'y, an' she
moughty ap' to vex,
But you got to mek erlowance fu de nature of
huh sex—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

Ef you pull huh on de lef' han', she plumb
'termined to go right;
A cannon could n't skeer huh, but she boun' to
tek a fright
At a piece o' common paper, er anyt'ing dat 's
white—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

W'en my eyes commence to fail me, dough, I
truses to huh sight,
An' she 'll tote me safe an' hones' on de ve'y
da'kes' night—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

Ef I whup huh, she 'll jes switch huh tail an'
settle to a walk;
Ef I whup huh mo', she 'll shek huh haid, an' lak
ez not she 'll balk.
But huh sense ain't noways lackin'; she do
evah't'ing but talk—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

W'y, I knows de times w'en cidah 's kind o'
muddled up my haid,
Ef it had n't been fu Sukey hyeah, I reckon I 'd
been daid—

Dat ol' mare o' mine!

But she got me in de middle o' de road an' tuk
me home,

To Myself, at Six Months.

YOUNG rascal, with your bland surprise;
Your corrugated, lofty brow;
The look of marvel in your eyes,
As asking, "*What is coming now?*"
I know not if you 're he or she—
Your clothes say naught. No doubt it 's
true
They called you "*it.*" Please speak to
me—
Whose wondrous prodigy are *you?*

They claim that you are I—are I!
I faith, this portrait bears attest
(A fact that I will not deny)
The first edition is the best.
And was I "*cunning,*" "*cute,*" and "*sweet?*"
And did I bleat "*goo-goo,*" "*goo-wah?*"
And kick my tootsies—now but feet?
And thrill with pride my fond ma-ma?

Deep-nestled in your wayward brain,
What thoughts were hid, so none might
know?
Or were your bounds the counterpane,
A rubber ring, a new-found toe?
Did phantoms of another life
You just had left still dwell within?
Or were those movements, meaning-rife,
Aroused by some obtrusive pin?

Did you, impatient, long for day
When you would be as old as eight?
And in your odd, capricious way
The very name of "*baby*" hate?
Ah, babe, the pity is that here
You did not stay content, I see;
But onward led from year to year,
Behold the thing you grew to be!

Edwin L. Sabin.

